

PHOTOPLAY

SEPTEMBER
25 CENTS

The
National
Guide to
Motion
Pictures

JOAN
BENNETT

"I Never Choose Beautiful Women"

Says C. B. De Mille

**Studio
Sweethearts**

**The New
Hollywood Underworld**



BEBE DANIELS in "DIXIANA"—with Everett Marshall, Metropolitan Opera baritone, Wheeler and Woolsey, Dorothy Lee, Joe Cawthorne and Jobyna Howland.



"The Most Beautiful Woman in the South"

Wouldn't you like to see her? Dixiana, star of Cayetano's Circus—"most beautiful woman in the South!" Played by alluring Bebe Daniels—brought to fascinating, vivid life by the modern miracle of Technicolor. Technicolor has put a light in her eyes *and a flush on her cheek*—has given new warmth and meaning to her every glance and gesture. All the stars shine brighter in Technicolor.

SOME OF THE TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTIONS

BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT, with Vivienne Segal (First National); BRIGHT LIGHTS, with Dorothy Mackaill (First National); DIXIANA, with Bebe Daniels (Radio Pictures); FOLLOW THRU, with Charles Rogers and Nancy Carroll (Paramount); GOLDEN DAWN, with Walter Woolf and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); HELL'S ANGELS, all-star cast (Caddo), Technicolor Sequences; HOLD EVERYTHING, with Winnie Lightner, Georges Carpentier and Joe E. Brown (Warner Bros.); KING OF JAZZ, starring Paul Whiteman (Universal); THE TOAST OF THE LEGION, with Bernice Claire, Walter Pidgeon and Edward Everett Horton (First National); SONG OF THE FLAME, with Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray (First National); SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS, all-star cast (Warner Bros.); THE FLORADORA GIRL, starring Marion Davies (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer), Technicolor Sequences; THE MARCH OF TIME, all-star cast (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer), Technicolor Sequences; WOMAN HUNGRY, with Sidney Blackmer and Lila Lee (First National).

in
★ **Technicolor**



The head of the family discovers "pink tooth brush"

HE: (Loudly, from the bathroom)

Well, what do you know about that?

SHE: Know about what?

HE: *Come here a moment, please.*

SHE: What are you so excited about?

HE: *Look at this—"pink" on my tooth brush!*

SHE: Well?

HE: *Isn't that enough to make anybody sit up and take notice? You would, if you had found it.*

SHE: It's nothing to go into a panic over.

HE: *Oh, isn't it?*

SHE: No. Perhaps you'll change your tooth paste now. I've been asking you to for some time. There's a fresh tube of Ipana in the medicine cabinet. Massage your gums with some of it right now.

HE: *I'd like to know what Ipana has to do with "pink tooth brush"!*

SHE: It has a lot to do with getting rid of it!

HE: *Yes? How? —How is a tooth paste going to help a condition like that? The thing for me to do is to see a dentist. I don't want to run the risk of getting any of these gum disorders.*

SHE: By all means see the dentist. You oughtn't to have to be told to do that! But the chances are you haven't any real cause for alarm yet. Evidently your gums are a bit tender. If you kept up to date on these things you would know that the soft foods we eat these days don't give our gums a chance to keep healthy. They need stimulation to keep them alive and to invigorate them when they commence to get tender. That's one of the virtues of Ipana.

HE: *What is?*

SHE: The effect it has on the gums. It contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic. Dentists themselves use it in the treatment of gum disorders. Ipana and massage are the best remedy you can find for gums that have a tendency to bleed.

HE: *How do you work this massage?*

SHE: Just rub Ipana on the gums after you have cleaned the teeth. You can use your tooth brush for it or, if the gums are too tender to the touch, use your finger.

HE: *Do any of the dentists recommend Ipana?*

SHE: Thousands of them every day.

HE: *What about the teeth? Will it keep them white?*

SHE: Have you ever seen mine whiter than they are now?

HE: *Can't say that I have. They certainly are stunning.*

SHE: And the taste of Ipana is perfectly delightful, too. You'll like it. Now try it for a month and you'll find you've made a tooth paste friend for life—and best of all, you'll rid yourself of all signs of "pink tooth brush".

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Paramount Building, New York

PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

JAMES R. QUIRK, *Editor and Publisher*

Leonard Hall, *Managing Editor*

Vol. XXXVIII No. 4

September, 1930



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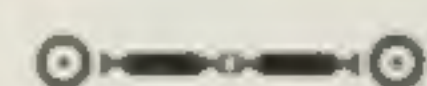
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To the nearly three-quarters of a million readers of PHOTOPLAY, the publishers wish to extend their sincere gratitude for the manner in which the circulation of the magazine has been growing from month to month. That growth is due to the fact that you have told others about your interest in PHOTOPLAY and they, in turn, have become constant readers.

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Published monthly by the PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING Co., Editorial Offices, 221 W. 57th St., New York City. Publishing Office, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. The International News Company, Ltd., Distributing Agents, 5 Bream's Building, London, England. JAMES R. QUIRK, President. ROBERT M. EASTMAN, Vice-President. KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, Secretary and Treasurer. YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION: \$2.50 in the United States, its dependencies, Mexico and Cuba; \$3.00 Canada; \$3.50 for foreign countries. Remittances should be made by check, or postal or express money order. **Caution**—Do not subscribe through persons unknown to you. Entered as second-class matter April 24, 1912, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1930, by the PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING COMPANY, Chicago.

The Girl on the Cover

SCOOT among the golden girls of Hollywood—where golden girls grow wild—and you'll fare far before you come upon a wonder child as amazing as the pretty little blonde thing whose face adorns the cover of this issue of PHOTOPLAY.

She's nineteen, this little Joan Bennett.

And consider—

She built the foundation of her professional career in two stage plays, the second being mad, bad "Jarnegan," in which she supported her brilliant, erratic father, Richard Bennett.

In eighteen months as the fair-haired Princess of Filmania, Joan has played leads in no less than eight important pictures—and no cripples either, but mighty and highly-adjectived productions. The great George Arliss held up "Disraeli" for eight weeks until Joan was available for its romantic lead.

At nineteen, she has been married and divorced, and has a beautiful two-year-old girl to show for her brief but romantic marital experience.

And so, at an age when most young things are prattling over teacups or their first cocktails—when they are obsessed with beaux, and country clubs and gaudy dreams of romance or "good marriages"—

Joan has been fiancée, wife, mother, divorcee and the possessor of one of the most solidly promising careers in the mad lands beyond the Rockies.

YOU may say that all this smacks of the miraculous—and it does, in a way. But not if you know your Bennetts!

For to this family—pulsing with blood of the theater—all the truths that happen to it put fiction to shame. The vigorous, talented Bennetts—beside them that other theatrical family, the Barrymores, seems a tame and stolid tribe.

As you undoubtedly know by now, Joan is the youngest of the three able and beautiful Bennett girls. Constance, the blonde sophisticate, married to and divorced from the millionaire Phil Plant. At home in Paris, New York, Hollywood, the Riviera. A picture queen in the grand manner. Barbara, the brunette, wife of Morton Downey, the singer, and known to stage and screen.

And Joan.

HER father, of course, is Richard—certainly one of our best actors, and surely the most colorful, with his harangues to his startled audiences and his headlong attacks on critics who seem to him to lack understanding of the theater and Richard Bennett. Her mother is Adrienne Morrison, also a distinguished figure of the American stage.

So you see, there's nothing mirac-



Youngest and Blondest
of the Bennetts

Last Minute News

Rudolph Schildkraut, father of Joseph Schildkraut and famous on stage and screen here and abroad, died of heart disease in Hollywood at sixty-five.

From all appearances, June Collyer is superseding the leaping Lupe in Gary Cooper's affections.

Josephine Velez, sister of Lupe, makes her movie debut as a café cigarette girl in "Her Man," a Pathe picture. Josephine is a year older than Lupe and enough like her in size and looks to be her twin.

Unless Janet Gaynor decides to be a good girl and take the rôles Fox hands out to her, Maureen O'Sullivan will be groomed to take her place.

Billy Haines has joined the dieters. Cutting down on starches and passing up lunches has made him twelve pounds lighter.

It's pretty definitely set that Ronald Colman will star on the New York stage this winter. Colman last appeared at the Henry Miller Theater in New York with Ruth Chatterton in "La Tendresse."

Alice Day has formally and legally said "I do" to Jack Cohn, business man of Los Angeles.

Today's rumor says that all is well between Norma Talmadge and husband Joe Schenck. But tomorrow's rumors deny it. Nobody knows at this moment, except the principals. And maybe even they haven't decided.

ulous about Joan's affairs. For things happen, and happen fast, to the Bennetts. They are tense, race-horse people—people living in a tornado.

Naturally, then, Joan takes all these things in stride. She expects them, as her father's daughter—not so much because they are her right as because they are her heritage.

And with it all, young Joan is the quietest, tenderest and gentlest of the clan. And it is a clan. For like all great families, it occasionally enjoys a tremendous fussing and squabbling within itself. But let any outsider step in and the Bennetts—to a man and woman—turn upon him and rend him limb from limb.

LITTLE JOAN likes Hollywood—Land why not? But she's a pretty quiet youngster. The conventional "night life" sort of thing is absolutely poisonous to her. Hollywood premières and cafés almost never see her.

As Joan herself puts it, "It isn't that I don't like going out in the evenings. But things to do here are limited, and in public people are always peering at you, and seeming to be picking you to pieces."

In some that might be a pose. But not in a Bennett. For the whole life of a Bennett is lived in the rocket's red glare. A Bennett has no more chance of escaping detection than a wart on a professor's nose. And then, too, the life of a Bennett is nothing but drama—tragedy, comedy and romance marvelously mingled.

Then, too, Joan has been called "high hat" by some people who just don't know. The truth is that she's more than a little near-sighted, as is Laura La Plante, and sometimes she just doesn't see folks very well, though she's more than willing.

SO THERE is little Joan in fabulous California—young and beautiful and successful, making a lot of money in a very short space of time.

And she's just on the verge, according to all signs and portents now visible, of greater and grander things.

Which she will take in her stride, without fuss, as the gentlest of the cyclonic Bennetts.

Her work opposite Barrymore in "Moby Dick"—the rôle played by Dolores Costello in the silent version, "The Sea Beast"—is sure to be talked about.

And then real stardom—"Smilin' Through," in the rôle made famous on the stage by Jane Cowl and in the silents by Norma Talmadge. Certainly a career in itself, judged by ordinary standards.

But don't try to judge a Bennett that way. Nobody knows what glittering triumphs may still come to Joan, youngest of the tribe. For no Bennett lives by regulations—or succeeds on form and past performances!

RICHARD BARTHELMESS



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With
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Neil Hamilton

and 4 other stars. Directed by Howard Hawks. From the story "The Flight Commander" by John Monk Saunders. Adaptation and dialogue by Howard Hawks, Dan Totheroh, and Seton Miller. "Vitaphone" is the registered trade-mark of The Vitaphone Corporation.

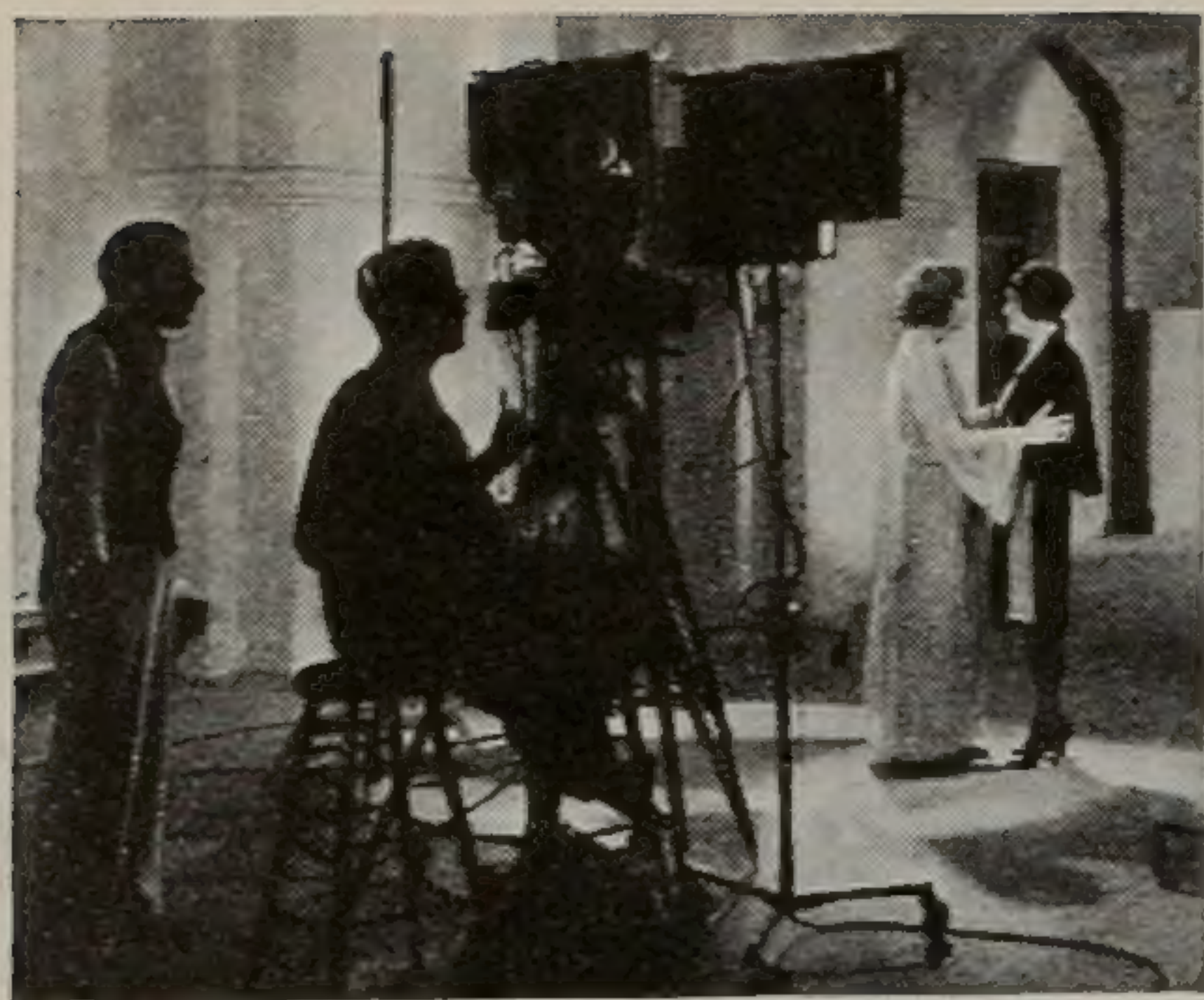


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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

Photoplays not otherwise designated are All Talkie

★ Indicates that photoplay was named as one of the six best upon its month of review

ALIAS FRENCH GERTIE—Radio Pictures.—Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon in crook picture made from Veiller's play, "Chatterbox." A comeback for Ben, and Bebe at her best. (June)

★ **ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT**—Universal.—Remarque's sensational war book, made into one of the outstanding pictures of the year. Powerful drama of war as it really is. (June)

★ **ANNA CHRISTIE**—M-G-M.—The Great Garbo talks—and remains great! A faultlessly directed picture with superb characterizations by Garbo, Charles Bickford, Marie Dressler and George Marion. (March)

ANYBODY'S WAR—Paramount.—The *Two Black Crows* join the army, with mildly amusing results. (June)

ARIZONA KID, THE—Fox.—Warner Baxter follows "In Old Arizona" with another fine performance and an excellent picture. (July)

AVIATOR, THE—Warners.—Edward Everett Horton is afraid of anything that goes up. Patsy Ruth Miller is the hero-worshipping girl friend. Need a few laughs? (April)

BACK PAY—First National.—Too bad it doesn't leave us with pleasanter memories to mark Corinne Griffith's retirement from the screen. (Aug.)

BAD MAN, THE—First National.—Walter Huston swaggers through this, making it good entertainment. (Aug.)

★ **BAD ONE, THE**—United Artists.—Dolores Del Rio as a cafe singer and dancer, teamed with Eddie Lowe, who also sings delightfully. Adventurous, romantic story that you'll like. (June)

BATTLE OF PARIS, THE—Paramount.—Gertrude Lawrence, stage favorite, doing none too well in a trite musical comedy. Snap into it, Gertie, and show 'em what you can do when you try! (March)

BEAU BANDIT—Radio Pictures.—Yeh, Rod La Rocque with a Spanish accent again. Doris Kenyon sings beautifully. Old-fashioned Western. (April)

BECAUSE I LOVED YOU—Aafa Tobis.—Interesting because first made-in-Germany talker shown in America; 65 per cent dialogue, German, of course. Part Talkie. (April)

BENSON MURDER CASE, THE—Paramount.—Another elegant Van Dine murder mystery. Suave Bill Powell, as detective *Philo Vance*, gets his man. See it. (May)

BE YOURSELF—United Artists.—Fanny Brice falls for a boxer who falls for a gold-digger. Another "My Man" plot. Only fair. (April)

BIG FIGHT, THE—Sono Art.—James Cruze.—Amusing enough. Lola Lane and Guinn Williams, but Stepin Fetchit almost shuffles off with the show (July)

★ **BIG HOUSE, THE**—M-G-M.—Inspired by real life stories of prison riots and intelligently produced. Chester Morris and Robert Montgomery outstanding. (Aug.)

BIG PARTY, THE—Fox.—A Sue Carol picture, but they handed it to Dixie Lee. Heaps of comedy, some true love and villainy. (April)

★ **BIG POND, THE**—Paramount.—Chevalier clicks again! See him as a poor but romantic Frenchman trying to make good in an American chewing gum factory. Claudette Colbert, and some typical Chevalier songs. (July)

BLAZE O' GLORY—Sono Art—World Wide.—One of those leopard pictures—it's spotty. Some of the spots are good and some are bad. Eddie Dowling shows a nice personality and a good singing voice. (March)

BORDER LEGION, THE—Paramount.—Jack Holt, Dick Arlen, Fay Wray and Eugene Pallette in a Zane Grey thriller. (July)

BORDER ROMANCE—Tiffany Prod.—Worthwhile only because the little Mexican minx, Armida, stars. (Aug.)

BORN RECKLESS—Fox.—Maybe the fear of censorship took the thrill out of this gangster film, made from the exciting best seller, "Louis Beretti." Eddie Lowe, Lee Tracy and Catherine Dale Owen. (July)

BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT—First National.—Sumptuously mounted, Technicolored operetta, but slow-paced. (Aug.)

BRIGHTLIGHTS—First National.—All-Technicolor musical extravaganza. You'll like Dorothy Mackaill and Frank Fay. (Aug.)

BROADWAY HOOFER, THE—Columbia.—You'll like Marie Saxon, musical comedy star, in her first talkie. A stimulating back stage comedy. (March)

Do Not Miss These Recent Pictures

"Anna Christie"
"Song o' My Heart"
"Journey's End"
"The Divorcee"
"Ladies of Leisure"
"The Devil's Holiday"
"All Quiet on the Western Front"

As a service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE presents brief critical comments on all photoplays of the preceding six months. By consulting this valuable guide, you can determine at a glance whether or not your promised evening's entertainment is worth while. PHOTOPLAY'S reviews have always been the most authoritative published. And its tabloid reviews show you accurately and concisely how to save your motion picture time and money. The month at the end of each review indicates the issue of PHOTOPLAY in which the original review appeared.

BURNING UP—Paramount.—Your money's worth in entertainment. A neat little comedy with some thrilling racing sequences and that admirably natural actor, Dick Arlen. (March)

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD—Universal.—John Boles and Laura La Plante in a story of the birth of the *Marseillaise* that just misses being a thrilling picture. John sings superbly. (June)

★ **CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA, THE**—Radio Pictures.—Stark, compelling drama with a war background. An important picture, although too drab to appeal universally. Chester Morris is a magnificent *Grischa*. (March)

CAUGHT SHORT—M-G-M.—Marie Dressler and Polly Moran, rival boarding house keepers who play the stock market. Anita Page and Charles Morton are young lovers. Good, rough fun. (June)

CHASING RAINBOWS—M-G-M.—This ninety-ninth carbon copy of "The Broadway Melody" is pleasant enough. Bessie Love, Charles King, and the Moran-Dressler comedy team. (May)

CHEER UP AND SMILE—Fox.—Good comedy drama, with Arthur Lake, Dixie Lee and the vampish Baclanova. (July)

CHILDREN OF PLEASURE—M-G-M.—All about a song-writer's sorrows. Noteworthy only for Lawrence Gray's singing of two hit numbers and the swell work of Wynne Gibson, a new screen face. (May)

CHINA EXPRESS, THE—Sovkino.—Foreign rough stuff, but tremendously exciting. Action occurs on a fast train in China. *Silent*. (May)

CITY GIRL—Fox.—Originally begun as a silent picture ("Our Daily Bread") by Director F. W. Murnau. Gets off to a powerful start, but turns talkie and collapses. Charlie Farrell and Mary Duncan are fine. Part Talkie. (March)

CLANCY IN WALL STREET—Edward Small Prod.—The recent stock market debacle is material for gags. It's a comedy. (April)

COCK O' THE WALK—Sono Art—World Wide.—Pretty sad affair, in which Joseph Schildkraut does his worst. Myrna Loy attractive. (June)

COHENS AND KELLYS IN SCOTLAND—Universal.—When, and if you see this, you'll know where to send them on their next trip—one way! (May)

COURAGE—Warners.—Charming picture about seven interesting youngsters and their extravagant mother, well played by Belle Bennett. Leon Janney fine as *Bill*, the youngest. (June)

COURTIN' WILDCATS—Universal.—"Hoot" Gibson tames a Wild West shrew, modern version. Mildly entertaining. (March)

CRAZY THAT WAY—Fox.—Bubbling comedy about two lads in love with a blonde who loves another. Joan Bennett wears beautiful clothes beautifully. (May)

CUCKOOS, THE—Radio Pictures.—Nonsensical musical comedy featuring comedians Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey. Check your critical goggles and prepare to laugh uproariously. (June)

CZAR OF BROADWAY—Universal.—A not-so-good imitation of that fine picture, "Street of Chance." Not bad, if you haven't seen the original. (June)

DAMES AHOY—Universal.—Glenn Tryon in a smart-cracking sailor rôle. But the dialogue writer didn't feel funny that day. (April)

DANCING SWEETIES—Warners.—Grant Withers and Sue Carol in a story of that much discussed "first year" of marriage. (July)

★ **DEVIL'S HOLIDAY, THE**—Paramount.—Nancy Carroll in emotional drama, giving the best performance of her career! Directed by Edmund Goulding, who made "The Trespasser." (July)

★ **DIVORCEE, THE**—M-G-M.—Don't miss this. Norma Shearer great. Chester Morris gives swell performance. Fine direction, gorgeous clothes. (June)

DIXIANA—Radio Pictures.—Everett Marshall from the Metropolitan Opera adds voice and personality to a charming operetta. Bebe Daniels at her best. (Aug.)

DOUBLE CROSS ROADS—Fox.—A gang of thieves and a mess of machine guns. But Robert Ames as the boy and Lila Lee as the girl decide to go straight. Entertaining, at that. (May)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]



Radiant Youth . . .
 Passionate Love and
 Rollicking Comedy . . . A
 stirring romance glorified
 by the golden voice of the
 world's greatest tenor . . .

SONG O' MY HEART

A PICTURE THAT WILL BRING HAPPINESS TO MILLIONS

with
JOHN MCCORMACK

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN • ALICE JOYCE
 JOHN GARRICK • J. FARRELL MACDONALD
 JOSEPH KERRIGAN • TOMMY CLIFFORD
 Directed by FRANK BORZAGE



FOX

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

DUMBBELLS IN ERMINE—Warners.—Prize-fights and love. Robert Armstrong, Jimmy Gleason, and Beryl Mercer. Lots of fun. (Aug.)

FALL GUY, THE—Radio Pictures.—Jack Mulhall and Mae Clarke in a simple little story about an out-of-work husband. (July)

FIGHTING LEGION, THE—Universal.—Ken Maynard scores as an outlaw who follows his better impulses. Dorothy Dwan provides the romance. Ridin', fightin' and comedy. Worth your money. (May)

★ **FLORODORA GIRL, THE**—M-G-M.—Marion Davies as one of the original Florodora Girls. Gags, costumes and atmosphere of the Gay '90's make this a riot of fun. (July)

FOX MOVIE TONE FOLLIES OF 1930—Fox.—By now the single-talkie revues have lost their novelty. Comedy, fair songs, and a bit of a love story. (July)

FRAMED—Radio Pictures.—Evelyn Brent in an underworld story that gets across. Good trick climax. See it. (April)

★ **FREE AND EASY**—M-G-M.—Buster Keaton's first big talkie. A whizzing comedy that takes you to a big sound studio. With Anita Page and Robert Montgomery to serve the romance, how could you go wrong on this one? (May)

FURIES, THE—First National.—Murder in the smart set. Weighty and wordy, yet fairly interesting. H. B. Warner, Lois Wilson and Natalie Moorehead. (July)

GAY MADRID—M-G-M.—College whoopee in Spain, played with duels and guitars. How that Ramon Novarro swashbuckles and sings! Again he serenades Dorothy Jordan. (May)

GIRL FROM WOOLWORTHS, THE—First National.—That White girl comes through with a snappy number every time and this is one of the snappiest. Watch Rita Flynn, a newcomer. (March)

GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST—First National.—Ann Harding gives zest to the old Belasco drama. Fine support and a surprise finale. (Aug.)

GIRL OF THE PORT, THE—Radio Pictures.—Nevertheless you'll enjoy Sally O'Neil's slick performance. (March)

GIRL SAID NO, THE—M-G-M.—Whizzes along at breakneck speed. Wild Willie Haines kidnaps the girl he loves, and Marie Dressler becomes amiably spifflicated, as usual. (April)

GOLDEN CALF, THE—Fox.—Mediocre. Sue Carol, as an efficient but unattractive secretary who makes herself over into a belle, redeems it a little. So does El Brendel's comedy. (May)

GOOD INTENTIONS—Fox.—Crave excitement? See Eddie Lowe as a master-crook in love with a high-society lass. (Aug.)

GOOD NEWS—M-G-M.—College run rampant, and set to music. Bessie Love, Stanley Smith and Lola Lane. (Aug.)

GREAT DIVIDE, THE—First National.—Made from the grand old play. Dorothy Mackaill overacts as a flip society lass, and Ian Keith is hammy as her reformer. (May)

GREEN GODDESS, THE—Warners.—George Arliss is great as the sleek Rajah. The producers didn't make the most of this. (May)

★ **GRUMPY**—Paramount.—Grand entertainment. Cyril Maude's screen debut, in his famous stage portrayal of a lovable old crab. (Aug.)

GUILTY—Columbia.—Mediocre melodrama of circumstantial evidence. But Virginia Valli, John Sainpolis, and John Holland are good. (June)

★ **HAPPY DAYS**—Fox.—A corking review, starring the pick of the Fox lot. A bunch of entertainers help an old showman save his troupe. That's the story, told with singing, dancing, comedy and romance. (May)

HARMONY AT HOME—Fox.—Want a good, hearty laugh? See this comedy of family life. Wm. Collier, Sr., long-time stage favorite, makes an elegant screen debut. The girls will go for Rex Bell in a big way. (March)

HE KNEW WOMEN—Radio Pictures.—Lowell Sherman and Alice Joyce in a photographed play, "The Second Man." Good for some sophisticated chuckles. (July)

★ **HELL HARBOR**—United Artists.—Lupe Velez in a rôle that fits like a Sennett bathing suit. Grand melodrama peopled with descendants of Spanish pirates and an American sailor to rescue the girl. (April)

HELLO, SISTER—James Cruze Prod.—Sentimental, but sprinkled with humor. Olive Borden is the flapper who reforms for a million dollars. Lloyd Hughes is the nice boy who loves her. (May)

HELL'S ANGELS—Caddo Prod.—Three years and \$4,000,000 were invested in this. Worth seeing—but \$4,000,000 worth? (Aug.)

HELL'S HEROES—Universal.—Peter B. Kyne fathered this gritty tale of the desert and Charles Bickford does more than right by the leading rôle. Very real. (March)

HER UNBORN CHILD—Windsor Picture Plays, Inc.—Grimmer side of sex. Sad faces, sad scenes. Excuse us for yawning. (April)

HE TRUMPED HER ACE—Sennett-Educational.—Howling short comedy about bridge-maniacs. (May)

HIDEOUT—Universal.—James Murray glowers. Kathryn Crawford sings nicely. It's kinder not to go on. (May)

HIGH SOCIETY BLUES—Fox.—A musical romance, carried to fair success by the popular Gaynor-Farrell team. (July)

HIGH TREASON—Tiffany-Gaumont.—British-made film about a hypothetical next World War. World politics and inventions of year 1940 are ingeniously envisioned. Interesting. (June)

HOLD EVERYTHING—Warners.—Joe E. Brown is great. Georges Carpentier looks good in the boxing ring. Winnie Lightner has some snappy songs. But it could have been better. (June)

★ **HOLIDAY**—Pathe.—Ann Harding as a poor little rich girl, Mary Astor and a perfect cast make a splendid picture. (Aug.)

HONEY—Paramount.—"Come Out of the Kitchen," stage play and silent movie, made into a talkie. Light comedy, pleasing songs. Nancy Carroll and amazing little Mitzi Green. (April)

HOT CURVES—Tiffany Prod.—Not what the title might indicate, unless you know your baseball vernacular. (Aug.)

HOT DOGS—M-G-M.—A distinct novelty, this short subject, with an all dog cast, which makes it the first all-barkie. (March)

IN THE NEXT ROOM—First National.—A murder mystery that thrills. Jack Mulhall, Alice Day and Robert O'Connor play the leads. (June)

ISLE OF ESCAPE—Warners.—Monte Blue, Betty Compson and Noah Beery do their best to breathe life into a melodramatic hodge-podge, with negligible results. (June)

★ **JOURNEY'S END**—Tiffany Productions.—Unforgettable war story, from play of same name. Grim happenings in a front line dugout under bombardment, relieved by carefully planned humor. Excellent cast. (June)

★ **KING OF JAZZ**—Universal.—Pretentious, all-Technicolor, Paul Whiteman revue. Unusual color and lighting effects, splendid choruses. John Boles, Jeanette Loff, and the Whiteman Band. (June)

LADIES LOVE BRUTES—Paramount.—Good entertainment. George Bancroft is a crude but wealthy builder who goes in for culture, under Mary Astor's inspiration. There's a thrilling fight. (June)

LADIES IN LOVE—Hollywood Pictures, Inc.—Let's not talk about this one. (Aug.)

★ **LADIES OF LEISURE**—Columbia.—Barbara Stanwyck grand as a little party girl who falls for a serious young artist. Fine supporting cast. You mustn't miss it. (July)

★ **LADY OF SCANDAL, THE**—M-G-M.—Ruth Chatterton in delicious light comedy, from the Lonsdale play, "The High Road." (July)

LADY TO LOVE, A—M-G-M.—The stage play, "They Knew What They Wanted," made censor-proof. Vilma Banky, Edward G. Robinson, and Robert Ames form the triangle. Some splendid acting. (April)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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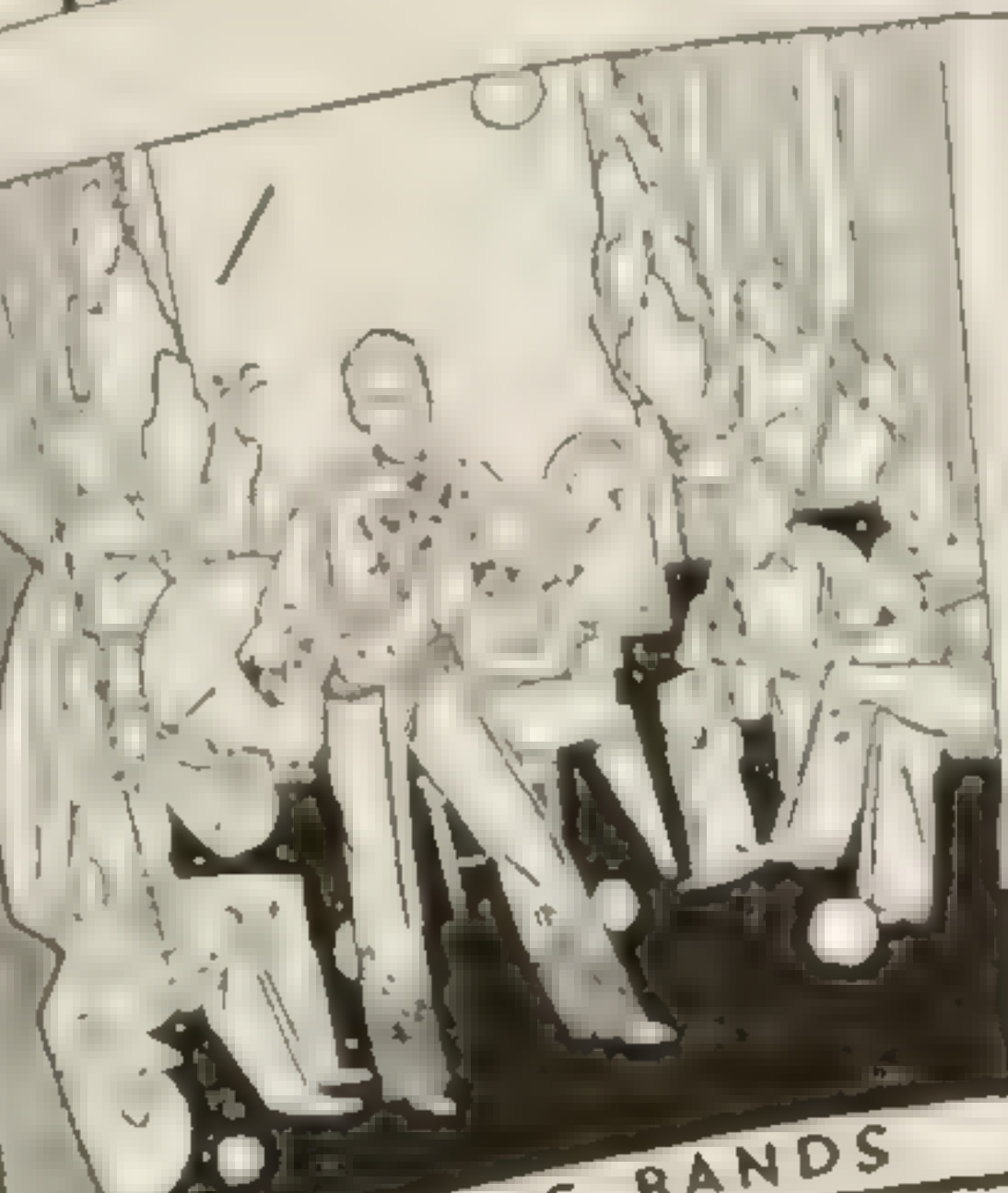
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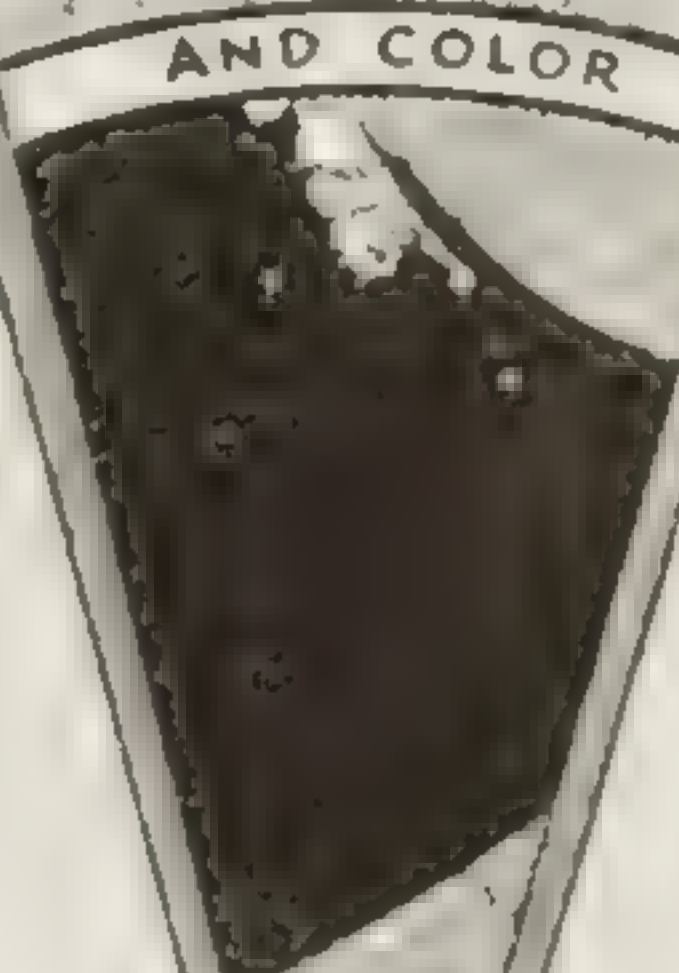
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Color scenes photographed
by the Technicolor Process

VITAPHONE VARIETIES

MINIATURE MASTERPIECES OF THE TALKING-SINGING SCREEN

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

LAST DANCE, THE—Audible Pictures.—Cinderella in modern dress. Quickie (not very goodie) about a taxi-dancer's rise to fortune. Distinguished by Vera Reynold's grand voice and acting. (March)

★ **LAUGHING LADY, THE**—Paramount.—Chatterton and Brook, now and forever! What a team! A vital, brilliantly directed story with superb work by the aforementioned pair. (March)

LET'S GO NATIVE—Paramount.—Wonderful nonsense in this burlesque of the old shipwreck-on-a-desert-island theme. Jeanette MacDonald and Jack Oakie. (July)

LET'S GO PLACES—Fox.—Our old friend, Mistaken Identity Plot. Funny as the dickens, and at least two songs will keep you humming. (May)

LET US BE GAY—M-G-M.—Norma Shearer in another swell sophisticated drama, with Marie Dressler, Gilbert Emery and Rod La Rocque. (Aug.)

★ **LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS, THE**—Paramount.—Horse opera, but dressed up in snappy dialogue and played convincingly by Dick Arlen, Mary Brian, Harry Green, Regis Toomey and Fred Kohler. You'll like it. (May)

LITTLE JOHNNY JONES—First National.—Eddie Buzzell, musical comedy star, and George M. Cohan music redeem this. Otherwise just another racetrack yarn. (April)

LOOSE ANKLES—First National.—So farcical that it goes a little lame. Loretta Young and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., are the principals, but the comics run away with the honors. (May)

LORD BYRON OF BROADWAY—M-G-M.—Light, but you'll like it. Another song-writer story, with Technicolor review scenes, theme songs and wisecracks. (April)

LOVIN' THE LADIES—Radio Pictures.—Claptrap farce, but it's nice to see Richard Dix and Lois Wilson together again as screen billers-and-cooers. (May)

★ **LUMMOX**—United Artists.—Winifred Westover is superb in this Fanny Hurst tale. She holds up a somewhat jerky, maudlin film. (April)

MAID TO ORDER—Jessie Weil Prod.—Come out, Julian Eltinge, we knew you all the time! The famous female impersonator grown matronly, in a badly put together production. (March)

MAMBA—Tiffany Prod.—Advertised as the first all-Technicolor drama. War between British and German troops, and an East African native revolt. Jean Hersholt does brilliant work. (May)

MAMMY—Warners.—Al Jolson rises above his story and makes an entertaining movie. A minstrel piece, with Lois Moran, Lowell Sherman and Louise Dresser. Irving Berlin tunes. (June)

MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S, THE—Warners.—The Barrymore profile in slapstick! He's a good farceur in this ridiculous story of an English lord who attended the wrong dinner party. Loretta Young provides love interest. (June)

MAN FROM WYOMING, THE—Paramount.—Gary Cooper and June Collyer, both splendid in a war picture with a Western title. (Aug.)

MAN HUNTER, THE—Warners.—A beach-combing melodrama, that totters to a feeble end. Rin-Tin-Tin is the star. (June)

MATCH PLAY—Sennett-Educational.—Giggles for golfers. Walter Hagen, British "champ," and Leo Diegel, American "champ," are featured. They're not actors, but no one expects that. (April)

MATRIMONIAL BED, THE—Warners.—A good cast, wasted on a poor picture. (July)

MELODY MAN, THE—Columbia.—Pleasantly sentimental story about the conflict of youth and old age. William Collier, Jr., Alice Day, and a good performance by John Sainpolis. (May)

★ **MEN WITHOUT WOMEN**—Fox.—Dealing with the horrible death of a group of men trapped in a submarine. Gruesome, but stunningly realistic. Ace performances by Kenneth McKenna and Frank Albertson. (March)

MEXICALI ROSE—Columbia.—Barbara Stanwyck's second film appearance. Mexican border melodrama, and pretty good entertainment. (April)

MIDNIGHT MYSTERY—Radio Pictures.—A practical joker starts something he can't finish. Betty Compson and Lowell Sherman. (Aug.)

★ **MONTANA MOON**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford, still untamed, on a ranch. And what a tango she does with Ricardo Cortez! Johnny Mack Brown, the boy. Frolicsome. (April)

MOUNTAIN JUSTICE—Universal.—(Reviewed under the title "Kettle Creek.") That Ken Maynard can ride! The rest is negligible. (May)

MOUNTED STRANGER, THE—Universal.—Hoot Gibson, the *Riding Kid*, avenges a murder and meets romance. (April)

MURDER ON THE ROOF—Columbia.—A well-cast thriller. Crime high up among the pent-houses. (April)

MURDER WILL OUT—First National.—Thrills and mystery against high society background. Good acting. Elaborate settings. Jack Mulhall, Lila Lee and Noah Beery. (May)

NIGHT RIDE—Universal.—Yarn about a hard-boiled gangster and a harder-boiled reporter, with Joseph Schildkraut and Edward Robinson leering at one another for dear life. (March)

Dixie Willson

is one of the best known short story writers and screen authors of today. The first of a series of Hollywood short stories by her

"A Queen Goes Fishing"

appears in this issue. Next month—in the October PHOTOPLAY—will be another

"Baby Blue Eyes"

NIGHT WORK—Pathe.—Eddie Quillan stars in a nice comedy drama that goes a bit melodramatic. (Aug.)

★ **NO, NO, NANETTE**—First National.—A good girl-and-music picture with fine Technicolor trimmings, but notable chiefly for its rapid fire succession of laughs. Alexander Gray and Bernice Claire sing the leads. (March)

NOT DAMAGED—Fox.—Sounds like melodrama, but it's supposed to be comedy. (July)

NOTORIOUS AFFAIR, A—First National.—Tired of players who burst into song? Then you may like this. Billie Dove in gorgeous clothes. Basil Rathbone the faithless husband, and Kay Francis a vamp. (June)

NUMBERED MEN—First National.—Fair entertainment. From the stage play, "Jailbreak." (Aug.)

OLD AND NEW—Sovkino.—Powerful, Communism propaganda film, co-directed by Eisenstein of "Potemkin" fame. Silent. (July)

ONCE A GENTLEMAN—Sono Art.—James Cruze.—High comedy, with a touch of pathos. Eddie Horton is elegant. (July)

★ **ONE ROMANTIC NIGHT**—United Artists.—Lillian Gish in her first phonoplay, ably aided by O. P. Heggie and Marie Dressler. The love story of a young princess and her tutor. (June)

★ **ONLY THE BRAVE**—Paramount.—Mary Brian is Gary Cooper's reward for valor. Civil War setting. Good acting, much romance, pretty costumes. (April)

ON THE BORDER—Warners.—Armida sings. Rin-Tin-Tin acts with intelligence. Smuggling Chinese across the Mexican border. Forget it. (April)

ON THE LEVEL—Fox.—Gusty, lusty melodrama, with laughs and thrills. Victor McLaglen fine in usual he-man rôle. Lilyan Tashman a gorgeous lady-crook. (May)

OTHER TOMORROW, THE—First National.—Gorgeous Billie Dove in the usual love triangle. Just so-so. (Aug.)

PAINTED ANGEL, THE—First National.—Hoopla! Billie the dove in tights, singing and dancing. Billie plays the Queen of the Night Clubs and Eddie Lowe drops his *Quirt* manners to be her sweetheart. (March)

PARADE OF THE WEST, THE—Universal.—The riding scenes in this Ken Maynard picture will make your hair stand on end. So will the story, but for a different reason. Not so good as Ken's last. (March)

★ **PARAMOUNT ON PARADE**—Paramount.—Paramount goes revue, using its best talent. Technicolor, stirring music, lovely voices, satire, burlesque, romance! Chevalier, Chatterton, Oakie, and lots more. Take the family. (May)

PARTY GIRL—Tiffany-Stahl.—A would-be sensational story with a moral ending obviously thrown in as a sop to the censors. Some good acting, however, by the junior Fairbanks and Jeanette Loff. (March)

PEACOCK ALLEY—Tiffany Productions, Inc.—Mae Murray in talking version of her once glorious silent film. She shouldn't have done it. But she dances well. (April)

PHANTOM IN THE HOUSE, THE—Continental.—This murder story fails to provide an alibi for existing. (March)

PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, THE—Universal.—Famous old shocker partly remade with mixture of talk and sound. Lon Chaney still silent, however. Part Talkie. (April)

PLAYING AROUND—First National.—Alice White, Billy Bakewell and Chester Morris. Trite story, fair acting, fair entertainment. (June)

PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ—United Artists.—Harry Richman warbles well in his first talkie. Harry and Jimmy Gleason play two actors. Joan Bennett at her sweetest. Lilyan Tashman amusing. Good Irving Berlin music. (April)

QUEEN HIGH—Paramount.—An ace musical comedy with laughs, lilting tunes and pretty girls. (Aug.)

RAMPANT AGE, THE—Trem Carr.—A rumor that the younger generation is jazz-mad seems to have leaked through into film circles. Hackneyed story rendered amusing by lively dialogue and acting. (March)

RECAPTURED LOVE—Warners.—A bright little picture. You'll probably like it. (Aug.)

REDEMPTION—M-G-M.—John Gilbert's first talkie, made before "His Glorious Night," but shelved and now largely remade. A tragic story by Tolstoi that proves John can act. (July)

RETURN OF DR. FU MANCHU, THE—Paramount.—Grand melodramatic hokum. Warner Oland is a swell Manchu. (July)

RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD, THE—M-G-M.—Louis Mann as the dad of an ungrateful family. A good cast and happy ending. (July)

RIGHT OF WAY, THE—First National.—Starts out well but toward the end you may wish you'd stayed home. (Aug.)

★ **ROADHOUSE NIGHTS**—Paramount.—A pippin of a melodrama, seasoned with swell comedy. Helen Morgan sings. Charles Ruggles and Jimmy Durante, Broadway's current night club pet, score enormously. (March)

★ **ROGUE SONG, THE**—M-G-M.—Lawrence Tibbett, grand opera star, flashes across the phonoplay horizon, an inimitable and dashing personality. Taken from Lehar's "Gypsy Love," this operetta is roistering, brilliant and dramatic—a feast for the eye and ear. (March)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 144]

AN ODD TIME TO SAY...

HAPPY NEW YEAR?

Maybe it seems so, but it is the beginning of a new theatrical season, and **Educational** is wishing it may be the happiest year in your picture going experience. To help make it so, **Educational**, with vastly enlarged studio facilities, is producing for your amusement the most pretentious group of short comedies in motion picture history.

A year and a half of the talking comedy has proved how much funnier and more entertaining the short comedies can be, and they are a bigger and more vital part of screen entertainment now than ever before. The theatres that sincerely wish you a "happy new year" in this entertainment will be planning to show you the best of the short talking comedies as well as good feature pictures. Ask the manager of your favorite theatre now if **Educational's Talking Comedies** are on his schedule of productions for the coming season.



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cleanliness, decency, progress. The movie flapper, whose hard-boiled tactics are not always admirable, has nevertheless flung her flaming message of the right to live and choose for herself to millions of tradition and man-enslaved girls.

I believe that movies are doing more to bridge the differences between East and West than any other agency. G. L.

The \$25 Letter

Bedford, Pa.

FROM a bread-and-butter viewpoint I have every reason in the world to be anti-talkie. I earned a good living as organist in a local theater, playing soft music as an accompaniment to tender love scenes, thundering away when cowboys galloped over the plains or armies fought silently, and concocting weird melodies when Lon Chaney donned one of his thousand faces.

All that is past. My job is gone. Yet, as I take my place back among the masses and listen with strained ears to the dialogue going on down there in front where I used to sit in kingly state, I realize that this great change has been for the best. The movies have gained immeasurably in every way; sound and talking have added a new dramatic power; stage and opera stars with glorious voices have swelled the ranks of decadent film aristocracy; the moving picture industry has come into its own at last.

RAYMOND WHETSTONE.

The \$10 Letter

Philippine Islands.

LIVING in comfortable, critical America, it is impossible to grasp the tremendous cultural importance of movies. We, out in the far corners of the world, see differently.

The native population here gets poor newspapers. Few can afford magazines, but they do see movies for a few centavos. Would you could see these half-naked, brown people gazing with uncomprehending eyes at revelations of well-clothed people, cities, inventions, beautiful modern homes—a long shot from their primitive straw huts!

The movies are awakening desires for

The \$5 Letter

Los Angeles, Calif.

GEE! I wish we could have our cowboys back, chasing bands of sneaking rustlers across the plains. Course I'm only a kid, but gee! half of America is kids, I bet. We're tired of having these sheiks chasing bands of painted dolls across the stage. Let's have more "ki-yi-yippers" and fewer "poo-poop-a-doops!" WALTER EATON.

P. S.—The comedies are great!

What! No Tap Dancing?

Springfield, Mass.

FOLLOWING the advice of PHOTOPLAY'S Shadow Stage I went to see "The Big House." I liked it best of all the big pic-

WHAT a stack of John Boles praises this month! They threaten to overflow into the Mickey Mouse compartment! Yes'm, that little gloom-chasing rascal is right up next to John in the fan mail returns.

And wasn't Barbara Stanwyck a big surprise to movie-goers! They loved her in "Ladies of Leisure." Nancy Carroll was another surprise, as a dramatic actress. The fans are comparing her to Bernhardt and Duse now!

The Farrell-Gaynor drama-or-song-and-dance argument goes on and on, with strong supporters on both sides. "The Big House," "The Devil's Holiday," "With Byrd at the South Pole," "The Divorcee" and "Ladies of Leisure" are all getting their share of compliments.

tures I have seen this year. Chester Morris was at his best, and Wallace Beery was excellent as *Butch*. I think one of the main reasons I liked this picture was because *Butch* didn't stop shooting for a time and sing a theme song! D. LESQUIER.

Fan Mail for Mick!

Baton Rouge, La.

LET the animated cartoons go on forever! I now seldom see a mouse run over the floor without expecting it to stop a while and dance or sing to the tunes of the radio. If I start to eat a "hot dog" I am disappointed if the weenie itself doesn't suddenly come to life and give a weird cry of dismay.

HARRIS DOWNEY.

You and Plenty Others!

Baltimore, Md.

WHAT a pleasure it was to read your praise of Barbara Stanwyck in July! I saw "Ladies of Leisure" about three weeks before, and I've been raving about Miss Stanwyck ever since. Now, I can say, "Didn't I tell you so?" to everyone.

I thought of writing you then, singing her praises. Now that you have beaten me to it, I can only say "Ditto."

MARGARET M. FIDDIS.

Now They Have Mex-Appeal!

Mexico, D. F., Mex.

PARAMOUNT sent us a fine, all-Spanish phonoplay in "The Benson Murder Case." Universal doubled voices in "Broadway" and "Shanghai Lady"—a very difficult work, and both are perfect. It's a kick to hear Mary Nolan talking Spanish!

But you must hear Our Gang, Charley Chase, Buster Keaton, and Messrs. Laurel and Hardy. Just grand! How they suffer, the poor fellows! What faces when they spout these Spanish-things! Of course, Keaton Spanish is not that of Cervantes. Neither was "Taming of the Shrew" English exactly that of Shakespeare. But—who cares? All of them learned Spanish in fifteen days!

ALEJANDRO ARAGON.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122]

"I'm only a bride, but *I've learned this—*

It's folly
to pay more
than 25¢ for
tooth paste"

When you're married to a young fellow who is starting out in the world with a small salary, you certainly puncture a lot of theories while attempting to make both ends meet.

"Theories about what should be spent for clothes. For groceries. Even for tooth paste.

"Before marriage I used to think that unless a dress cost \$100 it wasn't fit to be worn. Now I know better. I don't wear that kind any more. I used to think that one had to pay absurd prices for food, for meat, to get quality. But a few shopping tours with the I-want-my-money's-worth attitude convinced me that I was wrong about that, too.

"Finally I began to look at tooth paste with the critical eye of the Budgeteer. I asked myself 'Is there any sense in paying 40¢ or more for a dentifrice?' After a little experimenting, I learned that for 25¢ I could buy the finest quality tooth paste. At the outset I was a little skeptical but time proved that my teeth were whiter, my gums firmer, and my mouth healthier as a result of using Listerine Tooth Paste.

"Jim reported the same result. And it's a comfort to realize it saves us about \$3 a year."

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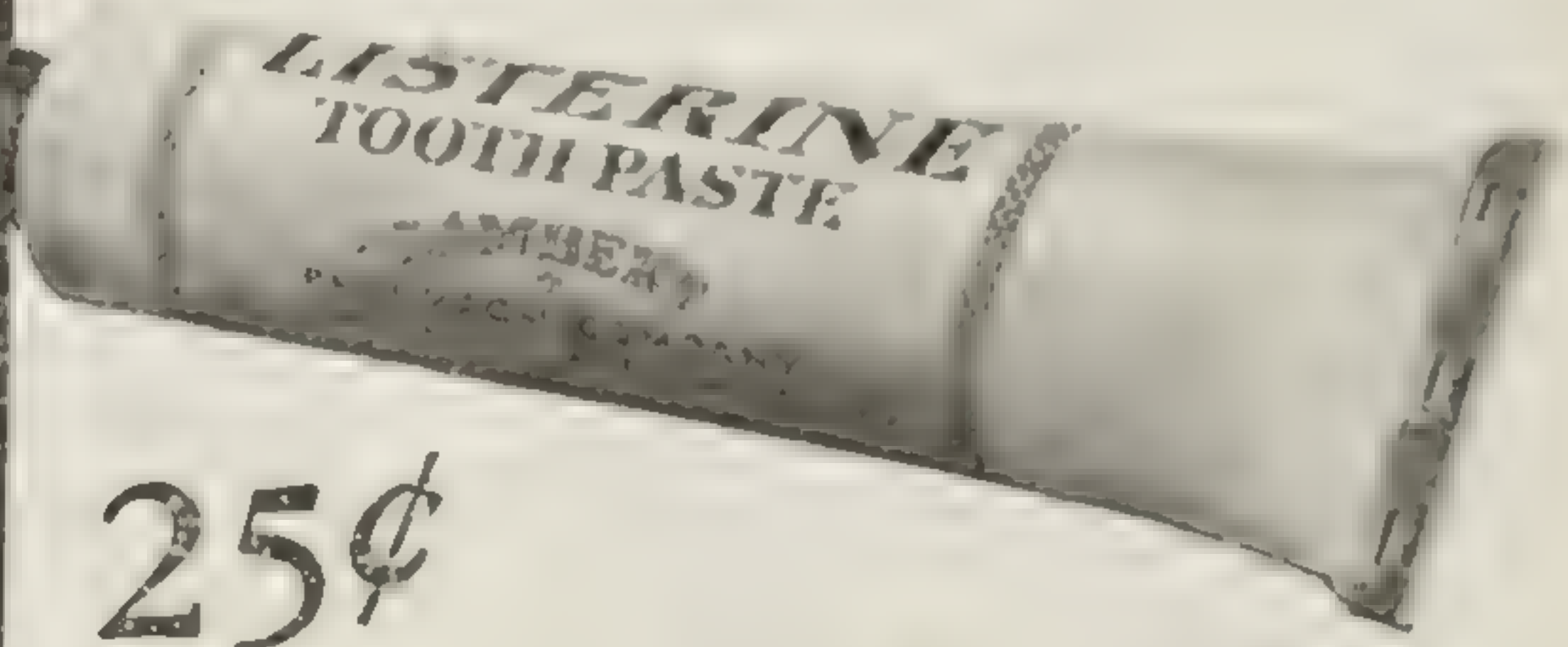
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25¢

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

A gay scene from a recent picture in which vivacious Sally Starr is the little girl who helps to make the party a big success



Is Your Pep Just Pose?

RECENTLY I gave a little party for my friend Helen T., who has been abroad for a few years, inviting a group of mutual friends who were looking forward to renewing old ties.

Helen is in her late twenties, not outstandingly pretty, but blessed with the wholesome good looks and amiable disposition that make actual beauty seem of lesser importance. Much of her charm is in her ability to make warm and enduring friendships with men and women of all ages. At my party for her there was a boy in his teens and a grandmother, both of them her devoted friends.

I had always believed that another important reason for Helen's great popularity was her exuberance. No other girl was so light-hearted, so sparkling and witty. Wherever there was the greatest excitement and the gayest laughter, there Helen was to be found—always the center of the group. She seemed never to be tired, never depressed.

The hostess who invited Helen was assured of at least one guest who would have a grand time herself and keep the whole party alive, no matter what the moods of the others might be.

On the night of my party, after the clamor of "Do you remember's?" and "Tell me's" had died down somewhat, it began to dawn upon me that this was a different Helen from the girl we had known. Her brown eyes still danced with fun; and she appeared to be thoroughly happy with her old friends. But she certainly was not the girl who had been "the life of the party" just two years before, when that phrase was such a popular one.

One of my guests, a bachelor whom I had suspected of being more than a little fond of Helen in the old days and who had eagerly looked forward to her return, had been watching her intently all evening. Under cover of the buzz of conversation, he whispered to me:

"I can't believe it, Carolyn, but Time seems to have caught up with Helen, too. I thought it was just slow-footed, overweight fellows like me who couldn't outrun what the poets call 'the fleet years.' It doesn't seem possible that this gentle, quiet-mannered girl is the Helen who made things hum wherever she went just a few years ago.

"**D**O you remember how we used to stand outside the door and listen for sounds of merriment? If it was normally quiet we knew, before we entered a house, that Helen hadn't arrived. But if laughter and obvious signs of a party in full swing reached our ears, we knew Helen was already there.

"What has happened to her? I liked that happy, carefree girl she used to be. Just remembering her these last few years has kept me young! And, now, I'll have to get acquainted with her all over again!"

I didn't have a chance to answer him, because just then Mrs. J., the grandmother, turned to Helen and said: "Helen, absence has changed you. I loved all the youth and joy of living you personified, but I can't regret the loss of that youthful exuberance when in its place I see such beautiful poise. My dear, you've found something very precious in your travels."

Helen blushed prettily, but instead of stammering her thanks for the outspoken compliment as she would have in the old days, she just laughed a little, gave Mrs. J.'s hand an affectionate squeeze, and deftly turned the conversation away from herself.

A few days later I had lunch with Helen. She sat across from me at a little table in a crowded restaurant. All around us waiters were moving quickly, and people coming and going, some of them old acquaintances who stopped at our table to say a few words of welcome to Helen. Looking at [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 124]

Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems

WOULDNT you like to reduce to your normal weight without jeopardizing your health or making yourself uncomfortable? I don't believe in starvation methods. I do believe in corrective exercise and sane diet. My booklet of exercises and suggestions for simple but nourishing menus is yours for the asking. So is my leaflet of general advice on the care of the skin and particular advice on the cure of blackheads and acne. A stamped, self-addressed envelope will bring you either, or both, or other advice on personal problems. All letters will be held in strict confidence. Address me care of PHOTO-PLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

AN OLD BEAUTY SECRET



MISS
BARBARA
KENT

Beautiful Star in
Universal Pictures.

FUNNY how human beings so thoroughly delight in the charms of a beautiful woman. And curious thing that it's the little matter of lips which determines whether she is or isn't beautiful. Now the cultivation of lips is not really difficult at all. If you keep them young in shape and pretty in texture they can't help but be attractive. Chew Wrigley's every day. That's about all you have to do. Inexpensive. Satisfying. Beautifying. Wrigley's makes up for the lack of sufficient chewing exercise in the ordinary daily diet. The fine muscles about the mouth, upon which the youthfulness and romance of lips depend, must have this additional exercise or they grow lacklustre, old and utterly without beauty. Try Doublemint—it's delicious peppermint flavor.

K-56

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and greet your new complexion

Bathe the face gently with warm water. Rub up ... in your hands ... a rich lather. Massage it into your skin from the chin upward toward your temples. Rinse with warm water. The old dead skin cells are "washed away." So next tone up your skin with a brisk splashing of cold water. Then ... for the final touch ... go over your face with a piece of ice wrapped in a soft towel.

No complexion can be truly beautiful without "Normal Desquamation."

This is Nature's process for removing dead cells which accumulate on the surface of your skin and hide the new, radiant complexion beneath. Constantly this process should be going on. But often irregular habits hamper Nature.

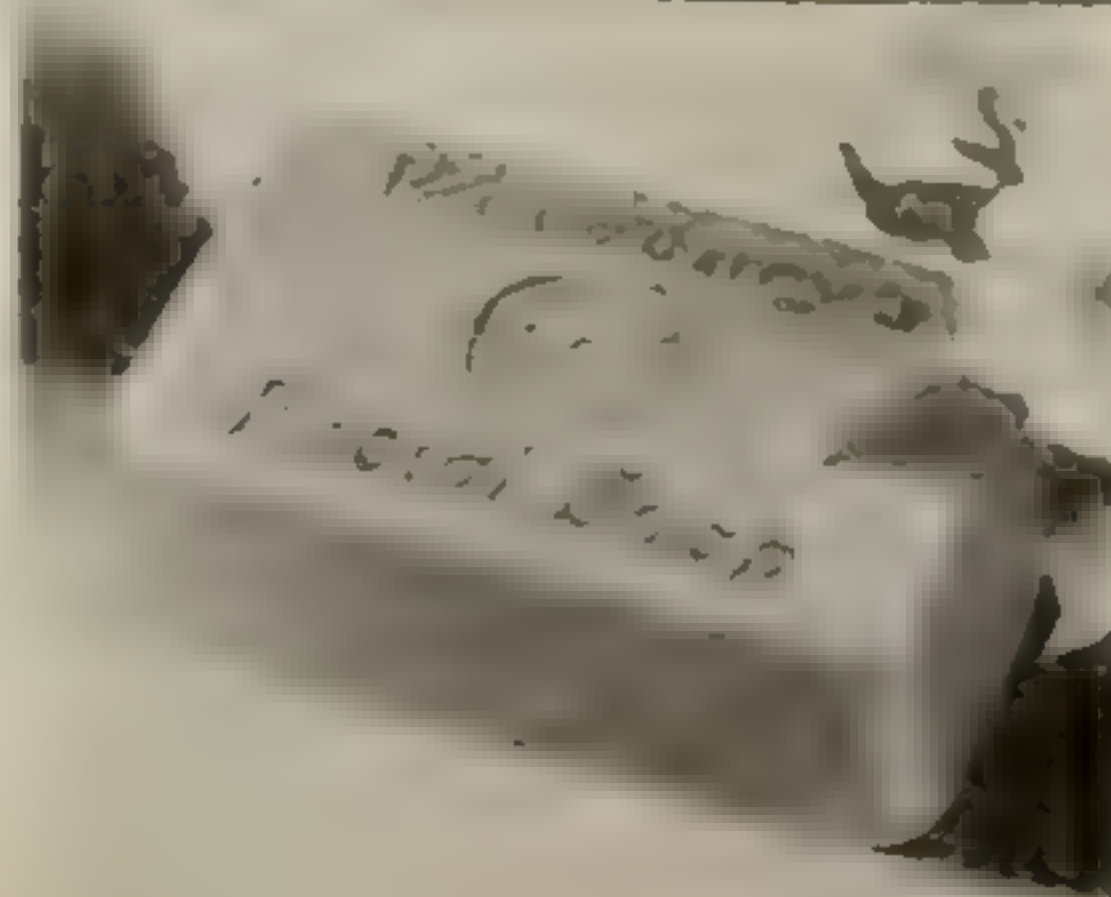
Woodbury's Facial Soap will assist "Normal Desquamation." Whereas ordinary toilet soaps merely "wash" the skin, this famous facial treatment gently removes the mask of dead tissue. Its daily use keeps the new-born complexion fresh and flawless.

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One little moment ... one little stamp ... one little ten-cent piece
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THIS is entitled "The Spirit of Santa Monica," or "Why Hollywood Goes to the Beach." Anita Page, Metro-Goldwyn's golden girl, lies on her tummy and soaks up sunshine. She is taking a little breather after an unusually heavy schedule at the studio. She's marvelous in the new "Our Blushing Brides"

Fresh *from* *the* Camera

Anita Page, real name Pomares, was born at Flushing, L. I., Aug. 4, 1910. She is 5 feet 3; weighs 118; has blonde hair and blue eyes. She's unmarried



Joan Crawford was born in San Antonio, Tex. She is 5 feet 4; weighs 110; has dark red hair and blue eyes. Joan was a Broadway showgirl before entering films in '25

IF the wild waves are saying anything at all to Joan Crawford, it is something exceedingly pleasant. For the sun of good fortune showers down on this radiant girl! A happy married life with Young Doug—an excellent starring contract with M-G-M—constant improvement in her art. Lucky Joan



THE shadows have fallen on lovely Lila Lee! Her health broken by overwork, dieting and domestic troubles, she has been ordered to Arizona for a long rest. One of Hollywood's sweetest girls and best troupers, she worked in seventeen pictures in eighteen months! Rest, Lila, and come back to us!

Lila Lee, or Augusta Appel, was born in Union Hill, N. J., in 1902. She is 5 feet 3; weighs 110; has black hair and eyes. Lila entered pictures in her early 'teens



You can't conserve on yardage if you want smart, knife-pleated pajamas, like Jeanette MacDonald wears in "Monte Carlo." Turquoise blue satin and lace

What Mrs. Ben Lyon (guess who she was!) will wear at her Sunday evening "at homes." Gray chiffon with lace appliques outlined in silver thread. With it is worn a strand of gray pearls with cameo pendant



For shopping, take a hint from Irene Rich. She wears this navy blue crepe in "On Your Back," in which she plays a fashionable New York modiste

For her personal wardrobe, Ann Harding chooses a conservative full length coat of sand colored Norma cloth, trimmed with kolinsky

What
They
Are
Wearing
This Month



Another lovely hostess gown. Ann Harding wears this in "Holiday." Aquamarine blue Spanish lace is draped over a fitted slip of the same color. If you're as blonde as Ann, this is the perfect choice for you



Natalie Moorehead can make even black tulle ruffles seem sophisticated. Note the interesting tucks on the bodice. You'll see this gown in "Manslaughter"

THESE are Hollywood fashions—the clothes the stars are wearing. Some of them are bizarre, like Hollywood itself, and that's what makes them individual. If you want to know what they're wearing in Paris, buy another magazine. PHOTOPLAY is interested only in the gowns included in the personal and professional wardrobes of the stars.

You'll notice the trend toward longer street clothes. You'll notice the interesting and plentiful use of fur. You'll find the hostess gown, languorous and graceful, is a necessity in the smart woman's wardrobe. And you'll also discover that you might as well commit hara-kiri unless you own at least one tailored suit. Navy blue is a favorite street color—black for formal evening wear.

You will find that, with the exception of Alice White's sports coat, every costume on these pages is ultra-sophisticated. Even the little ingénues in Hollywood are selecting this type of wearing apparel.



Alice White appears at football games in this beige suede three-quarter coat lined and collared with chipmunk. Snug and jaunty



Marion Davies wears a swagger suit of dark blue twill, designed by Howard Greer. The white pique vestee buttons over a linen blouse



Gary Cooper, or Frank J. Cooper, was born in Helena, Mont., May 7, 1901. He is 6 feet 2; weighs 180; has black hair and dark blue eyes. Gary entered pictures in 1925

THE Big Boy from Montana—long, lanky and likable Gary Cooper! Between dude ranching and squiring the pretty girls about, Gary finds time to be the ace youngster on the Paramount lot. They've lined up some marvelous stories for him next season, and just watch Gary go! Ride 'im, cowboy!

THE NEWEST FASHIONS DECREE GREATER VARIETY IN BEAUTY

LES POUDRES COTY

ARE NOW CREATED IN TWO LOVELY
NEW SHADES "NACRÉE" and "SÈVEROSE"

The smart galaxy of colours sanctioned by the mode demand more powder shades. COTY has created these two new tones to complete the spectrum of twelve perfect flesh-tones—to give every woman a greater variety in loveliness. Now—you can wear any colour you like and be lovely in it, simply by using the correct COTY shade which harmonizes your complexion to the gown-tone



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Need WIVES *Envy* the Business Girl?...



Envy her pretty white hands
that never say "*DISHPAN*"?

WIVES often envy the clever young business girls who look so dainty and charming. "With no housework to do—of course they can look fresh and well groomed...have smooth, lily-white hands!"

Yet here are the facts:

Just the other day, a canvass was made of the girls in New York's largest office building.

Nearly every girl did some housework —75% said they washed dishes at home!



True, you'd never think so, judging from their pretty, white hands. But they're clever young things . . . they wash dishes a special way. 8 out of 10 use Lux in the dishpan. To keep their hands nice!

These girls started using Lux for stockings and fine things, noticed how wonderfully soft and white it left their hands, then used it for dishes, as well.

Wives, too, are rapidly learning how

Lux tends the hands while they work.

It's so different from ordinary soap. So many soaps dry up the natural oils of the skin, leave it roughened and red-dened. Lux never dries these delicate oils. Gentle, pure Lux gives your hands real beauty care!

Yet Lux for all your dishes . . .

costs less than
1¢ a day!



September, 1930

The National Guide
to Motion Pictures
[TRADE MARK]

PHOTOPLAY

THE saddest sight these old eyes have seen in many a day was on a location set I visited outside Hollywood, on my recent trip to the capital of motion pictures.

There, among the extra men and women, working for five dollars a day and glad to have the job, I recognized three former directors whose pay checks were once in four figures, and two former leading women whose names were once emblazoned in electric lights.

MEGAPHONE in hand, and surrounded by a staff of assistants and technical experts, stood a man in his early thirties who, five years ago, was given his first job as an extra by one of the veterans who was now merely living-atmosphere in the background of a Western street scene.

Their names? No, no! That would be unspeakable cruelty. The registered lists of the casting agencies hold scores of names that would recall old pictures and one-time popularity and affluence.

That's one phase of Hollywood, where the ladder of success is a trick stairway.

AGAIN, the producers and studio executives are wondering what is putting the skids under box-office receipts. They sit in solemn conclave in New York offices and Hollywood studios. One producer has even gone to three fortune tellers and two astrologers.

The theater owners are desperate, and are trying to whoop up attendance with "flesh," as they call the performers in their stage presentations.

The endurance-flyers, the Hunter brothers, failed to make the cash register sing in Chicago, but the Hollywood theater running "Hell's Angels" is going to try to get them to put a little of their endurance quality into its receipts. The result is problematical.

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By
JAMES R. QUIRK



I doubt that Cal Coolidge, in person, could do much for that four-million-dollar flop.

TORRID weather, Tom Thumb golf courses, radio, vacation season — everything except increased competition from churches is blamed for the doldrums. But the answer is right in front of their noses on Broad-

way, blistering in a wave of record-breaking heat—"The Big House" and "The Dawn Patrol."

We want stories—we want love—we want action—we want entertainment—we want suspense—we want laughter—we even want pathos. If we want art we will go to the picture galleries or the public libraries. If we want morbidity, we can visit the morgue.

If we want singing we'll tune in on our radios or switch on our phonographs.

THE fundamental elements which we enjoyed a few years ago in silent pictures we will continue to enjoy today in the audible pictures.

It was natural and understandable that the tremendous problem of sound should upset the producers, directors, technicians and actors. The novelty drew millions of new fans into the theater, and misled them. But the public has become sick and tired of Broadway themes and of Broadway song writers, and may get fed up on most of the Broadway stars and Broadway playwrights.

HAVING learned to misuse sound, it is now about time producers and writers learned to use the priceless ingredient of silence.

In an editorial printed in these pages in May, 1921, when the talking picture was an impractical idea, about where television is today, we discussed the glory of the motion picture—its silence. That editorial stands today as it was then written:

WE talk of the worth, the service, the entertaining power, the community value, the recreative force, the educational influence, the civilizing and commercial possibilities of the motion picture. And everyone has, singularly enough, neglected to mention its rarest and subtlest beauty:

Silence.

In its silence it more nearly approximates nature than any art save painting and sculpture. The greatest processes of the universe are those of silence. All growth is silent. The majestic caravan of the stars is forever silent. The flaming passion of sunset whispers nothing to the ear.

Half the beauty of a summer afternoon lies in its languor, and all the beauty of dawn is treasured in the chalice of that breathless quiet before the common clangor of full day. The deepest love is most eloquent in that transcendent silence of the communion of souls. The most heartfelt prayers are never uttered.

THE old proverb of the wood which could not be seen for the trees, is applicable to life, much of the charm of which is lost in the clatter and chatter that men make of it. The mental and material machinery which moves the modern world was conceived in the silence of reflection. With good hearing, Edison might never have been an inventor.

No great thought ever came out of a cabaret. No one expects wisdom from a parrot. Man has learned to go to the quiet earth to renew his strength for further encounters with a noisy world.

THE value of silence in art is its stimulation to the imagination, and the imaginative quality is art's highest appeal. The really excellent motion picture, the really great photoplay, are never mere photography. Continually they cause the beholder to hear things which they suggest—the murmurs of the summer night, the pounding of the surf, the sigh of the wind in the trees, the babel of crowded streets, the whisperings of love.

The "talking picture" will be made practical, but it will never supersede the motion picture without sound. It will lack the subtlety and suggestion of vision—that vision which, deprived of voice to ears of flesh, intones undisturbed the symphonies of the soul.

I FEEL quite sure that Chaplin will upset the entire theory and practice of the use of dialogue and sound in his forthcoming picture, "City Lights."

If there is one man in the entire art or industry, whichever you choose to call it, who is entitled to be acclaimed by that much abused word "genius," it is Charles Spencer Chaplin.

He may use dialogue in parts, he will use sound—even he does not yet know to what extent.

But when that picture, which I have seen in the making, comes forth from his studio those seven or eight little cans of celluloid will be a text worth many millions of dollars to other producers.

THE best line of the month is credited to half a dozen of the village wits—no one knows the real originator. It is always pointed at a studio in which the teller is not on the payroll. It is:

"They've made a picture that was so bad they had to retake two reels of it before it was fit to be put on the shelf."

I WAS walking through one of the studios recently when I noticed what once had been a beautifully manicured lawn all torn up in spots.

"What's the idea of the vandalism?" I asked a scenario writer.

"Just a cemetery for theme song writers," he said, and laughed gleefully.

NO more do the motion picture lots resound with the din of the song writers, pecking away at pianos. Most of them have been shipped back to New York. The lobby of the Roosevelt Hotel is deserted by them, and the consumption of cigarettes and ginger ale has dropped off amazingly.

Musical directors with big New York reputations are borrowing car fare home and the Heaven of the tin pan alley boys has turned out to be Hades.

You will probably never hear a song called, "Hollywood, I love you."

What caused all this, you ask? You did, gentle reader. You got fed up on musical junk and stayed home.

ALL Hollywood is watching Serge Eisenstein, the Russian director, who is here to make a picture for Paramount.

The highbrows laud him as one who can teach our directors a great deal.

Maybe so. The Germans, with "Variety" and "The Last Laugh," gave us some valuable lessons, but I am convinced that Eisenstein is here to learn the technique of sound and dialogue rather than to give away any of his own tricks.

Eisenstein starts out with a preconceived idea that the American public is an outfit of little, if any, intelligence. I heard him venture statements to that effect at a lecture given at Columbia University when he first arrived.

The bulk of his audience was quite frank in its appreciation of matters Soviet and equally depreciative of anything American.

But the smart Mr. Eisenstein made no such cracks at his formal introduction to Hollywood. There he appeared as a witty and companionable fellow, quite modest, ready to help, if possible, sure he had much to learn.

IN the higher intellectual circles of the village—which are as gullible and simple as the so-called intelligentsia any place else—he has sung the praises of the Soviet with such good effect, that four different writers and directors, who fell under his personal charm, repeated to me, with great conviction, the story of the promised land of the Soviet and the certainty of eventual world triumph.

One of the gentleman's assistants on his trip to America is a famous Russian general, celebrated as a great military strategist.



The Yeggs' Pineapple Brigade, armed with hand-grenades and neat bombs, detrains to join Hollywood's new underworld. They have been preceded by the Second Stick-up Battalion, all nice boys

The New Hollywood Underworld

By Katherine Albert

HOLLYWOOD, as you've heard again and again, is fast becoming the cultural center of the world. With the introduction of the new art, that exciting art called talking pictures, the cream of Broadway made a white trail to the Gold Coast.

The best actors and actresses—Ann Harding, Walter Huston, Basil Rathbone, Frederic March, Chester Morris, Elliott Nugent, Harry Bannister, Kay Francis; the best singers—Lawrence Tibbett, Grace Moore, Mary Lewis, Jeanette MacDonald; the best musicians, the best stage directors, writers, voice teachers and technicians are in Hollywood. They have answered the husky voice of the microphone.

A Broadway wit, now in California (and aren't they all?) recently said that when he got the urge to write a letter he had to stifle the craving, for there was nobody left on the White Way to receive a message.

The Broadway invasion is no longer spoken of as such. These people, talented, glamorous men and women, have become a definite part of Hollywood. They have made their homes in the shaded canyons and high peaks of Beverly Hills. They do their work in the studios. They are living their lives on the silver beaches. They have become woven into the bright pattern of Hollywood.

The best of Broadway has swelled the town's census and, if the village doesn't look out, it will be a city before it knows it. Not so many months ago each Eastern train deposited its quota of Broadway bright minds.

But those same trains brought along others. Those same compartment cars have deposited, along with the brilliance that is Broadway, its darker and more sinister side. Gunmen, gangsters, gamblers, diamond thieves and other

racketeers of all sorts are as thick in Hollywood as song writers.

And Hollywood, the city without an underworld, bids fair to become a permanent abode for the spawn of the big town's gangland. A few months ago the only shooting done in Hollywood was by a camera, the only racketeers pasted their waxed moustaches on with theatrical glue, the only underworld thrived in the brains of scenario writers.

BUT now a dark cloud hovers across the blue horizon. All the menace is not in the films.

When you stop to think of it, it is natural enough. You can't have the best of Broadway without having the worst. The underworld invariably is to be found where there is anything spectacular. It is attracted by big money, fame and the dazzle of bright lights. As the best has come, so has the worst.

E. T. Taylor, detective lieutenant of the Hollywood police force, realizes the ominousness of the situation. He and his staff know what is to be expected in the next few months. The fun has already begun.

Not long ago the police "cleaned out" a notorious gang of thieves and stick-up men. Their hide-away was in a pretty bungalow on one of the sunny streets. The story of the cleaning out reads like a dime thriller. Two of the men died with their boots on.

A well organized gang of diamond thieves has been operating with the shrewdness of their kind. Unlike the amateur, these men know what they're going after before they attempt to make the haul and they pulled a neat little job not so long ago.

A certain actress had entertained a group of friends at the Montmartre for dinner. They returned to her apartment to [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 131]

The Village Now Has a Chance to See if Its Gangster Pictures Are Technically Correct

Only One of These Stars He Made Famous in



Julia Faye's "trimness and swankiness" caught De Mille's eye. She was "stimulating"



De Mille gave Jetta Goudal her big chance, and later on called her "a cocktail of emotions"



Leatrice Joy was chosen for fame by the Star-Maker because of her innate "perfect ladyhood"



Gloria Swanson in "Don't Change Your Husband." De Mille chose this ex-Sennett girl for her vivid, dynamic emotion

"I Never Choose Beautiful Women"

I HAVE never selected beautiful women for leading rôles in my pictures."

Cecil B. De Mille speaking—Cecil the Star-Maker, director of film extravaganzas that have outglittered all competitors with their opulence and flash.

No beautiful women? What a statement! Visions of Gloria Swanson, Nita Naldi, Leatrice Joy, Agnes Ayres, Estelle Taylor rise before us.

De Mille, sitting on the patio of his Spanish bungalow on the Metro lot, waits for me to get over my tremors of surprise.

"But," says Cecil—and here is the very heart and meat of the matter—"all my leading women have had the ability to create the illusion of beauty. Sarah Bernhardt and Duse are examples of what I mean by this. Neither was a beauty. Bernhardt, all her life, was scrawny, and her features were anything but classic. But to the day of her death—a poor, crippled old woman with a wooden leg and with her wrinkled face rouged and powdered—she could come on the stage and by the alchemy

His Pictures Is a Real Beauty, says C. B. De Mille



Katherine MacDonald, the only real beauty De Mille ever cast. He used her in but one film!



De Mille sensed the basic exoticism of Bebe Daniels, and gave her her first dramatic rôle



Her beautiful feet and ankles got Nita Naldi her first big vamp part from Cecil De Mille

Cecil De Mille, the Star-Maker, Tells You Why He Shuns Perfect Beauty for His Glittering Pictures!

By Rosalind Shaffer

of her talent and charm produce the illusion of a young and beautiful *Camille*. This power is far more precious than real beauty!

"Beauty is one of the cheapest things on the market today. It is so cheap that it has little value. The sidewalks of Hollywood, the class rooms, the restaurants, are full of beautiful girls.

"My objections to beauties as leading women are briefly summed up. They are too posey, too stilted, too unwilling to reflect emotion and thus ruffle the beautiful calm of their classic features. This may be conscious or unconscious, but it is always there in a really beautiful woman.

"She inclines to drape herself in classic poses. She moves with lack of fire, she is aloof from emotion as the enemy of her perfection of countenance.

"Spoiled by life, she does not feel the urge to improve herself, to be pleasing, to exhibit feeling.

"There is always someone who tells these beauties in their infancy that worry and emotion destroy the fine fabric of beauty. They never forget this, and this ruins them as actresses. An actress must be able to feel every emotion, she must allow herself to be played upon. Her reactions must be full of spontaneity and feeling. A beauty cannot do this. She has her armor on; at all cost she must protect that classic repose, that perfect calm.

"Every girl that I have selected I have chosen for some one thing that distinguished her from other girls. Needless to say, she must be agreeable to look at, but that does not mean being a beauty. These girls have each represented something to me; there has always been some individual trait that they possessed. Some [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]



Cecil De Mille picked beautiful Florence Vidor as a perfect type of aristocratic lady—and for her pretty ankles!



Marilyn Points Her Toe!

A LOVELY girl who has brought dreams of youth and beauty into the dusty hearts of millions since she first burst upon us in "The Passing Show of 1914"—Marilyn Miller. And she's still as lithe and young and beautiful!

SUNNY SALLY

This and That
About a Girl
of Genuine Charm—
Marilyn Miller

By Michael Woodward



Smiling Marilyn, now intent on following her big "Sally" film with an equally splendid "Sunny"

MARILYN MILLER can't, for one thing, sleep with light striking her eyelids, and it dawns at the unreasonable hour of about five, these Hollywood mornings. So Marilyn has a folded black silk handkerchief on the table by her bedside.

When dawnlight wakes her, she simply reaches over, lays the hankie across her eyes, and goes back to sleep until she's darned good and ready to get up.

ANOTHER thing—she simply can't sleep in a messy room. It's got to be as neat as a cat's idea of Paradise. She says it's because she hates to wake up in the morning to be greeted with a sight of disorder to begin the new day. So she folds her clothes and puts them away as she undresses. And her dressing table has to be all prettied and tidied up before she goes to bed.

And she doesn't like pajamas for sleeping. They're all right for lounging, and she has dozens of pairs of 'em for that. But for sleeping, give Marilyn a good old nightie, please. And she has to have her sleep, too. She lets nothing interfere with getting her full quota, and that's one reason she's the beauty she is, even though she's thirty-two. She's about the only thirty-two-year-old beauty in Hollywood who says she's thirty-two. The others try to reverse the digits.

AND now let's get out of her bedroom and consider breakfast—although, matter of fact, she takes it in bed. And she likes, above any other breakfast dish, chicken hash in cream! She's fond of chicken in almost any fashion—particularly fried, with hot biscuits on the side. No, girls, she doesn't have to worry about her figure; dancing keeps it like it is.

SHE pours heavy cream over her baked potatoes, too, although she doesn't like milk, which, to her, is only food for calves.

Her favorite dinner is a pot roast, with dumplings and hot biscuits, cooked by her ma. With old fashioned strawberry shortcake—the biscuit-and-cream kind—to top it off. She doesn't go much for ritzy dishes with fancy French names, but does like salad, mixed in a bowl at the table.

AND she loves to ride through Central Park, in New York, eating a hot dog.

She's superstitious. Hates parrots because she thinks they're bad luck, and belongs to the theatrical clan who believe whistling in a dressing room is worse than the seven-years'

plague. She always makes a wish when she sees a load of hay, knocks wood according to the best etiquette of superstition, and insists on hooking little fingers and making a wish whenever she and someone else say the same thing at the same time.

SHE declines to learn card games because she doesn't think cards are interesting. Besides, she's seen too many arguments at the bridge table, and says it isn't worth fighting over, so she doesn't want to play. She can't play the piano, either, but wishes she could, so she always talks about learning to do it. But doesn't. The only instrument she can play is the zither, and she can play only one tune on that. She had to learn it for "Sunny." She's a wow with the drums, though. At informal home dances, she not infrequently leaves the floor, ousts the drummer from his place and takes the sticks and traps.

She likes swimming, and splashes about the pool of her Beverly Hills home every day. She takes sunbaths, too, but not à la Garbo!—she wears a bathing suit. The Beverly Hills house she lives in is the one Lita Grey Chaplin owns. Marilyn calls it her Lita Grey Home in the West!

SHE loves wisecracking, too. Her idea of a grand time is not playing bridge, but having a houseful of smart people and indulging in fast repartee. She likes people with a sense of humor, and has a grand one of her own. She can see a joke even when it's on herself. She's a great mimic—her imitations of Eddie Cantor and Evelyn Laye are Hollywood classics. She's great fun on a party.

She has two maids, a butler, a chauffeur, a gardener, a secretary and a cook, and she likes to scramble eggs for her guests herself. She runs her own house but not her cars, although she has three—a Rolls-Royce town car, a Chrysler sports roadster and the inevitable Ford.

SHE'S a good horsewoman and likes to ride, but can't take the risk. She might be thrown or crushed and her legs be ruined—which would be as bad for Marilyn as it would be for Paderewski if he hit his thumb while hanging pictures. Her adept legs, however, make her a first-rate tennis and badminton player.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]



STOP!!!

"OH fuzz!" says Merna Kennedy to Cop Helen Wright. "I'll stop if I must, but I'll still wear my 1890 bathing toggery, so there! I think you modern girls are just so many LIZZIES! So pick up your hoop and roll away!" Helen says it with curves!



So This Is Gloria!

GLORIA SWANSON has a sixteen-room house in the swellest part of Beverly Hills. She has three very expensive foreign automobiles and rides in a Ford which she drives herself. She has ten servants, two full-bred chow dogs, two ex-husbands and one husband who's a French marquis and spends most of his time in Paris.

She used to get \$35 a week and lived in a Hollywood bungalow court.

She has so many dresses and hats that she hasn't the slightest idea what they total to. She has two hundred and twenty-five pairs of shoes, and the only reason she knows the number is because her size is one and a half. You see, they were taking a shoe-shop scene once and the props department couldn't supply enough shoes so small. So she sent her chauffeur home for her own, and when he got back, they counted them on the set. She was more surprised than anyone else when they told her the tally.

When she shared a Sennett studio dressing room with Mary Thurman and Maude Wayne and a couple of other girls, she didn't know a toot about how to dress. But she couldn't, even then, stand the touch of any material rougher than silk next her skin.

So she used to wear long silk bloomers that came down to the tops of her silk stockings, to prevent the rougher material of her dress brushing her legs. The other girls used to laugh at her because she looked so funny in the long panties.

In those days, when she had a half dozen outfits hanging in the family clothes closet, she thought she was lucky, and in her latest

A Flashing Pen Picture of La Belle Swanson, Who Fought Her Way to Wealth and Fame

picture she wears twenty-two changes of costume.

Most of her clothes she has designed and made abroad. She pays thousands of francs for a dress with a famous maker's label. Then she redesigns it completely and has it altered and the famous dressmaker wouldn't recognize anything but the goods. She never wears the same evening dress more than

twice—and then in different cities.

When she travels, she changes her attire for each stop along the line. Sometimes she changes her clothes as many as six times a day.

She has no favorite color, and no particular color is taboo to her. But whatever she wears, it must all match or harmonize.

CLOTHES, in short, are a very important factor in life to Swanson. And food is just something that has to be done. She eats just about anything that's set before her, and very little of that. Often she forgets all about it and when she's working on a picture, she eats so carelessly and so irregularly that she usually has to be doctored for a tummy-ache by the time the picture's over. She eats few sweets, but loves chocolate ice cream.

She has two cooks—one in her home, the other in her studio bungalow. Whatever they fix her, she eats. When she's working on a picture nights, she brings her own lunchbox to the set rather than eat the food provided by the studio. Then she shares so much of it with her co-workers that usually she hasn't enough left for herself.

By Harry Lang

Gloria Married a Marquis and Lives Like a Queen!

She won't drink coffee or water that hasn't been boiled. She's unreasonably afraid for her health. Once, at night, she broke out in a cold sweat when she realized she was walking in a dark room in her bare feet and might step on a rusty tack.

Like many a military hero, she's really a coward, but has a great reputation for courage. She's afraid to be thought afraid.

ONCE, in a De Mille picture, she lay down unarmed and unprotected on the floor and let a full-grown healthy lion crawl over her. Everybody praised her for her great bravery. Alone in her dressing room afterward, she went into hysterics.

She was a Mack Sennett bathing girl and, to this day, she can't swim a stroke. And once she dived twelve feet off a pier into twenty feet of ocean water. She was afraid she'd lose the rôle if she didn't. They fished her out half-drowned.

When she was Mrs. Wallace Beery they lived in one of those tiny "California bungalows" where you couldn't help seeing Wally's spare shoes under the bed, and they had one car between them and no chauffeur.

Now she lives in her mansion with her girl friend, Virginia Bowker, her daughter, Gloria, and her adopted son, Joseph, her secretary, the children's governess, the first maid and the second maid, the butler, the cook. She has two gardeners and a chauffeur, a Lancia roadster, a Rolls-Royce town car and a Rolls-Royce roadster, and that Ford. She prefers to drive herself, letting the chauffeur ride beside her, and she's uncomfortable when they're going more than thirty. She lets the secretary run the house.

She adores sunbaths and if you could get a peep into that private upstairs porch you'd see more of Gloria than in either the Sennett or De Mille era.

Swanson loves to dance. She likes social affairs, but not big ones. Her idea of a good party is about ten people. Never, until a few weeks ago, did she give an affair solely for women. She prefers the company of men to that of women. At a mixed party, she's a perfect hostess but when she gave that all-female

lunch party she was all at sea as to how to entertain them.

Her hobbies are her children, her work and herself. She will not permit the children to pose for publicity photos. She sends them to public school because she wants them to live a normal child's life. "I don't want to penalize them for being a star's children," she says.

She works with fierce intensity. During production, she averages less than six hours' sleep out of every twenty-four. She gets up at seven, is on the set in make-up ready to begin work sharp at nine. She forgets lunch time frequently. She never finishes looking at rushes and planning the next day's work until midnight. Often much later.

She has an hour's singing lesson daily and never misses it. She foregoes lunch, rather. She can't play the piano or any other musical instrument. In her dressing bungalow she has a radio-phonograph combination but never plays the radio. She prefers classical music to jazz but doesn't spurn the jazz entirely. The world's astonishment at finding she could sing in "The Trespasser" astonishes her, in turn, because ever since she was a child she could sing well.

SHE used to stand before a mirror and grieve over her big teeth when she was young. When she talked or laughed, she'd cover them with her hand. She doesn't like that upturned nose of hers and never did, but insists she's never had a plastic operation to tone it down. Her skin is olive and her eyes blue. She is much smaller than she looks on the screen and she wears high heels and long dresses because she wants to be tall. Her hair is dark brown and when the sun shines on it there are red gleams in it. She loves to wad it up under a beret and then yanks the beret off and lets the hair fall about her shoulders. It's not bobbed.

She thinks she could be a good sculptor and has made a bust of her daughter. A noted sculptor praised it and Swanson says: "When I have time, I'm going in for that."

She loves to travel and when [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]



The wistful little lady facing Mr. Charlie Farrell is Rose Hobart, a New York stage actress, who is playing the rôle in "Liliom" that Janet Gaynor would have done had she been willing to work. Rose has the same spiritual appeal that Janet has, but do you detect a little more grit and determination about the jaw? Notice how different your Charlie looks? Is he pining for his little co-star? Wait until "Liliom" is released under the title "Devil With Women" and you'll see that Charlie is just as realistic with Rose as he was with Janet. This Hobart girl comes of an artistic family. Her father was a 'cellist—her mother a concert singer



A set of cold, skeptical and fishy eyes are clamped on Mlle. Tottie de Trifler, fresh from the boat and hot for Hollywood. She is Meeting the Press!

MEET *the* PRESS!

By Leonard Hall

YOU may have wondered what happens when a beautiful film actress from over the ocean, hot for Hollywood and its golden streets, lands in New York needing the good old ballyhoo.

Here she is—young, helpless and alone, save for a couple of hundred press agents, yes-men, jewel-bearers, assistant bundle-carriers and assorted swains.

She is beautiful, talented, witty and full of what have you?—but the 120,000,000 filmgoers of America don't know it. In her own land she is a big shot, but in America, as of even date, she is still a pinch of damp gunpowder.

What to do?

She must immediately be exploded with a roar that will be heard from the Statue of Liberty to the back table in Hollywood's Brown Derby. She must be sold as a merger of the best features of Bow, Garbo, Madame Du Barry, Polly Moran, Peggy Joyce and the Seven Sutherland Sisters.

It won't hurt to hint that she has dangerously jiggled a couple of Europe's less stable thrones, and knocked over at least a platoon of the mere nobility.

Whatever the angle her backers take, she must be made known, by name, face and figure, to the whole 120,000,000 of us, so that when her first picture is released we will instinctively gasp and say, "Ah, Tottie de Trifler! She's the bonnie lassie who put a quart of peach ice-cream down the neck of the Duke of Moronia!"

Thus we begin the preliminary tub-thumping and drum-beating before the main tent.

The little lady comes sailing up the Bay, clutching a box lunch and sniffing a little as she thinks of that great ogre, America.

At Quarantine a few hundred photographers clamber aboard. After cajoling and threatening the hapless lass for several hours, they finally get her consent to

pose. She is then snapped peeking coyly through a life preserver, sitting on the rail with her legs crossed way

up to here, standing on her hands and playing the cymbals with her feet, and kissing the second engineer.

This completes the first phase.

More dead than alive, the little lady is tucked away in a modest hundred dollar a day suite, as big as the local ball park, on the sixty-fifth floor of the largest and swankiest hotel in New York.

ALL that remains for the generalissimo of local press agents is to arrange to have his starlet Meet the Press.

The theory is that the young ladies and gentlemen who write pieces should know her. In some miraculous and instantaneous fashion, this will solve everything. For—as the old folk-song says—to Know Her Is to Love Her—and to Love Her Is Grand!

Then comes the Meeting with the Press.

This is done in several ways.

There is the Semi-Private Meeting, for instance.

This is done by cutting an especially favored reporter out of the milling herd, and dating him up for lunch with the star. This may be called the Method by Direct Attack, as opposed to the Mass Meeting—which can be called the Meeting by Absorption, Thought Transference and Propinquity.

My meeting with Lily Damita was of the semi-private type.

Let me describe it briefly. Largely a-twitter, I report, with shined shoes, at the lady's hotel. It is a hot, sunny Sunday, and my collar (clean) is melting and running down my back. At the door of the Presidential Suite I am met by the press-agent-in-chief. We talk in hushed tones, as though we were meeting at vespers. Roses are everywhere.

At a pause, La Damita sweeps in, and I swoon. She is just off the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]

How the Beautiful Foreign Film Ladies, Hollywood Bound, Are Introduced to the Great American Ballyhoo

The Private Life



Greta in "Romance"

FOR the past seven months Hollywood has caught fleeting glimpses of Greta Garbo accompanied by a tall, blond, handsome young Swede.

"Who is he?" is being asked on all sides.

One persistent rumor says that he is a prince of Sweden, madly in love with Greta, over here incognito. Others whisper that he is Garbo's childhood sweetheart who followed her to Hollywood after meeting her again in Sweden last year.

Yet there seems to be no one who actually knows who he is. He drives Greta to the studio in his roadster. They take long walks together. They go shopping on the Boulevard. They were seen together at a desert resort. But this tall blond has remained as mysterious as the mystery woman herself.

Imagine my surprise the other day, when the English actor, John Loder, a friend of my husband and myself, said, "I would like to bring a Swedish friend of mine to your house for dinner. He knows very few people here and would be glad to meet one of his own countrymen (meaning my husband, who was born in Sweden). About the only people this chap has seen since his arrival here seven months ago are Greta Garbo and her intimate friends."

It is a fact that there has never been anyone in Hollywood who has actually knowr who Greta's friends are, except *those friends*. And they have never before spoken.

John met Garbo four days after his arrival in Hollywood. He is a fine looking, lean, tall Britisher. His decided military air was acquired during his training at the Royal Military College at Sandhurst and while, as captain in the British cavalry, he saw active service at the front during the war. His father is a general in the English army.

It was in London that Jesse Lasky met John and persuaded him to come to Hollywood.

Lilyan Tashman was reported to be Garbo's pal. Then Fifi Dorsay was sup-

Greta Garbo's modest rented residence in Beverly Hills—though she may have moved away by the time this is printed. A simple house, with a swimming pool, right, and room to bathe in the sun



of Greta Garbo

What Goes On Behind the Closed Doors That Hide the Glamorous Garbo from a Prying World

By Rilla Page Palmborg

posed to be her chum. Others declared that Nils Asther was the only person whom she invited to her house. But this was rumor. Garbo succeeded in keeping the public ignorant of her innermost private life.

John Loder has dined at our house several times. Like most Hollywood people, we generally talked about pictures and those who make them. Somehow, Garbo's name had never been brought into the conversation. It was a distinct surprise to discover that John and his wife (who had just left for a visit to Europe) were included in that unknown circle of Greta's Hollywood friends!

Three nights after John's suggestion that he bring his Swedish friend, Sorensen, to our house, they were our dinner guests. These two young men, the actress Lola Lane, my husband and myself made up the party.

I learned that Greta's inner circle of friends consists of but six persons—all foreigners. Only two of the group are of the

same nationality. Sorensen, who oddly claims but one name (Greta calls him Soren), and Greta are Swedes. Mrs. Loder, an Austrian. The director, Jacques Feyder, is a Belgian, and his wife a Parisienne.

Although all of this group speak several languages, the one they always use when together is German. Greta is exceedingly fond of German people and of Germany itself. She says the happiest time of her life was while she was working in pictures in Berlin.

These are the people who know the real Garbo. While with them she forgets that she is the greatest picture star in the world. They see her in her home and in their homes. They know her hopes and ambitions; her life, past and present. They understand her strange personality.

Two of this inner circle sat before our fireplace after dinner and for hours held the rest of us spellbound with their tales of Garbo.

"GRETA GARBO is a peasant at heart," said John. "Yet she has the divine flame which makes her the great actress that she is. Her two natures are constantly at war with each other. As a result she is torn first this way and then that. There is no doubt that at times she is a most unhappy person.

"She is a law unto herself. She cannot endure restraint or routine. In the year and a half that I have known her, I cannot remember that she ever made one definite appointment, even a dinner engagement, a day in advance. 'Perhaps



The Real Secrets of Greta Garbo's Life—Her Joys and Agonies—Told for the First Time!

I will drop in to see you tomorrow night' is the nearest intimation of her intentions that we ever got.

"My wife and I have stayed at home many a night on such a half promise. I have known Feyder to refuse important engagements when Garbo was expected to make a call. Sometimes she would appear. Often not. If any one else dropped in before Greta arrived she would quietly take her departure without even ringing the doorbell."

"REMEMBER the night Greta and I walked all the way to your house from hers?" asked Sorensen. "It was a good three miles. You gave us some cold meat, a salad, and a bottle of near beer, Greta's favorite lunch. After a little visit we walked all the way back. Garbo strides along like a man and fairly races over the ground."

"She plays tennis like a man, too," added John. "When Emil Jannings and his wife lived here, she used to drop in on them for a game of tennis at least twice a week. Occasionally she dines with Mr. and Mrs. Lubitsch. It was at their house that Sorensen and I ran into each other. Sorensen had been here only a few days and neither one of us had any idea the other was in Hollywood. We had last met in Berlin."

I wanted to know why Garbo never appeared in public like the other stars. Why she is never seen at the popular cafés. Why she never attends openings and is rarely seen at a theater.

"Greta would delight in going around to the different restaurants if she could go unnoticed," said Sorensen. "No one can enjoy a meal watched by all eyes in the place."

"Before the Russian Eagle closed, we used to go there two and three times a week. The big room was dimly lighted and Greta was never recognized. She liked the Russian food and music. Occasionally we drop into Musso-Franks, but always late in the afternoon, when there is sure to be no crowd. Garbo likes their fish and steak. The same German waiter always serves us."

"NOT long ago, Greta decided that she wanted to go to the Biltmore. Feyder ordered a table—flowers and everything—for Greta, himself and me. Greta, as usual, met us dressed in a jersey suit and an old sweater, with a soft felt hat pulled down over her eyes."

"We went to see a picture. When we got to the door of the Biltmore, Greta saw the crowds and turned back saying, 'Let's not go in there. Come on out to the Russian Eagle.' Neither Feyder nor I thought of questioning the change in plans. If we had, she would probably have walked out on us."

"Naturally, Greta loves the theater, but rarely goes, as people nearly mob her. It is a fact that she nearly goes crazy when strangers crowd around her."

"She broke all rules when we attended the first performance of the Spanish dancer, Argentina, at the Philharmonic a few months ago. She reserved seats at the rear of a box. We crept in unnoticed. Soon it seemed as if all the opera glasses in the audience were turned on our box instead of the stage. There was a noticeable murmur of whispers. When Greta commenced to fidget with her hands I knew she was annoyed."

You can always tell she is nervous when her hands start to twitch.

"During intermission we stepped out into the narrow hall back of the box. Two lines formed to pass her. We heard all sorts of remarks. We were both amused when someone whispered, 'That's a real prince,' pointing at me."

"Ten minutes before the final curtain we quietly slipped out. I heard, later, that at the close of the performance crowds lined the street in front of the theater, as word had gone round that Garbo was in the audience."

"She does go to picture shows, for that is one place she can slip in unseen, when the lights are down."

"Gary Cooper is her favorite actor. She sees everything that he is in."

"Last night we saw 'All Quiet on the Western Front.' Greta was disappointed in the picture, mainly, I think, because it followed the English translation, while she had read the German version, which is quite different. However, she thought Lew Ayres did excellent work."

"Greta thinks 'The Love Parade' is the best picture she has ever seen. She says that Mr. Lubitsch is a great director and she would enjoy doing a picture for him."

"GRETA'S sudden move from the Beverly Hills Hotel, where she had gone to live after her return from Sweden, was due to the continual annoyance of strangers, which finally nearly resulted in tragedy," said John.

"One morning a young girl came to the desk asking for Garbo. As directed, the clerk answered that she was not in. The young lady sat down and proceeded to wait. Late in the afternoon Greta came down and went out to her car standing at the front entrance. Just as the car was gathering speed at the end of the circular drive in front of the hotel, this girl threw herself under the wheels. Fortunately, the driver was able to come to a stop before any harm was done. Garbo was terribly upset."

"It was then that she decided to hide herself away from everyone but her little circle of friends. She engaged a Swedish couple to manage her house. Then she leased a house in their name not far from the hotel. She even had her telephone listed under their name, which was Norin. For a time, no one seemed to know where Garbo lived."

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"WE used to call at her home unannounced, just as she called at ours," laughed Mr. Loder. "She liked to have us do this. But we found that the door didn't always open when we rang the bell. Sometimes a week or two would pass and none of us would see or hear from her. This would often happen when she wasn't working. As far as we could learn, she saw no one. All of a sudden she would appear at our house or Feyder's. There were no explanations and no questions asked. She was the same laughing Garbo that we always knew."

"Greta's house in Beverly Hills was a big rambling structure, Italian style. She rented it for the big fireplace, which she loved, the swimming pool, and the secluded spot where she took her sun baths."

"The furnishings were both [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]



Captain John Loder—soldier, actor, and, with his wife, one of the tiny circle of Hollywood people who are really Greta Garbo's intimate friends and confidants

A Great Come-Back

By
*Marquis
Busby*

Bebe and Ben are just playing parts in this scene from "Alias French Gertie." But now they're playing opposite each other for life in a real domestic drama!

WHEN Howard Hughes bought the unfinished contract of Ben Lyon from First National, Ben was one of the most popular young stars in the business.

He was not displeased at leaving First National. There had been the matter of a little misunderstanding with the current powers that be, and Ben had not been cast for a picture in three months. He was glad to go back to work.

Then began one of the strangest episodes in the whole fabulous history of motion pictures. "Hell's Angels" went into production—a picture that was to set the high water mark for cost of production and time expended. It isn't likely that there will ever be another picture to break this record. In fact, no one wants to break it.

For one hundred and eleven weeks Ben worked in this film, under salary all of that time! No star in Hollywood before had been under contract for that length of time on a single assignment. But it is also true that during most of those long weeks Ben was off the screen.

Fans are fickle, but they are more loyal than Hollywood itself. It isn't the case of absence making the heart grow fonder. New favorites appeared. Ben was almost forgotten. From six hundred fan letters a week it dwindled to twenty or thirty. The loyal few wanted to know when he would make another picture.

Perhaps Ben's Filipino house boy summed up the whole business as well as anybody could.

"Mr. Lyon," said the boy, "every day I see you go to the studio, made up for picture. You do this for long time now, but I no see any picture."

Finally they finished the silent version of "Hell's Angels." Ben's agent began to cast around for an assignment for his client.

But the major producing companies were unaware that Ben Lyon was in existence. Ben sat tight. He would not go in vaudeville. That would have been an admission of defeat. It was the last step for many of the fading screen stars that attempted it.

"I didn't want to go to Poverty Row, either," he explained. "They would have paid me a large salary, but I didn't need

Young Mr. Lyon Marries Bebe Daniels and Sets Out on a New Career in the Talkies

the money. I wanted to come back in pictures and I didn't believe the quickies would turn the trick. They told me that Betty Compson had staged her come-back that way, I know she did, but she is the exception. It didn't

serve the same purpose for many other players I know."

During this period he did make two Columbia pictures, one for FBO, and "Lummox" for United Artists. His discouragement showed in his work in the latter picture.

"I can never tell you how down-hearted I was at this time. I thought I was through. It is pretty discouraging to have once had a position in the industry and then to lose it through absence from the screen—and during all that absence to be drawing salary and under call from a studio."

THEN the second chapter began in the amazing story of "Hell's Angels." Howard Hughes was remaking it all with dialogue and sound. Ben went back to work again. There were many more weeks of work.

James Hall, Ben's co-star in the picture, had a better time of it during the years the film was in the making. Hall was under contract to Paramount. That studio had no intention of keeping one of their most popular leading men off the screen for many months. They would demand him back for a picture and Hughes would be compelled to let him go. Hall would be gone for four weeks at a time—and usually during those weeks not a camera would be turned. Ben would sit at home, drawing full salary, with nothing to do but brood over his troubles.

The turning point of his career came when he accepted a rôle in a Coast stage production of "The Boomerang." It was well titled—it was a boomerang for Ben. It threw him back into the industry. Michael Curtiz, the Warner Brothers director, saw the play and wanted Ben for "Come Easy." He was signed by Universal for a picture with Pauline Starke. He was cast opposite Bebe Daniels in "Alias French Gertie" for Radio. For a time, recently, Ben was dividing his services between Warners, Universal and Caddo. It was reported that he received \$450 a night for his work at Caddo, the Hughes company.

Ben is grateful for his chance to come back. He realizes that not many players have had such an opportunity. He appreciates his success all the more [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]

A QUEEN

FRANCIA DELMAR, blonde, flower-like and appealing, sipped iced coffee through a green glass straw across the table from Max Kurtzman at late luncheon in the Montmartre, and with a pink-tipped thumb and forefinger, on each of which circled a thread of diamonds, she accepted the lighted cigarette he offered. A ring on her right thumb and on her forefinger was Francia's eccentricity. Always a sure shot for attention! One of those real ideas a little girl gets once in a lifetime!

"I've got to get married, Max," she said. "I don't suppose I should be particular, but the way I wear out money, I naturally want one of the six best sellers. Standing my shape in the last line of a chorus for fifty dollars one week and then laying off ten is something that worries my life away too fast. The way everything is in this mad-house business, you're either a big racket or you might as well start walking home right now!

"I've either got to get married to a mint, or I've got to crash in with a male box-office attraction that picks his own support. I've got the looks, and I can warble and speak lines, and the only reason I'm not among those present is because Santy Claus hasn't put me in anybody's stocking!"

The white fox slid down over her shoulder. She tucked her chin in her hand, the cigarette, with a little floating wisp of pale smoke, poised delicately between her diamond-circled thumb and forefinger.

"So what are you going to do for me, Max?" she questioned. "You've had a cute little ten per cent of every check I ever slaved for, so oil up your so-called brains and if you're going to be an agent, make it something besides a word in five letters meaning halitosis and flat feet!"

She flicked an ash in what remained of the iced coffee.

"I don't know what you think I use for butter on my bread," she said, "but it's six weeks next Thursday since you got me a job. I'm not giving you the ritz, Max, but business is business, and something's got to start moving!"

MAX KURTZMAN was bald, one strand of hair brought carefully across an area otherwise pink as a baby's scalp. He was warm; too plump to be happy in August. He wore a crumpled linen suit and black and white shoes, and a tie the color of an American beauty rose; an onyx cigarette holder; a diamond ring. He reached across the table, and tapped a short, manicured finger on Francia's beautiful arm.

"All right," he said. "Don't forget that when I started doing business for you, you was Susie Fishbeck, and a dollar looked so big to you, you wore it for a bouquet! Who was it got you on the Columbia wheel? All right!" He accepted the check from the waiter, and brought a wallet out of his inside pocket. "And don't forget whose idea it was that got you headlines for eight weeks in Chicago for nothing but taking off your coat in the Blackstone and all you've got on is underwear. All right!"

He sorted a five-dollar bill out of a dozen ones and put it on the little silver plate. "Did any other agent ever think of such a thing as getting a girl into Hollywood like I got you in? A white girl, escaped from a harem, and riding down Sunset Boulevard on a camel because you didn't know no other way to travel. If it wasn't for that, you wouldn't have any bread to use butter on!"

He scooped up a quarter of the change the waiter had returned, and left fifty cents. "Keep your shirt on," he said. "I told Fred Datig I'll bring you over to Lasky's this afternoon to see about the queen's part in 'King of Tatters,' that's starting Monday. If you can act like a lady long enough, you'll probably get signed."

They went downstairs to Hollywood Boulevard, hot, staring, the parrot over the door clinging to his iron hoop, shrieking at traffic.

Max had parked his Chevrolet in front of the Hollywood

Hollywood Is the Storywriter's Paradise, Because It Abounds with the Most Astonishing True Stories—Like This One



Goes FISHING

By
Dixie
Willson



Hotel in the shade of the palm trees that stood majestically on the lawn.

Francia pulled her pink chiffon carefully away from the gears, and observed her face in a gold vanity. Max swung around left and turned east on Highland, toward Melrose—to Lasky's.

AND Francia Delmar was cast as the runaway queen in the operetta "King of Tatters." And on the next Monday morning at seven-thirty, she sat in the Red Dog saloon on the Lasky ranch ten miles from town, in the hands of the hairdresser, preparatory to being on the set at eight.

The saloon had not been used since two years before in "Montana." It was now the dressing room for Francia and a specialty dancer and a couple of supers. Along the walls, hanging against unbleached muslin sheets, were the costumes. Francia's satin coronation gown, looped and re-looped with pearls; her purple velvet cape trimmed with ermine; the crown of jewels—and the dancer's filmy nothings, the ragged clothes of the two street beggars.

The wardrobe woman unpacked a dozen pairs of slippers and stood them along the bar.

Outside, a hundred yards down, next to Chinatown before the San Francisco earthquake, the carpenters worked on the palace, their hammers spattering an unrhythmical rhythm. In the

bus, parked in the road in front of half a block of the crumbled Coliseum of Rome, the musicians tuned up.

Randy opened the lunch boxes and spread the sandwiches and fruit on the throne. Francia asked, shyly: "Didn't you think they were kind of long scenes this morning?" "Yes," he said. "You're a good sport. You were great!"

Illustrated
by
H. R. Ballinger

Francia Played the Queen—a Real Life Rôle She Coveted

The hairdresser surveyed Francia's profile. She surveyed with professional decision. She knew she was the most dependable hairdresser in pictures. She knew almost as much about the film business as Mr. Lasky does. She had been with Paramount eight years. She knew exactly how much money these costume pictures wouldn't make, and exactly why they wouldn't.

SHE took down the left side of Francia's tower of curls. "It's got to be done over," she said. "Those wouldn't never be solid enough for the robber scene. Wally Beery's doin' the head robber and he don't stop for nothing!"

She wound the curls on wooden pegs; slid the pegs out and fastened the curls down, piled one on top of another.

"You've got a real nice profile, dearie," she said. "Keep your left side to the camera all you can. You haven't been working for a long time, have you? I haven't seen you since 'Baby Blues' in the chorus. Are you only doing parts now?"

"Don't be funny!" Francia replied. "I'm doing anything I get! I'll join the Navy if they'll pay my back rent!"

"Well—you might get lucky yet. In this business you never can tell. Look at the young man who's playing in this picture in the robber band. He's picked out to be featured in the big Panama Canal special and he's only played one bit before. Datig says he's another Buddy Rogers, and he's picked him to play the lead in 'Panama Highway,' and he's going to get him a contract that'll last till he's an old man with long whiskers! So you never can tell."

Francia shaped vermilion lips with a delicate little finger.

"What's his name?" she asked not *too* eagerly. "Is he working today?"

"Certainly he's working today," the head keeper of the wardrobe assured her. "His name is Randy Seamore, and plenty of people is going to be good and surprised when 'Panama Highway' gets cast, and this one's got the lead! He's quiet—nothing flashy—used to sit around kind of lonesome by himself in 'Sahara Night.' But they say when he gets acting he knocks 'm for a gool!"

"Does any of them last pins hurt you, dearie? Try your crown on. The plain gold is in the back."

The wardrobe woman spread a sheet on the floor and lifted the pearl and satin coronation robe down from the wall.

"I hope the men don't get their feet tangled up in this pearl work I spent four hours on," she said. "Tell them to pick you up careful. Anyway, your hands and feet'll prob'ly be tied up so they can carry you quiet. It's going to be terrible today keeping clothes up snappy. Them mileen dancing dresses—I don't know!"

LITTLE rivulets of perspiration trickled down her face. The thermometer, when they had left the studio at seven, had read eighty-eight.

The queen was carried out of the palace by the robbers from eight till ten.

From ten till noon the robbers drew lots for her, the ruthless leader won, the youngest robber fought him and carried her, triumphantly, away; by the will of the gods, the youngest robber was Randy Seamore whose life contract as leading man was to start with the next scheduled feature, "Panama Highway."

At twelve-thirty the lunch truck came; cartons packed with pasteboard boxes and pint bottles of milk. Everybody got a lunch box, and found a place to eat.

The Russian refugees working on the papier-maché snow plains of Siberia, ate in the buses that had brought them. The dryads and mermaids, from the air and sea spectacle, sat around the steps of the old Philadelphia State House. Randy Seamore wandered off alone to an empty room of a feudal castle. And when Francia Delmar happened to wander into the *same* feudal castle and found him there, she was certainly awfully surprised!

"Oh," she said, in sweet confusion, "I thought nobody would be here!"

She held her train, heavy with pearls, over one arm, her pint of milk in one hand, her pasteboard box in the other. Her hair was tumbled under the sparkling crown; her face smudged, incongruously, with dirt carefully placed by the director. She seemed exactly what she was; a little street girl playing lady. But her neck was white and lovely in the low-cut gown, her satin slippers fascinatingly tiny!

Randy hurried to take the milk bottle and the lunch box.

"You can sit down on the stone bench," he said, "I wiped it off with a paper napkin."

THE feudal castle had no roof, but the walls made shade. There were two stone benches and a great carved chair upon two steps which very certainly made it the throne. Randy Seamore wore a rough shirt open at the throat, a sash with a knife thrust into it, boots with folded tops, and a robber handkerchief tied around his head.

He had dark handsome eyes and a quick boyish smile. With a pretty sigh, Francia accepted the place he made for her on the stone bench.

"They were kind of long scenes this morning," she said. "Didn't you think so?"

He opened the lunches, and put the sandwiches and fruit on the throne.

"Yes," he said. "You're a good sport. You were great!"

She was as lovely as an old painting, there against the castle

wall. He gave her a pasteboard dish with a bread and butter sandwich and a boiled egg.

"You know," he said, "I think you're awfully pretty. What's your name?"

"Francia Delmar," she told him.

"I heard them call you 'Del,'" he went on. "I'm Randy Seamore. Would you want to go down to the Cocoonut Grove tonight and have dinner and dance a little while?"

IN a couple of days everybody knew that Randy Seamore was breaking in for a lead. Everybody knew that if he got over in "King of Tatters" he was to be featured in "Panama Highway." Everybody knew Lasky and Zukor and Wanger and Schulberg and Datig thought he was great and in another six months he would be a big star!

The fourth day at lunch, in the old castle, Francia spoke about it.

"It's wonderful," she said, wistfully, "to get a break. I don't suppose I ever will! It's so hard for a girl—alone—in this business—"

Randy, sitting on the steps of the throne looked up into her violet eyes. Today she was a peasant (the queen disguised to mingle with the villagers). And today he was a prince (the robber going to fool the burgomaster). He caught her hand and laced her fingers through his.

"Del," he said, a little huskily, "I'm going to be in love with you one of these days! Just wait [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 132]

WE'RE PROUD AND HAPPY

to be printing this story by

DIXIE WILLSON

this month. Good as it is, and it's mighty good, we say with Al Jolson, "You Ain't Read Nothin' Yet!" Next month we will have another Willson story. It's a pip-pin called

BABY BLUE EYES

And it's one of the best stories ever turned out by this young American ace of tale-tellers. Watch for it—read it—in

THE OCTOBER PHOTOPLAY

Poor old "Casanova" Busby! He's nicked again! It's a New York night, and Catherine Dale Owen is luring our hero with a cigarette (probably scented and slightly poisoned). See those orchids? Busby gave up for those! Ha! Ha!



Who Said *the* Woman PAYS?

By
Marquis Busby

YOU can get the nicest glass of lemonade in New York for about \$6.50.

And theater tickets! A mere nothing at all! For \$20 two people can get fairly bad seats where they can't see much at an opening night.

If you order carefully and keep away from caviar and pheasant, you and your best girl can have a simple dinner for \$16.

I just can't understand how New York cafés and theaters keep open at those prices!

It's back to Hollywood for a simple country boy used to the more bucolic pleasures with prices within reach of all, as the advertisements say. For months I have been harping on the fact that it is hard to spend a great deal of money on an evening's entertainment in Hollywood.

I'll never say that about New York.

If I lived in that town I'd have to take the girl friend down to the harbor and watch the ships come in.

Various New Yorkers have been complaining about my ham sandwich dates in Hollywood, or an evening with the stars on two bits. They said I should try that in New York. Well, I did. The moral is not to take dares. I can say now that I have lived and spent and spent.

I know these Gothamites weren't talking to exercise their vocal cords. I've just had a date with a star in New York. That one date in Bagdad-on-the-Subway came durned near costing more than all my stellar excursions put together. In fact, for a few awful moments I thought I'd probably have to hock the watch Ma gave me when I graduated.

It all came about through Catherine Dale Owen being nice to me when I first arrived in New York. Catherine was vacationing from pictures at her apartment in the city. Since we had been good friends in Hollywood she asked me to lunch with her. We went to the Ritz-Carlton. I didn't see the bill so I thought I would repay the courtesy by asking Catherine to show me the bright lights. If I had seen the luncheon check, as much as I like her, I probably would have just written a thank you note, or sent flowers. But no, I would go swimming in deep water.

We finally arranged the program of events. We would have dinner at the Ritz, go to the opening of "Artists and Models" and then drop in at the Central Park Casino for dancing. It sounded fairly modest, big innocent that I am. Well, if \$75.30 is a modest New York date, I'm Santa Claus. I guess I was anyway.

But at least I had the satisfaction of knowing that I was out stepping with one of the most beautiful girls in New York. Head waiters bent double when she entered a dining room.

I called for her at her apartment just off Riverside Drive. She wasn't ready. She had been out to tea. I amused myself by

looking across the Hudson. J. P. Morgan's new yacht was in the river. Catherine's apartment had on its summer kimonos. Linen covers were on the chairs and divans. A portrait of Catherine by James Montgomery Flagg hung over the mantel. It was a beautiful portrait, but Mr. Flagg, being after all quite Flaggian, had given Catherine one of his famous square chins.

Catherine finally appeared. Anybody would be breathless with that apparition. She wore a [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]

**"Wild Mark" Busby
Finds that a New York
Date Makes a \$100 Note
Look Like Mad-Money**

Let's Drop In *Old Cal*



What? Yes! No! Look again! It is! Yes, sir, it's our adored Ruth Chatterton gone blonde on us—temporarily, at least. This is the way Chatterton will look in her next film, "Anybody's Woman," in which she is again teamed with Clive Suave Brook

LON CHANEY'S health seems to be no better. His first talkie, "The Unholy Three," broke down his delicate throat again. In mid-summer he came to New York seeking treatment.

As Lon heads toward fifty, he seems to be in touchy shape. Each picture calls for a long rest, and even medical treatment.

Let's hope that the great character star gets his health back completely. Can't spare Lon!

THINGS happen in mad, weird, wonderful Hollywood that authors could never dream for their story books.

There's the tale of Jeanie Lang, for instance.

Before "King of Jazz" was publicly shown, it was previewed for the press. Reporters wrote their reviews in advance, to be released the morning after the public première.

A little unknown girl named Jeanie Lang sang one song. Reviewers felt they had discovered a new, fresh and sparkling talent. Their pieces for the papers carried raves about Jeanie.

But before the public first night, the film was cut again—Jeanie and her song were eliminated entirely—became a girl and a tune on the cutting room floor.

When the reviews appeared, there was consternation! A great hullabaloo over Jeanie—and she wasn't even in the film as it was being shown.

Hurried re-patching, and Jeanie's restoration in the big Universal revue!

And in Los Angeles, advertisements appeared. "Jeanie Lang New Cinema Sensation," they read.

The breaks. It could only happen in Hollywood, where incredible things are believed every day, and impossible things come true!

JIMMY STARR, Hollywood columnist, tells about the guy who lived in a Spanish mansion in Beverly Hills two months before he discovered it was a filling station.

Yep, they build 'em like that out Hollywood-way.



P. and A.

Citizens, meet the most popular actor in British pictures, Mr. Jameson Thomas. Perhaps you saw him in "Piccadilly," with Gilda Gray and Anna May Wong. Thomas looks and acts like Ronnie Colman. He and his wife are shown here arriving at New York

BUDDY ROGERS has been knocking them dead in New York again.

The Buddy made another personal appearance at the Paramount, on Broadway, and the flappers knocked each other down fighting their way into the first ten rows, where they could goggle at young Rogers.

Even if he is no singer, the little girls love him.

When he dashed aboard the stage, wearing an ice cream suit and showing all his pretty teeth, the little girls did all but swoon.

One Broadway commentator said he'd make a great cheer leader!

Be that as it may, sweetness seems to pay!

and Gossip With York!



The bride and groom—central figures in one of Hollywood's most elaborate and best-wished weddings. In short, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon a few seconds after the minister had finished with them, and just before they leaped out on their honeymoon

WELL, Billie Dove finally got her divorce from Irvin Willat, the director.

Billie charged cruelty. She said she and Irvin "just weren't suited." They were married in 1923, soon after she left Mr. Ziegfeld's chorus to enter pictures. They separated just a year ago.

Miss Dove asked no alimony and listed no community property. And she wanted her maiden name, Lillian Bohny, back again. Cal hasn't quite figured that out yet.

Howard Hughes, the young millionaire whose money flows in faster than he could spend it on "Hell's Angels," has been paying her ardent court for months. The way is paved for a marriage.



P. and A.

"I do!" says Billie Dove to the Clerk of the Honorable Court, as she takes the stand in Los Angeles to testify in her suit for divorce from Irvin Willat. It was granted, Billie alleging that since their marriage in '23 Willat had been mighty mean!

GLORIA SWANSON'S little daughter has made her public début! That is, Gloria Swanson Somborn, daughter of the star and her second husband, Herb Somborn, appeared in a recital of the pupils of Ailene Chaudet in Beverly Hills.

Young Gloria obliged with a tune on the harp, and then showed her change of pace by sitting down at the piano and tearing off "Pretty Thoughts," a little item by Mana-Zucca. All to great applause.

Any of you picture directors need a young harp-player? Gloria, Jr., may be willing to do you a good turn.

TRUTH in advertising.

A Hollywood theater had a snappy sign on its marquee. It read:

"Paul Muni in 'Seven Faces'—all talking."

JACK OAKIE is still a little dizzy from his fast ride to Paramount stardom. You might even say that he's still a little dizzy for any or no reason, and no doubt get away with it.

But Jack is nobody's dummy. Here's what he told a New York newspaperman about his entrance into pictures, and his reactions to the whole peculiar racket.

"I got in the movies on a fluke, and it's a fluke I'm a star. If this racket should end tomorrow, the movies wouldn't owe me a thing. I'm satisfied!"

That's the way to talkie, Jackie old Oakie! But they won't end tomorrow, and neither will you. You'll go on making funny faces for a long time, and we'll probably laugh right on.

AN American director was in the midst of filming a Spanish version. After one scene he said, "That's O. K. Print that one." But the interpreter said, "Oh, you can't use that one."

"Why not?" asked the director, "the action was great."

"Yes, I know, but during the scene one of the actors was saying, 'I've forgotten my lines. I've forgotten my lines.'"



For late summer bathing, when the sun gets hottest and dogs have their traditional days, you may go for this spotty bathing ensemble sported by Helen Poo-Poo-Pa-Doo Kane, the Paramount baby-talker. The fun you can have with your friends by calling these sun spots!



P. and A.

After the unhappy publicity of the Battle of Dallas, Clara La Bow was asked to come home to Hollywood, so she up and went to New York. Here she is at Coney Island with Harry Richman. The gentleman on the left is Mr. Maxie "Slapsy" Rosenbloom, light heavyweight champion

THERE was a notable reunion in Los Angeles not long ago. A group of players who made screen history sixteen years ago gathered over the ham and eggs at the famous Breakfast Club. They were the actors who made "The Birth of a Nation," that great pioneer master-film that still lives on the screen as well as in the hearts of veteran fans.

Lillian Gish was the only living absentee of that mighty cast. A New York stage engagement prevented her attendance.

D. W. Griffith himself sat at the head of the table. Others present were Mae Marsh, Mary Alden, Spottiswood Aitken, Miriam Cooper, Donald Crisp, Joseph Henaberry, Henry Walthall (*The Little Colonel*), Walter Long, Ralph Lewis, and Elmer Clifton. Three others must have been there in spirit. Three troupers whom death has taken. Wallace Reid, Bobby Harron, George Siegmann.

A great morning—for those who remember the spacious days and talents of yesterday.

WHEN Marie Dressler, the happy comedienne, zoomed off the ship from Europe after her recent holiday abroad, she gave off a few epigrammatic cracks for the encircling press boys. Here are a few:

"Comedy is a religion to me. I never desecrate it.

"I advise artists to take everything that is offered them—even the smallest parts. That is the way I oozed into Hollywood."

(Cut in shot of Marie Dressler oozing.)

"I am on a wave now, but I haven't any illusions. Two years from now I may be in the gutter looking for a meal."

Allowing a bit of exaggeration in the last statement, those are all smart words, pard!

LAVISH, extravagant Hollywood! Our eye!

Someone at the Paramount studio noticed a box arriving with Maurice Chevalier every morning. He investigated that box, and it developed that the French personification of "It" brings his lunch from home, and eats it in his dressing room!

THE rumor crop concerning Gloria Swanson, her husband Hank, Connie Bennett and Phil Plant has been unusually large and verdant the past few weeks.

The reports and alarms run about as follows:

Gloria is furiously jealous of Connie. Connie is furiously jealous of Claire Windsor, to whom Phil Plant, Connie's millionaire ex, has been paying considerable court this summer. In fact, it all broke into the papers when Plant's boat went down in a yacht collision on Long Island Sound with Phil and Claire aboard.

The sleuths, spies and stool-pigeons of New York, after extensive *Philo-Vancing*, can't find any truth in any of these—save the fact that Mr. Plant and Miss Windsor are often in each other's company.

Gloria laughs off all stories that she is aroused by the friendship of Miss Bennett and the Marquis de la Falaise, and Connie has nothing to say about being jealous of the blonde Claire.

But these yarns have kept the gossips busy and interested, and there must be something for the rocking chair brigade to mull over during the heated term.

IN all the excitement over GARBO TALKS, we may have overlooked the fact that Greta also speaks Swedish and German.

She's been busy making these foreign language versions of "Anna Christie." In the German version, Theo Shall has the Charles Bickford rôle, the late Rudolph Schildkraut that played by George Marion, and Julia Sardi the part immortalized by Marie Dressler.

Later she'll make the Swedish version.

In it, Garbo will do two sequences in Swedish, the rest being silent.

Even Garbo is busy between English successes. Tough on a linguist, these days.

And who's the serious young gentleman with the handsome blonde lady? Can it be—it is!—our dashing pal, Jack Gilbert, taking Ina Claire to a picture opening. Did you know him without the famous moustache? It's off for his new talkie. Did consonants catch in it, Jack?



Good news from the bedside of a grand little girl! Renee Adoree's getting better! After some months at a sanatorium, Renee is now convalescing in her own home, and her doctors expect her to rally 'round after a long rest. Let's all say welcome to the unforgettable *Melisande* of "The Big Parade!"



AND then there is the down and out actor who dines at the same restaurant every Thursday evening.

Thursday is the official maid's day out. The fact that he is seen at the same place every Thursday makes gullible Hollywood believe he has a cook—which he hasn't.

THAT *enfant terrible* of Paramount, Clara Bow, had no desire to see Hollywood after the battle of Dallas, Texas. She had a hunch that there was a lecture awaiting her in the classic halls of dear old Paramount.

Clara was "skeered" to come home in the dark. Her hasty departure for the East, instead of the West, was on the theory that absence heals all wounds. Anyway, that's what they say.

As usual, she was met in New York by Harry Richman, and they went places together throughout her stay—often accompanied by Mr. Maxie Rosenbloom, light heavyweight champion and one of Harry's pals.

NICK STUART—you know, who married Sue Carol—swears he'll never talk over the radio again. Last time Nick made a broadcast he forgot to shut off the mike when he got through. Forgetting that he was still audible to thousands of listeners-in, he said to the operator, "Whew, I'm glad that's over." Before he left the studio fifteen telegrams came in bearing the laconic message, "So are we."

GOOD news for the old-fashioned, blown-in-the-bottle Doug Fairbanks fans! Doug will jump and leap again, as he did in his heyday!

At least, that's what Doug promises for his new picture, "Reaching for the Moon." Doug's getting along now. He may not be quite as supple as he was a decade ago. But his fans crave him acrobatic—and acrobatic, says Duggie, he'll be!

There's some dust raised over his leading woman. Bebe Daniels was slated for the star rôle of this story by Irving Berlin. But can Doug and Bebe both star in one film? Both are big shots. Bebe can't be blamed for not wanting to play second cornet to anyone.

Looks just now as though Joan Bennett would draw the assignment.

THE Bebe Daniels-Ben Lyon wedding came off in fine shape with an all-star cast which must have made the various producers who were present turn green with envy.

The setting was perfect, the altar banked with white lilies and bridal roses and the aisle lined with tall cathedral candles connected by a garland of white carnations and gardenias. When the bridesmaids came down the aisle in their trailing tulle gowns in pastel shades and their large picture hats they looked like a veritable "Who's Who in Hollywood."

There were Constance Talmadge, Betty Compson, Lila Lee, Mrs. George Fitzmaurice (Diana Kane), Marie Mosquini, Adela Rogers Hyland, Mae Sunday, and Rita (Mrs. Al) Kaufman.

Nor were the ushers less distinguished. Sam Hardy, Skeets Gallagher, Howard Hughes, George Fitzmaurice, Henry Hobart, Dr. Harry Martin, Frank Joyce and Wallace Davis were the groom's attendants. Louella O. Parsons, wearing green chiffon, was the matron of honor, and Hal Howe, Ben's close friend and publicity director for years, was the best man. Bebe was a radiantly lovely bride in a gown of hand-woven Italian satin and a becoming cap-like veil.

After the ceremony a reception was held in the grand ballroom of the Beverly Wilshire Hotel and over four hundred guests were present.

ONE of the most interesting figures at both the wedding and the reception was Bebe's diminutive 98-pound grandmother, in Spanish shawl and comb, looking very proud of her favorite grandchild.

Bebe and Ben sneaked away early and drove to the Santa Barbara Biltmore. A reliable witness informs me that they deposited the chauffeur in the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

Two New Cinderellas

The Big Break Comes for a Pair

By Cal



MISS JANE KEITH decided to go to Los Angeles and bathe in a few thousand gallons of California sunshine.

So she said goodbye to her boss—head of a bond house in Michigan City, Ind.—packed her bags and set out for the Golden West. This was in 1929.

She never had thought of motion pictures save as something to see after dinner. In Los Angeles it was different.

Her blonde beauty attracted attention everywhere, and more than one person slithered up and said, "Oh, Miss Keith, are you in pictures?"

This got to be epidemic—and the stage was set for another Cinderella story, 1930 model.

The Fairy Prince in the case was David Selznick, associate producer at Paramount. She met him—and before you could say Serge Eisenstein she was given a bit in "Paramount on Parade."

This led to a part in "The Florodora Girl," the Marion Davies' extravaganza, and then to a show girl job in Eddie Cantor's singie-laughie, "Whoopee."

Then the skies opened up and rained good fortune all over the blonde and beauteous Jane.

She came to the attention of Fox, and after tests and confabs she was handed a long-term contract with Movietone, and given the lead opposite Milton Sills in "The Sea Wolf."

Jane Keith was made! Cinderella still lives and flourishes—particularly in Hollywood, where anything can happen, and does.

JANE was born in Kansas City, but was taken to Michigan City by her parents when she was a little girl. Grown up, she went to the University of Chicago for two years, and then took the secretarial job in the brokerage house that she left to see what made California tick.

Her business training stood her in good stead, after she had decided to take a whack at pictures. Between her early jobs she did a secretarial trick or two to tide her over the studio waits.

She lives in an apartment, and she isn't married. She doesn't play musical instruments, she reads philosophy in bed till the sandman comes, she loves nice things, has no pets but rides horseback; is five feet, five and a half inches tall, weighs 109 pounds and has blonde hair and blue eyes. And she's starting on the Big Moments of her hitherto uneventful young life.

Miss Keith has never spent a moment on the stage, which goes to show that, now the hysteria is over, the microphone is recruiting from life as well as the make-believe world. Instead of taking dictation from a business man, she'll take it from a director. And such a fair exchange is certainly worth two in a bush.

That's Jane Keith—that's the specifications of a new Hollywood Cinderella, cut on approved 1930 lines.

Watch for her in "The Sea Wolf"—and say "Ah!"

One of Hollywood's newest Cinderellas in her first big part, being treated a bit roughly by Milton Sills. A scene from "The Sea Wolf," in which Jane Keith gets her first big talkie chance opposite the star. The small picture shows Jane in gayer mood

Find *the* Glass Slipper

in Hollywood
of Pretty Girls

Y o r k

THE moral of this little story, young ladies, is to be patient if you are interested in becoming Cinderellas of the Hollywood type.

The pumpkin doesn't turn into a coach overnight, always, nor does a chance meeting with a cinema celeb always turn him into a Prince Charming within the hour.

Mary Doran, for instance—now one of our first-flight Cinderellas—had to be patient. Keep your—er—keep it on!

Mary is a little New York girl who, after a spell at Columbia University, rented her beauty to the glamorous girl-shows of Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld. A dancer, she was, and a pretty one.

But Broadway palled, and Mary heard of the placer mining to be done in the Hollywood gold camps. Thither she trekked. Her arrival caused no tremors. Another pretty girl had hit town, and that was about all.

But Mary was game as well as cute, and she had been told of the gold in them thar tills. She arrived in Hollywood in 1928 to conquer the lots, and she got a few parts here and there.

At last the trail led to the Metro-Goldwyn studio. There she began to appear in more than a little footage. She was the chorus girl with whom Bessie Love had high words and fisticuffs in "The Broadway Melody." Then came a break, and the Cinderella stuff was working.

She was given a nice little part in "The Divorcee"—played, in fact, the charmer who lured away Chester Morris from the side of Norma Shearer.

Nothing extraordinary—but just enough to get her some nice attention from film reviewers and fans who saw that stunning talkie.

That was Mary's break. When casting time rolled round for "Remote Control," Willie Haines' new starring film, one Mary Doran was given the feminine lead—and another Cinderella was set.

THE Doran girl's a pretty thing, as you probably know. She's five feet, two inches tall—tips the beam at 109, and has auburn hair and brown eyes.

In the true Cinderella tradition, she's not married. But with her new prominence, and her exceptional good looks, that will undoubtedly be taken care of.

"Remote Control" was a stage play of the last Broadway season. Mal St. Clair is directing it, Wild Willie Haines plays a radio announcer of the cute brand, and Charlie King has a good part. Yep—Mary is in fast company now, but we're perfectly willing to leave it to the Dorans! She'll be both a decorative and able leading lady, and be ready for more!

It's a good summer for Cinderellas. But Mary Doran's modest toggery turned to silks and satins not by fate or luck. It was hard work in the primary grades that made her a full-fledged leading woman—way up among the smart scholars at the top of the class!



An obscure young film actress in process of becoming a successful Cinderella. One of the scenes with Chester Morris in "The Divorcee" which focused the boss' attention on Mary Doran. Soon she was given a leading rôle. Above, smiling Mary herself!



★ *MANSLAUGHTER*—Paramount

THERE may still exist some die-hards who cling to the notion that talk has not improved the screen. This will cure them. Vocalized, "Manslaughter" is so superior to the silent picture in which Leatrice Joy and Thomas Meighan played that it's unreasonable and unfair to compare the two. The Joy-Meighan stillie was a great film for its era. This new "Manslaughter," with Claudette Colbert and Frederic March, is one of the real achievements of the modern phonoplay.

It'll play hob with your emotions; it'll thrill you; it'll frighten you. And you'll walk out of the theater with the realization that this Colbert woman is a grand actress, and that movie-makers are really learning the value of repression in talking pictures. This is a picture to see.



★ *OUR BLUSHING BRIDES*—M-G-M

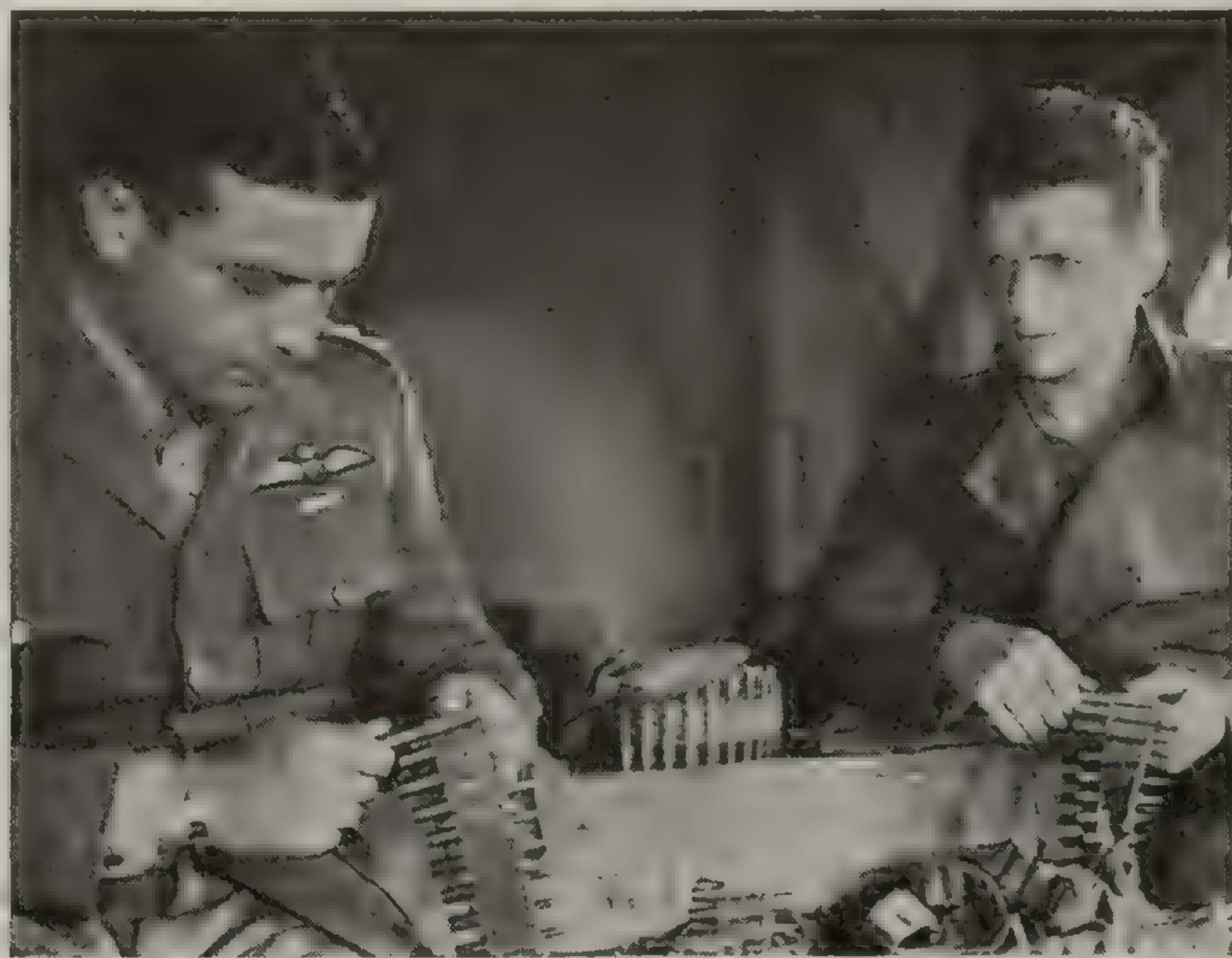
YOU'RE going to like this. It has humor, pathos, magnificent settings, and a fashion parade that will make the ladies tear up their wardrobes and start again.

"Our Blushing Brides" is number three in the amorous adventures of Joan Crawford, Anita Page and Dorothy Sebastian. None of the girls blushes much, and Anita isn't even a bride. Joan is the fashion model that holds out for the wedding ring. She gives a beautiful performance as the girl who sticks to the straight and narrow. You must see her in those lace step-ins! Anita Page is wistfully effective as the tragic one who "goes wrong." Dorothy Sebastian scores as the flippant one. Robert Montgomery, Raymond Hackett and John Miljan are excellent, with Montgomery outstanding. A boxoffice riot.

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



★ *THE DAWN PATROL*—First National

THERE have been lots of war pictures, lots of aviation pictures. Another one, to be at all good, must be pretty nearly superperfect. So Dick Barthelmess' "The Dawn Patrol" rightfully ranks as one of the month's best phonoplays.

It's a powerful thing—simple, direct, gripping. Reminiscent here and there of "Journey's End," it packs the same emotional qualities that made that story one of the year's greatest. There are no women in the cast—and, remarkably, not one word of profanity! And Barthelmess, brave enough in doing another war-air story, carries his daring to the point of an unhappy ending that is heart-twisting.

Barthelmess' performance in "The Dawn Patrol" marks another high point in his screen career, ranking with his achievements in "Tol'able David" and "Broken Blossoms."

Sharing honors with the star is Doug Fairbanks, Jr. Powerful and sympathetic throughout, his performance is unmarred by over-acting. The whole story is a triumph of restraint and simplicity. Neil Hamilton, Edmund Breon and Clyde Cook must also come in for applause.

Photographically, "The Dawn Patrol" is marvelous stuff. Both in ground and air scenes, sheer beauty sometimes makes you gasp, and for thrills—air stunts, crack-ups and the blowing up of an ammunition dump—plenty!

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month

THE DAWN PATROL OLD ENGLISH
MANSLAUGHTER OUR BLUSHING BRIDES
ON YOUR BACK RAFFLES
THE SINGER OF SEVILLE

The Best Performances of the Month

Richard Barthelmess in "The Dawn Patrol"
George Arliss in "Old English"
Ronald Colman in "Raffles"
Joan Crawford in "Our Blushing Brides"
Robert Montgomery in "Our Blushing Brides"
Claudette Colbert in "Manslaughter"
Frederic March in "Manslaughter"
Ramon Novarro in "The Singer of Seville"
Dorothy Jordan in "The Singer of Seville"
Renee Adoree in "The Singer of Seville"
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in "The Little Accident"
Milton Sills in "Man Trouble"
Lowell Sherman in "Lawful Larceny"
Billie Dove in "Sweethearts and Wives"
William Powell in "For the Defense"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 146



★ OLD ENGLISH—Warners

HERE is a picture you will never forget, and a characterization by George Arliss so beautiful and flawless it will go down in the gallery of screen immortals.

Galsworthy's play, "Old English," was one of the outstanding stage plays of the last decade. It is one of the few perfect experiences of the phonoplays. Now it comes to the screen, dwarfing even "Disraeli."

Arliss is superb as the patriarch, *Old English*, who sits in his office above the Liverpool ship yards, and plots to protect the future of his grandchildren. His manner of accomplishing it is not recommended in boy scout manuals, but the play is distinctly adult matter. Here is acting that transcends mere acting.

"Old English" is a rare example of perfect casting. Every minor rôle stands out as an individual cameo. The cast boasts few well-known names, but you will not miss the faces of favorite players. Betty Lawford is as fresh and lovely as an English springtime as the granddaughter. Ivan Simpson, playing his original rôle, is particularly fine as the quavering ship owner who connives with "Old English." Doris Lloyd is the improvident daughter-in-law.

The picture has gentle humor, biting irony and pathos. It is one of the screen's great triumphs. Don't miss it.



★ ON YOUR BACK—Fox

MUCH the best opportunity Irene Rich has had since her talkie comeback. Irene's picture throughout, it reveals her as a stunning woman and splendid actress.

As the ambitious dressmaker who fights her way from a tiny shop in the slums of New York to an exclusive establishment on Fifth Avenue, Irene offers the best characterization of her career. The story is based on the actual life of a New York dressmaker who became internationally famous.

Scenes in the *salon* of *Julianne* include an elaborate mannequin parade. Raymond Hackett, as the adored son, and Marion Shilling, as a showgirl, contribute love interest.

Fine performances are turned in by H. B. Warner and Ilka Chase. Highest honors go to Miss Rich. Irene gets a chance to wear clothes—and how she wears 'em!



★ RAFFLES—United Artists

FOR the purposes of playing a suave and glossy crook—a thorough rascal but ever the perfect English gentleman—the screen has nothing to offer that can touch Ronald Colman. Ronnie proves it in "Raffles." As the dinner-coated gentleman-thief of London, Colman charms even while he cops the jools. In this exciting story, Ronnie, on the point of reformation for love of Kay Francis, steals Lady Melrose's emeralds to help a pal who needs a thousand pounds at once. Naturally, on his last big job done for love, he is caught. But he escapes and leaps off to a new life abroad. To be shared, of course, by Kay.

George Fitzmaurice directed with all his usual finesse. Colman is effortless and charming as always, the Francis girl delightful. Great entertainment! A talkie that moves!

Here's Your Monthly Shopping List!

★
**THE SINGER
OF SEVILLE—**
M-G-M



RAMON NOVARRO'S new talkie popularity will be strengthened and extended by this romantic story tailored to his talents. As a devil-may-care dancer of Seville, embarked indifferently on an operatic career, Ramon is charming. Dorothy Jordan, opposite the star once more, is delightful. This is the last picture Renee Adoree appeared in before her present illness. And it's a delightful one.

**FOLLOW
THRU—**
Paramount



THE stage's best golf musical comedy has come to the screen as a beautiful, peppy singie-talkie-dancie-golfie, with Buddy Rogers and Nancy Carroll as pert co-stars and Jack Haley, Zelma O'Neal and Eugene Pallette to furnish the laughs. This is as entertaining as they come. This boy Haley is a fine picture bet. It's all Technicolor, and all good, fast entertainment!

**THE LITTLE
ACCIDENT—**
Universal



THIS picture is crammed full of laughs, as those of you would know who are familiar with the stage play. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has the best part of his career. His work is delightful. Anita Page has the feminine lead but is not photographed well. Many laughs are afforded by the antics of Henry Armetta, Slim Summerville and Roscoe Karns. Don't miss this farce.

**MAN
TROUBLE—**
Fox



AN underworld "king" befriends a discouraged girl. But she doesn't repay him with her love. That goes to a romantic young newspaper columnist. All of which makes a thrilling picture of life as it's supposed to be lived in New York speakeasies. Milton Sills is sensational as the popular notion of a fearless gangster. Dorothy Mackaill's lovely mouth can sing—throbbingly. She rates second honors.

**LAWFUL
LARCENY—**
Radio Pictures



BEBE DANIELS and Lowell Sherman mix up thrills and laughs in this sophisticated melodrama, seasoned with generous dashes of farce and a shot or two of spice. You'll get a kick out of it. Bebe doesn't sing a note, yet gives a great show, while Sherman's performance is a revelation in the art of acting for the talkies. He shows what can be done. More of this sort of thing, please.

**SWEET-
HEARTS AND
WIVES—First
National**



SO much the best talkie Billie Dove has ever made that no comparison is either possible or desirable. This is a snapping little mystery farce, part melodrama and part sophisticated humor revolving about gentlemen running off with other gentlemen's wives. Billie is beautiful and plays well, and Clive Brook (especially charming), Leila Hyams and Sidney Blackmer are excellent. Swell picture, from any angle!

The First and Best Talkie Reviews!

**SHOOTING
STRAIGHT—**
Radio Pictures



RICHARD DIX'S best in a long time. A deft mingling of underworld drama and comedy. Full of punch, laughter and thrills. Dix, as New York's ace gambler, wanted for murder, hides out in a small town. He's mistaken for a reformer. He outsmarts the bad man, cleans up the place, and wins the minister's daughter, played by Mary Lawlor. George Cooper, as Dix's henchman, contributes some laughs.

**FOR THE
DEFENSE—**
Paramount



ANOTHER typical Bill Powell picture—and great, too! This time, Bill's neither a detective nor a crook. He's the sleight-of-hand type of criminal lawyer, who does fine until he lets love interfere with business. Then he goes to Sing Sing. Powell does another fine piece of character work, while Kay Francis as the girl is her usual seductive self. And that's plenty seductive.

**ON THE
MAKE—**Fox



BY now you know the McLaglen formula—a beauteous *senorita* (or *mademoiselle* or *fraulein*), a pal who turns out to be a rival in love, and a succession of fights. McLaglen plays the usual swaggering, lovable bully who loses the girl to his dapper rival. Humphrey Bogart, from the New York stage, will win many fans with his portrayal of a wise-cracking, but game, youngster. Mona Maris is lovely.

**BROKEN
DISHES—**
First National



HUMOROUS situations tumble over each other in "Broken Dishes." Here is one of the most amusing of domestic comedies—grand satire on family life. It is well acted and directed. Loretta Young and Grant Withers are the young lovers, but Emma Dunn, as a shrewish mother, and O. P. Heggie, as the henpecked father, steal the bacon. Lloyd Neal is an elegant drunk.

**SCARLET
PAGES—**
First National



CCOURT room scenes are passé, but when Elsie Ferguson brings her play to the screen, we have to take notice of the woman attorney, for that is still something of a novelty. There is much suspense in the manner with which she handles the trial of *Nora Mason* (played by Marian Nixon), the café singer accused of murder. Also, there is enough humor to relieve the strain.

**COMMON
CLAY—**Fox



THE old stage play becomes a really interesting dramatic picture. But you never forget you're in a theater. Constance Bennett's artificial portrayal of *Ellen Neal* is, somehow, communicated to the rest of a good cast, including Lew Ayres, Beryl Mercer and Tully Marshall. A "Madame X" type of plot, but this time the prosecuting attorney discovers—oh, we won't be mean and give away the story! [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]

Hollywood



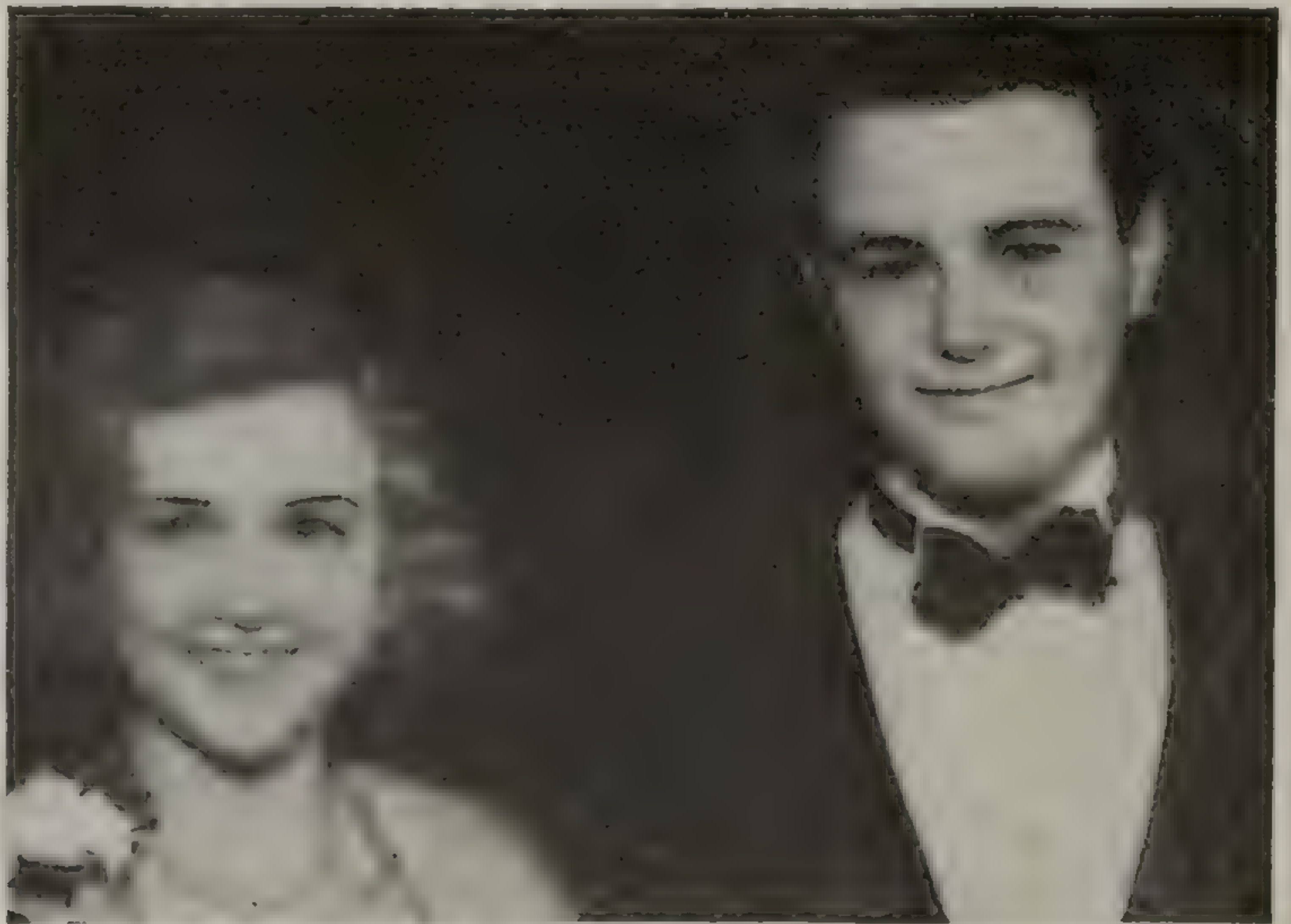
Like many less famous divorcees, Jeanette Loff's heart was caught on the rebound. Walter O'Keefe, big ditty and tune man at the studios, is the bashful swain. It seems they still fall for blondes, be it Hollywood or Hopkinsville



Alice White and Sid Bartlett are always being suspected of a secret marriage. Alice shakes her head, but she does admit that Sid is the One-Man-in-the-World for her. And Sid does manage all her business affairs. When he starts managing Alice, too, we'll know they're married!



Robert Ritchie, erstwhile New York broker, deserted stocks and bonds to be Jeanette MacDonald's business manager in Hollywood. He managed so well that they do say the wedding bells are being tuned up



When an earnest young actor takes a girl to the opening of his first big picture—it must be love! Lew Ayres squired Mary McAlister to "All Quiet" and now no ice cream social is complete without them. Remember Mary as a Wampas baby star?

Sweethearts

Love Affairs That Budded
on the Sound Stages—and
Bloom All Over Town!



If Mary Brian ever gets engaged, instead of merely "rumored," Phillips Holmes might just happen to be the lucky Mister! They are seen together a lot on the lot (pardon our pun!), to say nothing of those discreet little tables for two at the corner soda fountain!



Now that Bebe and Ben went and did it, Merna Kennedy and Jimmy Hall are the champion long-time engaged couple in the Hollywoods. About two years. The wedding is announced periodically, but they're still "just sweethearts"

If you saw Eddie Quillan and Sally Starr in "Night Work" you know what a cute couple they make. That was Eddie's first starring picture. And now they hint he may share stellar honors in a little domestic drama—you know, "not a motion picture." Anyhow, it's the first time Eddie has shown serious interest in a girl





70 Readers must Win This Gold!

The Rules Are Simple

1. Seventy cash prizes will be paid by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, as follows:

First Prize.....	\$1,000.00
Second Prize	750.00
Third Prize.....	500.00
Fourth Prize.....	300.00
Fifth Prize.....	200.00
Twenty-five Prizes of \$50 each	1,250.00
Forty Prizes of \$25 each	1,000.00

2. In four issues (the June, July, August and September numbers) PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is publishing cut puzzle pictures of well-known motion picture actors and actresses. Eight complete cut puzzle pictures appear in each issue. Each cut puzzle picture will consist of the lower face and shoulders of one player, the nose and eyes of another, and the upper face of a third. When cut apart and properly assembled, eight complete portraits may be produced. \$5,000.00 in prizes, as specified in rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons sending in the nearest correctly named and most neatly arranged set of thirty-two portraits.

3. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the fourth set of cut puzzle pictures has appeared in the September issue. Assembled puzzle pictures must be submitted in sets of thirty-two only. Identifying names should be written or typewritten below each assembled portrait. At the conclusion of the contest all pictures should be sent to CUT PICTURE PUZZLE EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Be sure that your full name and

complete address is written on, or attached to, your entry; that your entry is securely packed to guard against damage in transit; and that it carries sufficient postage to avoid delay.

4. Contestants can obtain help in solving the cut puzzle pictures by carefully studying the poems appearing below the pictures in each issue. Each eight-line verse refers to the two sets of cut puzzle pictures appearing directly above it. The six-line verse applies generally to the four sets on that page. Bear in mind that it costs absolutely nothing to enter this contest. Indeed, the contest is purely an amusement. You do not need to be a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE to compete. You do not have to buy a single issue. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and assemble the pictures from the copies. Copies of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE may be examined at the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free of charge.

5. Aside from accuracy in assembling and identifying cut puzzle pictures, neatness in contestants' methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. The thirty-two cut puzzle pictures, or their drawn duplicates, must be cut apart, assembled and pasted or pinned together, with the name of the player written or typewritten below.

6. The judges will be a committee of members of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE's staff. Their decision will be final. No relatives or members of the household of anyone connected with this publication can submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone everywhere.

7. In the case of ties for any of the prizes offered the full amount of the prize tied for will be given to each tying contestant.

8. The contest will close at midnight on September 20th. All solutions received from the time the fourth set of pictures appears to the moment of midnight on September 20th will be considered by the judges. No responsibility in the matter of mail delays or losses will rest with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Send your answers as soon as possible after the last set of cut puzzle pictures appears in the September issue, which will be for sale on the newsstands on or about August 15th. The prize winners will be announced in the January, 1931, issue of PHOTOPLAY.

9. Because of the time and labor required to re-pack and re-ship thousands of entries, it will be impossible to return any of them. They will be sent to hospitals and orphanages to gladden the hearts of sick and homeless children.

Suggestions Contestants should study the poems appearing in connection with the cut puzzle pictures. These are the indicators for identifying the contest puzzle pictures and winning prizes.

It is suggested that contestants merely pin their solutions together until the four sets of pictures are complete. This will permit the shifting and changing about of pictures as the contest progresses—and will give time for lengthy consideration and study.

Each cut puzzle picture is a portrait of a well-known motion picture actor or actress.

Follow the Arrows





PROBABLY the most highly praised young actress of the last few months—Barbara Stanwyck, who shot to emotional stardom on the strength of her unforgettably beautiful and moving performance in "Ladies of Leisure." This office is bombarded with letters praising her beauty and acting power. We all expect big things of you, Barbara!

This Way to Cut Puzzle



Turn Over

Photoplay Magazine's New \$5,000 Cut Puzzle Contest



UPPER

The hair with Charles Farrell has scored several hits
The eyes? She is Hollywood's pet
The mouth was once known as the college boy's choice,
She's the sort that young men can't forget

LOWER

The hair has been married for three happy years
The eyes owe it all to her dad
The mouth came to us from a land in the north
(Her effect on the ice was quite bad)

UPPER

The hair is a bride—and a blonde one, at that
The eyes have the nation half crazy
The mouth turns out pictures so fast that no one
Could have reason to call the girl lazy

LOWER

The hair's name was linked with J. Gilbert's name once
The eyes were Canadian bred
The mouth entered pictures in Triangle days
Through the years she's gone up, and ahead

RESUME

'Two of them were born in our own U. S. A
'Two of them—we're sorry—were not'
'Two of them have brown eyes, and two gals have blue
And, oh, the s. a. they've all got'
'Three of them are married: and one's not that way
And whom she will choose no one ever dare say'



UPPER

The hair is twice married, two children has he,
The eyes in New York went to college,
The mouth posed for artists before being screened,
On the stage he gained real acting knowledge.

LOWER

The hair was a Griffith find (many stars are!)—
The eyes have gone very Van Dine,
The mouth owns his birthplace as Wappinger's Falls,
He had two years in stock, and was fine!

UPPER

The hair has a son who is just twelve years old,
The eyes have a son who is small!
The talkies have brought added fame to the mouth,
He is slender and just six feet tall!

LOWER

The hair is divorced—he's been married just once!
The eyes made a hit in "Beau Geste"
The mouth has just signed a long contract with Fox,
And they say he is now at his best!

RESUME

Just one's under six feet—he lacks by an inch
All four have brown hair, and all four
Have been on the stage for from two to ten years
And each one the girls just adore!
Three of them have light eyes and one has brown eyes
They're all over thirty—much to our surprise!



HOLLYWOOD'S luckiest girl of the month—Frances Dee. She has been working as an extra girl on and off for a year. Chevalier took a second look at her and selected her as his leading woman for his next picture, "The Little Cafe." Doesn't she look happy? And why wouldn't she? Name of a Name!

The Strange Case of *By* *Katherine* *Albert* Conrad Nagel

FOR almost twelve years, now, you've been seeing more or less regularly the performances of a tall, blond, well knit, well groomed leading man on the screen. He usually gives the sort of characterization that the critics call "credible" or "adequate" or "sincere."

His name is Conrad Nagel. And in the hodgepodge called Hollywood, a crazy town where fantastic stories leap at you from the air, his is, to me, the strangest and most fantastic of all.

It is not a story that hits you in the eye. Were you to say, "Consider the strange case of Conrad Nagel," your neighbor would come back with, "What strange case?" For you seldom think about Conrad Nagel. He just doesn't occur to you at all.

You think about Greta Garbo—a little Swedish girl brought along to America because, when a producer chose to give a contract to a great foreign director, he refused to come to Hollywood without his Greta.

You think about Clara Bow—child of the Brooklyn slums who had never been on a train until she was eighteen, who didn't know a salad fork from a knife, being thrust into world fame, but slowly coming to the realization that she has only half lived.

You think of John Gilbert—who has stormed through life, hurling defiance in the teeth of the mighty. Climbing to a pinnacle of his own, only to watch his high place totter because of a little device that has given voice to the shadows.

You think of all the amazing, ironic, dramatic stories of Hollywood—stories of the most kaleidoscopic city in the world, that make your blood leap and your fingers itch to set them down on paper.

I'll wager that nobody would include Conrad Nagel in this mottled pageantry. And his case would

The Nice Young Man from Keokuk, Whose Seemingly Quiet Career Has Been Fantastic Even for Crazy Hollywood

not be strange at all unless the setting was as it is. But against this colorful background he stands out as a figure that must be considered as something unique.

He has been on the screen since 1918. Before that he was a pretty good stage actor. He has gone on consistently year after year. He has performed in literally hundreds of films,

giving those credible, adequate and sincere performances.

Had he remained in Keokuk, where he was born, he would have been, no doubt, the president of the Rotary Club, a member of the grand opera association, the chief speaker at the laying of the corner stone for the new public library—not, by any manner of means a Babbitt, but a worthy, substantial citizen who would have attempted and, perhaps, succeeded in bringing a little culture to the town.

He did not, however, remain in Keokuk. Instead he found himself in Hollywood. But the life he found around him in no way changed him from the sort of person he would have been in Keokuk.

He is one of Hollywood's substantial citizens, one of the few. He is always the spokesman for his profession when there is any trouble with its arch enemy, the producer; he is an active member of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, a committeeman of importance when civic pride is at stake, an active church member, the head of a well regulated family consisting of a pretty wife and daughter, the owner of a neat, unostentatious home (not Spanish) and the master of a considerable and well-invested fortune.

If you went to a low dive in Los Angeles' black belt you would not be much surprised to catch a glimpse of, perhaps, Greta Garbo (although she has not,

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 128]

Conrad Nagel, as he appeared opposite Lillian Gish in "One Romantic Night," her first talking picture. Just one of his dozens of talkie rôles

A substantial citizen, a devoted husband and loving father, yet Nagel has been up and down the unstable ladder of Hollywood fame three times!





The beautiful Alice Joyce of 1918, well on the road to success after several years as an artists' model and leading woman in obscure one-reelers. This is from a scene in an old Vitagraph picture called "Everybody's Girl"

Beauty— Brains— or Luck?

By

Adele Whitely Fletcher

She must have looked something of a dove in that gray costume. Unfortunately enough, as things worked out. For the oldest son of the household proceeded to fall madly in love with her. He was twenty and impetuous. He wanted to tell his parents the glorious news. He wanted to shout his love from the housetops.

In this instance Betty certainly needed her brains and backbone to overcome the very real handicap her beauty proved.

He was a nice enough young man, but the only reason he caused Betty's heart to beat one whit faster was because she feared he would cause her to lose her job. His eminent father would hardly relish his first-born being in love with a nursemaid.

However, Betty managed. Her life was like that. Always, somehow, she managed.

It must have been a relief when the three months were over

LAST month, Adele Whitely Fletcher told about the early hardships and the first milestones in the careers of Ruth Chatterton, the Gish girls, Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson and Norma Shearer. She told how Betty Compson, a sixteen-year-old violinist playing in small theaters for meager sums, was left without an engagement in a strange city, alone, and with three dollars and a few pieces of change in her pocket. Now, go on with Betty's story:

SIXTEEN and stranded, practically penniless, in a strange city! That is the stuff novels are made of. Novels—and life.

Betty Compson hailed a newsboy crying the headlines of Seattle's evening papers. But she wasted no time reading the front page news. She turned to the want advertisements. No one, it seemed, had any need of a little blonde violinist. They wanted girls who were familiar with Pitman's pothooks. They wanted girls who could take hold in a kitchen and concoct sauces.

Then Betty saw an advertisement calling for a nursemaid. She presented herself at the big, imposing house given as the address. And the next day she was wearing the long, gray coat and veil of a children's nurse. Her wages were twenty dollars a month and keep. That meant in three months' time, if she spent no money whatsoever, she would have her fare home to Salt Lake City.

Now guess who! A little Brooklyn girl, with a mop of red hair, who became famous in films. In short, none other than the Clara Bow of nine years ago



How Glory and Fortune Came to Betty Compson, Alice Joyce, Clara Bow, Ann Harding and Estelle Taylor in the Fight to Fame

PART 2



No more beautiful girl was ever seen in pictures than the Betty Compson who burst upon our delighted gaze in "The Miracle Man," the miracle film that made stars of Betty, Lon Chaney and Tom Meighan. Tommy and Betty in a scene from the picture

and she packed her bag and bought her ticket to Salt Lake City. Not that she let this experience daunt her. She had to make money, and almost immediately she went out on another tour.

This time, however, the Fates were kinder. They stranded her, but in Los Angeles. She turned to the movies, Christie Comedies at first. Later she worked for Universal. Then George Loane Tucker chose her for the tough baby in "The Miracle Man."

People will tell you how Betty Compson is a star today because of the lucky break she got in that film. But serving a long and difficult apprenticeship, and being prepared for the first real opportunity that comes your way, is a sturdier, more

enduring thing than luck. It is a matter of genuine courage.

What is more, although she was ruined by one wretched story after another, Betty Compson's name again shines in electric lights.

When her contract wasn't renewed Betty didn't get frantic and go all to pieces. She made "quickies." Now, anyone in the know will tell you that if you aren't already quite finished, to play in pictures made in a great hurry and sold to little exhibitors for a song, comparatively speaking, *will* finish you. You're supposed to lose caste professionally.

Betty didn't give a fig for any such prophecies. She made lots of "quickies" and she made money. Having graduated from the hard school of experience she well knew that money never had handicapped anybody. How much it hurt her, you can judge for yourselves by the results.

She is undoubtedly one of the most popular stars on the new talking screen. And, curiously enough, in some of her recent rôles she plays her violin. Once again, through her music, Betty has found her way into people's hearts.

THE Colonel's lady and Rosie O'Grady may be sisters under the skin, but right there the similarity ends. The Colonel's lady is likely to have an easy enough time of it. Her social standing is unimpeachable. She is courted by other wives of the regiment. She is waited upon, hand and foot, by a whole corps if need be. Rosie O'Grady has to get out and hustle for herself.

The story of Ann Harding is the story of a Colonel's lady who became a Rosie O'Grady. *Voluntarily!*

We don't know that Ann's father is a Colonel, but we do know he is an Army officer of high rank. When Ann left his house to make her own way he was so displeased that she gave up his name. And when she finally went on the stage he disowned her completely.

Ann resented the cut and dried pattern of her days. She resented [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 140]

In 1921 a beautiful girl with an amazing mass of ash-blond hair came to Broadway's notice in the stage production "Like a King." It was Ann Harding





One of the best known and most versatile father and son teams in all show business. Not only do J. C. and Elliott Nugent write their stuff—they act in it, too, and they do both very capably

Dads'

Here They Come!
Marching Along!
In Dads' Footsteps!
Excelsior!

MOVIE fathers are strutting proudly these days! They burble, "Did you see my boy in his last picture? He's a wonder, that lad!" Just as thousands of fathers, the world over, are praising the lads who have stepped into their shoes.

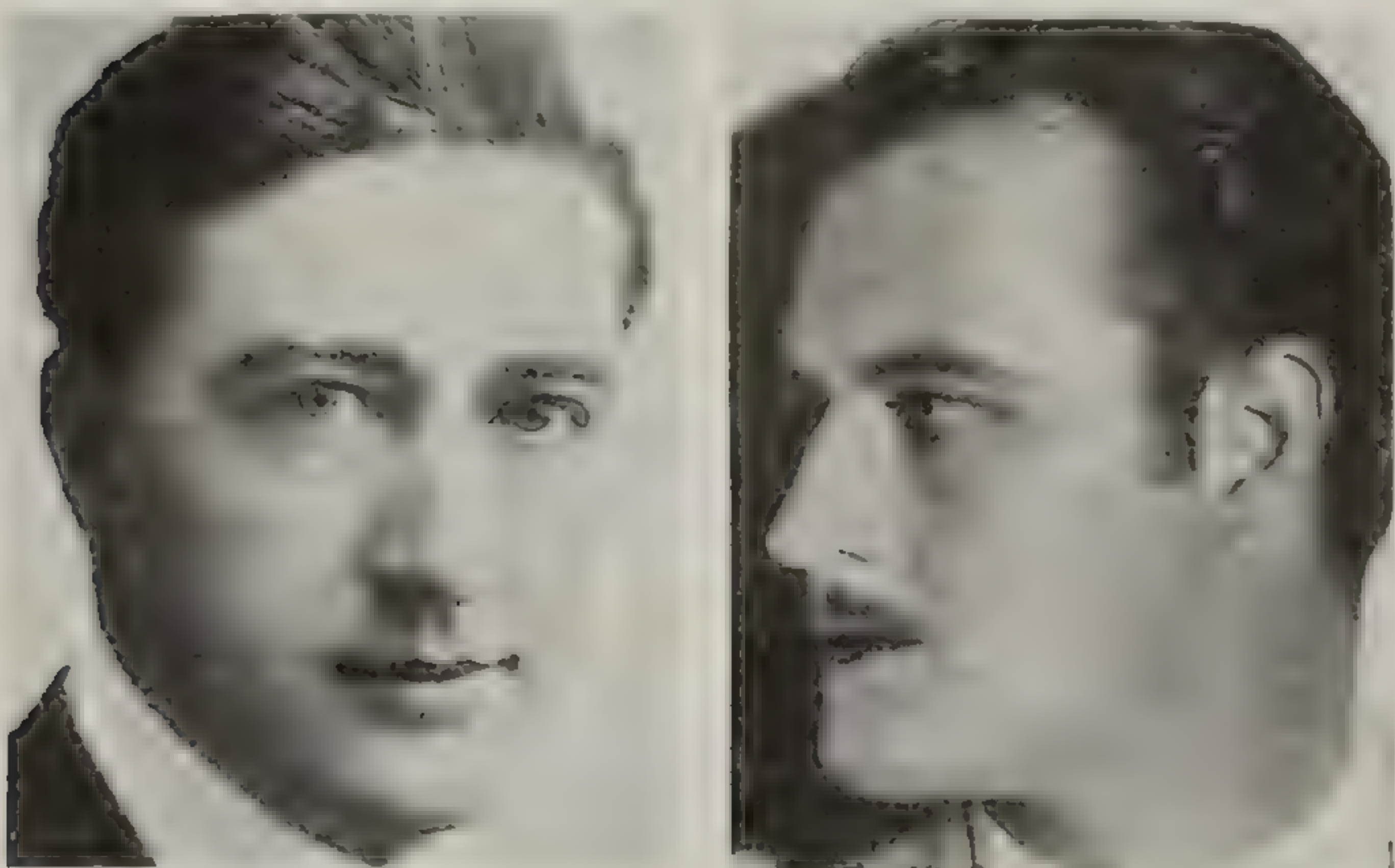
Perhaps the most famous of the movie sons is Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. While Doug, Sr., was leaping gayly about in his beloved rogue rôles, a serious-minded youngster in his early teens roamed the Latin Quarter of Paris. Doug, Jr., yearned to be an artist.

But, pictures, like a gay blonde Lorelei, called and beckoned across the miles to the struggling young artist and Doug, Jr., packed away his oils and brushes and answered the call.

Like all sirens, reel or real, she let him down. His first picture, "Stephen Steps Out," was a failure. "He can't make it," they said in Hollywood of this quiet, earnest young man so unlike his dashing dad. "He has nothing but a name; just a name!"

So, young Doug tore up his shiny new contract and started out on his own. And, clap hands, look at him now. Coming right up the ladder of success fist over fist. "Stella Dallas" was the first rung, and then came "The Barker," "Our Modern Maidens" and "The Dawn Patrol." And out at First National they hint strongly that he's soon to be starred in "The Command to Love."

Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., will promise us just two more pictures. Just two more, he says, and then good-bye to movies. But, the name of Fairbanks will go right on up the heights. Doug, Jr., will carry the banner on to greater glories. And is Doug, Sr., thrilled? My! My!



The grand old Adonis of twenty years ago and his big son, Francis X. Bushman, Jr. The elder Bushman still knocks out an occasional picture job, while Junior works pretty steadily in film comedy



James (Jimmy) Gleason—writer, actor and director—and his six-foot son, Russell. As this is written, both the Gleason men are trotting off to work at Pathé in the big film, "Beyond Victory"

The mountain did not come to Mohammed. Mohammed went to the mountain. But young Phillips Holmes did not seek the movies, for the movies, shameless old renegade that she is, went right over to Princeton and annexed Phillips. It was while he was attending Old Nassau that Frank Tuttle took his "Varsity" company, starring Buddy Rogers, to the Princeton campus for scenes. Tuttle spied young Holmes, the son of the famous actor, Taylor Holmes, and signed him for the part of Buddy's roommate in "Varsity." So important was his rôle that he had to go on to Hollywood to finish the part. But, they wouldn't let Phillips go back. Hollywood wanted him to stay.

His father, who was a movie star in the old Essanay Company and has recently made shorts for Christie's, was playing on the stage in Boston at the time. "Go to it, son," he wired. And the way Phillips has gone to it! You know what he did in "The Devil's Holiday."

It's just too bad for Princeton, but it's grand for the movies.

Out of the mud and muck of the trenches of "All Quiet on the Western Front," Russell Gleason as *Muller* came into his own. With theatrical parents as famous as this chap's, coming into his own,



William Collier, for many years a stage star, has easily become a film fixture in the talkies

Boys!

By

Sara Hamilton



Two generations of first rate acting talent. Taylor Holmes, for years a stage and screen star and still active in comedy, and his son, Phillips, who came into his own in "The Devil's Holiday"



Probably the best known of filmland's "Dad and Junior" acts. Doug Fairbanks, *pere*, has been one of the biggest shots for many years, while Doug, *fils*, is getting better with every passing movie

on his own, is not so easy as it seems. But "Russ" Gleason has proved his mettle.

When the Gleasons, James and Lucille, came to Hollywood two years ago to act and direct for pictures, young Gleason came down from the University of California for a vacation. Pathe saw him and another college career went the way of all flesh.

Everyone in Hollywood knows the talented Gleasons. Jimmy is one of the busiest men in town. He wrote "Is Zat So?" and

"The Shannons of Broadway" for the stage and with Lucille, his wife, brought "The Shannons of Broadway" to the screen. Then he made "Puttin' on the Ritz," but Russell was right after him. He finished "Sisters" at Columbia; and now here they are together, Jimmy and his boy, over at Pathe making "Beyond Victory."

It's a happy, busy screen family, and maybe Jimmy and Lucille aren't puffed up about their boy!

Joseph Schildkraut suddenly laid down his violin and said, "I'm through. Now I shall follow in my father's footsteps. I shall become an actor." Joseph did.

Graduating from the Imperial College of Music in Vi-

enna, Joseph toured Europe giving violin concerts and was considered very good. But, the grease paint was in his veins. His father, Rudolph Schildkraut, whose recent demise saddened many friends, was one of the most outstanding stage stars of Europe. He played many years under Max Reinhardt's direction in Germany.

Then followed a glorious American career with Joe trailing right at his heels. Proudly Rudolph watched Joe through "Peer Gynt" and "Firebrand," and loudly applauded his never-to-be-forgotten performance in "Liliom."

THEN they both came to Hollywood and Rudolph and Joe acted for pictures. One remembers Joseph best in "Show Boat," "King of Kings," and Rudolph in "King of Kings" and "The Country Doctor." And Joe is still following along right after dad.

William Collier, Sr., is considered the dean of the American theater. William Collier, Jr.—"Buster" to film fans—is considered a hot spot in pictures.

When Buster was just four years old he began tagging around after his famous father. He tagged right out of the theater wings and onto the stage in one of his father's plays, and from then on, in between classes, he kept tagging right along.

Then Buster decided to strike out on his own and try pictures. He explored this field very successfully. Then came the talkies and with them William Collier, Sr. This time father tagged after Willie. And the way they admire each other and pass around the "trade lasts"! And no wonder. William Collier, Sr.'s finished work in "High Society Blues" and "She's My Weakness," and Buster's in [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 127]



William Collier, Jr., is a real vet, having begun years ago when he was known as "Buster"



A father who did not live to see his son enter pictures—the late lamented Harold Lockwood. His boy, Harold, Jr., is seen in a small rôle in the latest Barthelmess phonoplay, "The Dawn Patrol"

A Chevalier of France

By Ida Zeitlin

PART 3

MISS ZEITLIN, in preceding installments, has told of the humble birth of Maurice Chevalier in a Paris suburb, and of his early struggles to attain eminence in the French theater.

Last month you read of his brief and tragic war service, and of his post-war triumph as the most beloved music hall comedian in France. As last month's story closed, a knock had come at his dressing room door. The caller was Mr. Irving Thalberg, of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Soon his conquest of America was to come!

IT would be difficult to find words more graphic than Chevalier's own to describe the interview that took place between him and Irving Thalberg in his dressing room that night. As he spoke of it, there was frank apology for himself in his opening words.

"In France," he said, "there are two worlds of the theater. One is the little world—not great as here—of the cinema. The other is the world of the stage, and the people of those two worlds do not meet. Each of us knows, of course, the important names in the other, but—" with an expressive shrug, "nothing more. Of American names I knew only the big stars. Irving Thalberg—I am sorry—meant nothing to me—Norma Shearer, yes—but I had not seen her on the screen, and I did not know Mr. Thalberg's wife, pretty lady though she was, to be Miss Norma Shearer.

"We have seen your show," said Mr. Thalberg to me, 'and we think you have great possibilities for the pictures. I am an American producer and I would like to make a test of you.'

"At once came memories of a test they had made of me in London a few years ago—in the open—without lights—with silly songs. And I didn't want that thing to happen again. So I said, 'No—thank you, Mr. Thalberg. I think you come too late. I had a test made in London several years ago and nothing turned out of it. And now that I have become a star in Paris, I do not want to feel that I have done something not good enough to be taken seriously. I have passed the state of making tests and all that. If you want to engage me, engage me. If not,—' " and he finished the speech with eloquent hands and eyebrows.

"I was very unreasonable, *hein?*" he went on. "But Mr. Thalberg was not. He was kind. 'It is not a question of talent,' he said, 'but of knowing if your personality will come out of the screen. What tests did they make of you in London? Did they have good lights for you? Did they help you?'

"NO—there were no lights at all. It was only in the street.' " "But I have an American cameraman with me, and our tests would be made with all the American knowledge of how to light the personality and make it come out.'

"He was very friendly—very charming—but still I did not find myself excited. If it turned out badly the second time, I would feel—how do you say—not insulted—but cheap inside of myself, knowing that I wasn't good enough. I was happy in my work on the stage—why should I risk all that trying to do something which perhaps I had not the talent to do? I said, 'I will think it over,' but in my heart I said, 'Goodbye, Mr. Thalberg.'

"When he went out, someone asked me, 'Do you know who is this fellow?'

"Yes—he said he is in a picture firm in America.'

"Well, he is one of the heads of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



His first view of a new world to win! Maurice Chevalier, on the deck of the liner that brought him to America, peers at the towering peaks of the Manhattan skyline. Fearful of his reception in this country, within a few short weeks Chevalier had captured the fancy of Americans

Armed Only with His Infectious Grin, Maurice Chevalier Marches on America, and Conquers!

—a very young man but a very clever and important one. You have not been wise. Even the very best actor must submit to a screen test.’

“I think of what my friend has told me and I see he is right—I have not been wise. So I ask Mr. Thalberg to come again to see me. ‘Excuse me,’ I say, ‘if I did not know you before. We in France live in another world. Now I have been told exactly who you are, and if you wish I will make this test tomorrow. But on one condition—that you give me also a copy of that test. I do not wish to be left here, while you return to America, without a sign of what I have done. I want to see for myself if I am good or not—I want to judge for myself if I have a chance—and if not—well, I will stay in my own country and that’s all.’ ”

SO it was agreed. Chevalier made the test the following day, and the Thalbergs left for Baden Baden. The verdict came from there two weeks later. “Seen your test. Think you have wonderful possibilities. Writing.” And this was followed by an enthusiastic letter of confirmation, in which for the first time the important question of terms was broached.

Chevalier was gratified, but he wanted to see his test before he made any decisions. “And when I received it and had it run off,” he said, nodding his head like a pleased child, “I liked it. I saw at once that I am not the romantic hero type—but I feel there is something—



It was in “Innocents of Paris,” with little David Durand, that Maurice Chevalier overcame a sugary story to subdue American audiences with the sheer force of his astonishing personality



The irresistible Maurice in the picture that brought him to the summit of his early American fame—“The Love Parade.” It was this swaggish, romantic story, inimitably directed by Ernst Lubitsch, that made Maurice’s reputation here secure

a kind of sunshine that comes out of the screen. So I ask Douglas Fairbanks, who is in Paris, if he will look at it and tell me without kidding”—pronounced *keeding*—“what he thinks.”

So Fairbanks looked at the test and pronounced it, without “keeding,” one hundred per cent perfect. “Stop worrying,” he said. “There’s nothing to worry about. Stop thinking you’re not good enough. You’re good! You’re fine! Sign your contract and get over there! They’ll eat you up!”

Thus encouraged, Chevalier took up with Thalberg the question of terms. He was [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 136]



AND we thought only little boys played Pirate! Oh, how wrong we were! Here are three beautiful Warner Brothers buccaneers who get their men by the shipload. To be captured—it's a pleasure! Evelyn Knapp waves come-hither, Claudia Dell wears the big belt, and Irene Delroy totes the big dagger



It's one foot of film.
Sixteen separate drawings
are required for
it, each one entirely
different

Watch 'Em Move

A Short Biography of *Krazy Kat* and Some of His Goofy Friends

HAVEN'T you sat, fascinated, for the seven or eight minutes of an animated cartoon, wondering what makes the drawings move? And when talkies came along, weren't you surprised when they sang and played musical instruments, and out from the screen came the squeaky voice of *Krazy Kat* or the piping song of *Mickey Mouse*?

Most cartoons are planned out before ever pencil is put to paper. Let's sit in on a couple of conferences at the Winkler Pictures studios, where work is about to begin on a new adventure in the life of *Krazy Kat*.

The entire studio staff is present. Somebody has what he thinks is a clever idea. Changes and additions are suggested. Discussion is fast and furious. And a complete story is worked out.

Later, there is a "gag" conference. Perhaps there's a sequence in a subterranean room, down a long flight of stairs. "Well, stairs when picked up and juggled back and forth between the hands make a perfectly grand accordion," suggests someone. And thus a gag is born.

The musicians determine the type of music for each gag—whether the mood calls for "Hearts and Flowers," jazz, a march or a swaying waltz. Tempo is measured accurately with a metronome, and exact length timed with a split-second watch.

The major animator begins the work. The thin white paper he uses for his drawings has holes punched at the top, like pages for a loose-leaf note-book. These holes fit over pegs, holding the paper firmly in position. Drawing is done on slanted glass boards, under which is an electric light bulb that shines through glass and paper and makes tracing easy.

The figures are about three inches high. Progressive drawings, each on a separate sheet, move the action slightly forward, backward, up, down or around.

Each drawing is traced with India ink on a piece of celluloid punched like the paper. Celluloid is used for the final drawings because of its lustre and transparency.

The drawings are photographed, one at a time, with a regular motion picture camera equipped with "stop motion." The camera is suspended over a table, with special

lamps to center the light on the celluloids. Sixteen "frames"—sixteen separate exposures—make one foot of film.

Out at the studio where *Terry-Toons* are made I learned some of the troubles of a musical director of sound cartoons. Old, familiar tunes are frequently found to be all tied up with the red tape of the copyright law. Foreign rights are especially difficult to obtain.

Fees paid for the use of musical compositions, often just a few bars at a time, run into enormous sums.

There are the most amusing "sound props." At the proper moment in the recording, a resined string is pulled from a small, drum-like contraption, and the resulting sound is like the bark of a lusty dog. A big, bucket-like affair, on the same principle, produces a lion's roar.

WHEN the rooster crows, it's because someone blew into a thing that looks like a small watering can. A big wooden affair, notched like a modern skyscraper, makes a train whistle. There are ratchets that sound like the beat of tomtoms, wind whistles, etc.

One of the executives of the *Terry-Toon* Company is an expert "meower" and his services are much in demand on the days when recording is done!

There's a tremendous amount of labor and care involved in making animated sound cartoons. Thousands of drawings are made for one film—generally from five to seven or eight thousand separate drawings. And that means the same number of tracings, and the same number of photographic exposures, to say nothing of the intricate musical and sound score.

But don't get the idea that cartoon studios are stodgy places where laughter is a mere commercial commodity to be turned out by the foot. I found them so jolly and fascinating that I wanted to stay and join the gang. But I changed my mind when I learned that it takes about two years to develop a good animator, no matter how much talent and artistic training he has at the beginning.

So I decided to stick to reporting, where all one has to do is ask hard-working artists a lot of questions and then write down the answers.

By Frances Kish



NO sir—can't keep a good girl down! Especially one who wears a pint of spangles and a merry smile as well as little Sue Carol! When Sue's Fox contract expired, the wise boys had her all washed up, but she fooled them. Here she is, blithe as a cricket, with a long Radio Pictures contract tucked away in her treasure chest!

The Most Disliked Man in Hollywood

By

Elaine Ogden



This sort of thing makes men gnaw their whiskers at the sight of Ivan Lebedeff. Ivan, Betty Compson and Johnny Harron in a scene from "Street Girl"

WITHOUT Ivan Lebedeff no Hollywood social gathering is a complete success. It is not that he's the life of the party—far from it. Russian aristocrats just don't put on ladies' hats, break out into burlesque spring dances and do card tricks. Rather, Ivan accomplishes some highly skilled magic upon every room he enters. He is surrounded with a glamorous, continental air. Your old parlor stops being just a parlor when Ivan enters and takes on the color of a high-ceilinged, crystal-chandeliered reception hall that might be a part of a European castle.

Lebedeff is always included at the exclusive Pickfair parties. He is one of Dolores Del Rio's favorite guests. Embryonic social leaders vie for his presence. The best invitations are always to be found in his mail box.

He is a picturesque figure, striding up and down the boulevards of Hollywood, for he is tall, handsome, hatless and yet he carries a cane.

No Hollywood première is quite complete without Ivan's white tie and monocle. At the luncheon table, the banquet board and the tea cart he can be utterly depended upon for doing the right thing. Accomplished, amusing, charming.

And yet, in spite of all this, or rather, perhaps, because of it, he is the most disliked man in Hollywood!

He is instantly hated by every good old one hundred per cent American male in the country.

When Ivan appears on the screen, boy friends begin belittling him.

And when he is admitted to a room in Hollywood the men in the place find they have important engagements which must be kept. On the way home they say to their wives or sweethearts or both, "Now what do you see in a man like that? He's a conceited fellow, besides being a fool. That hand kissing stuff—now isn't that absurd? How can you fall for it?" And the lady sighs romantically and is glad she had that manicure before Ivan kissed her hand.

But there is more than meets the eye in all this deep seated male dislike. There is a story so flush with excitement, so breathless, so colorful that mere words don't do it justice. And the re-

sults of this story on Ivan, himself, is a case D for the smart psychologist.

Ivan has had everything and lost it and had it again only to lose it. He was the most glorious hero of the hour in Russia, a veritable Lindbergh (heralded with waving flags and martial music and the adoring eyes of women) who might have become the highest officer in the Russian army.

And then came the Revolution and the horror he saw, the horror he was forced to perpetrate left him as he is. For he has tasted the bitter tedium of power, he has known the hollow glory of adulation. He has been fantastically rich, and equally poor.

BITS of things pictures that have painted themselves dramatically upon the canvas of his mind. Horror. Terror. Pain.

The evacuation of Odessa. Mothers snatched from their children. Wives watching their husbands shot down before them. Starvation. Death. Human beings turned animal. And a beautiful woman in sables standing on a wharf screaming hysterically, begging anyone to take her, to release her from it.

Again, a picture. He, the sole dictator of a town once ruled by Bolsheviks. He, with three hundred men holding the city with an iron hand for three days. Being forced to deal with well beloved friends as he did with the revolutionists. Watching a hundred or more lined up against a wall to be shot down by a sputtering machine gun.

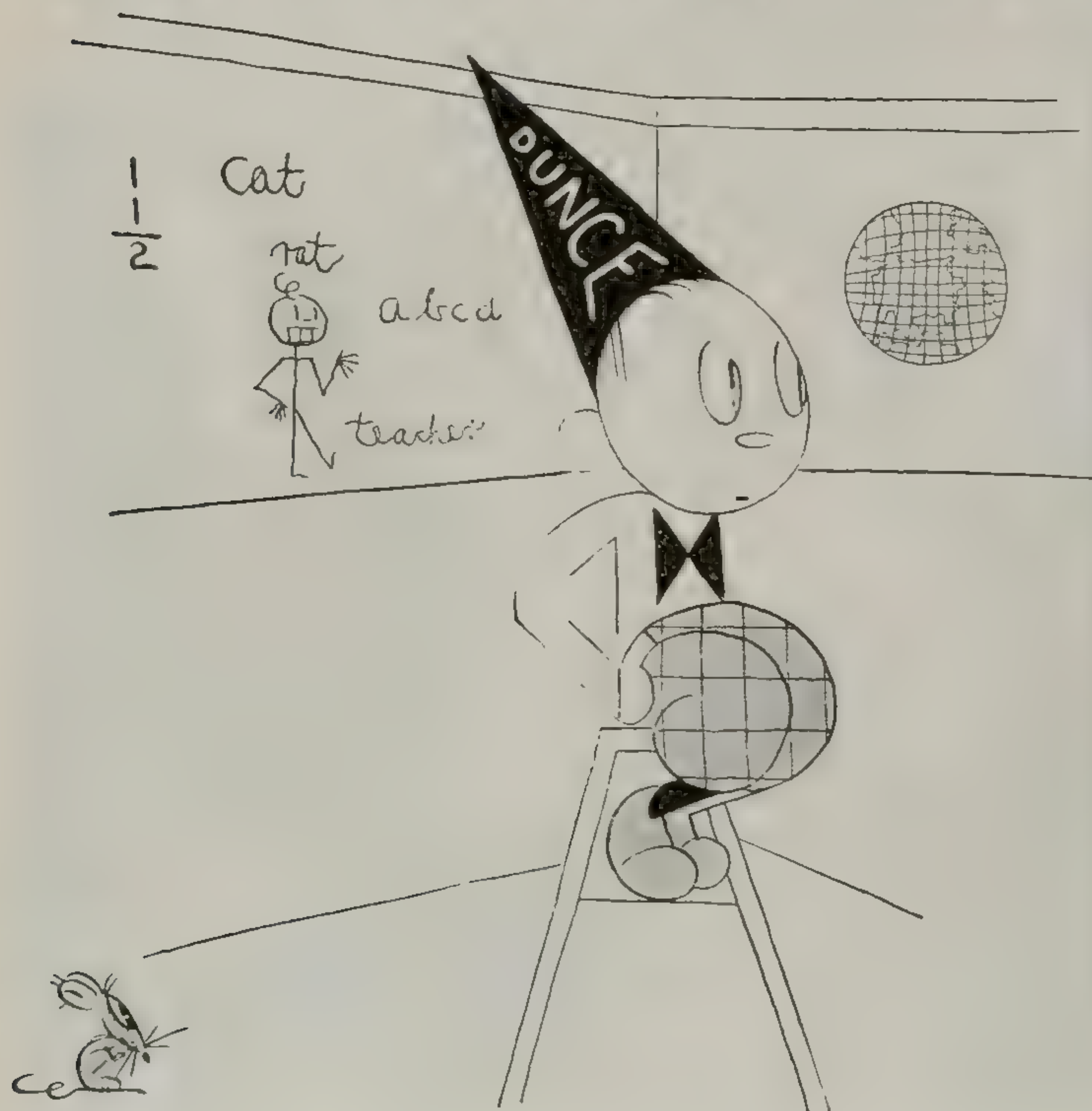
He has seen life in its most sordid version. Intellects smashed by horror. Brave men turned into whimpering boys. Nobly born women ready to exchange kisses with blackguards to be released from animal suffering.

After the Revolution he found himself in Constantinople and, by sheer luck, made a fortune, only to lose it all again in Vienna. He has been involved in scandal, given the highest acclaim and has lived like a prince and a beggar. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]

Men Hate Him,
Women Are Fascinated—
but Ivan Lebedeff
Just Doesn't Care

Reeling Around

with
Leonard
Hall



Evolution—The stupid schoolboy who was made to wear a dunce cap and sit alone in a corner

The Poor Little Star

*I pose and I dance and look pretty,
I swim and I dive and I plan;
I'm gay and I'm sweet and I'm witty—
And all for the cameraman!*

*I'd like to kick off all these laces,
And get down the jug from the shelf
Relax, and read junk, and make faces,
And look like a mess—for myself!*

Anything for a Laugh

Eddie Cantor was explaining diet to one of his daughters on the "Whoopee" set. "You've got to eat lettuce to get vitamins," said Eddie. "You know about vitamins—Warner Brothers have been making them for years!" . . . It is reported that producers have given up the idea of filming "Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen," because of difficulties in casting the lead. . . . Rudy Vallée, says the press, will have a million dollars by the end of 1931. Ah there, Rudy—still saving up to buy that glass megaphone! . . . Nelson, Neb., will have movies on Sunday. The vote was 201 for—200 against. Congress should give that fellow a medal—even though the holier-than-thou-element will swear it was the town drunkard. . . . Winnie Lightner has fallen away by the ton. From a lass weighing 158 she has now shrunk to a slip of a girl of 130 with a copy of the *New York Sunday Times* under her arm. The diet, says Win, was buttermilk and soup. At that price, bring me meat and potatoes. . . . Latest stunt in Hollywood is the "divorce shower." Gifts the girl friends bring the prospective divorcee are travel booklets, and the addresses of plastic surgeons, dancing teachers and gigolos. A Smith and Wesson .38 might not be a bad idea, either.

Hollywood—

As Cecelia Ager sees it in "Variety"—

They serve the salad first. . . . No thunder showers in summer to break the heat. . . . No soft shell crabs. . . . Stage presentations last longer than the picture. . . . A sunburn doesn't prove anything because everybody has one. . . . Can't get thick cream for coffee. . . . Concrete tennis courts jar your ankles. . . . New crop of people every three months.

Getting Personal

Seen Places Together—Buddy Rogers and Margaret Breen, pretty stage dancer; Lois Moran and Director Victor Fleming, once said to be engaged to Clara Bow-de-o-do. . . . Chester Morris and his pretty little wife, Sue, are expecting a call from a little stranger sometime in the fall. . . . John Hyams and Leila McIntyre, famous vaudevillians and famous as the parents of Leila Hyams, have made a two-reel comedy for Pathe called "Swell People." And they certainly are! . . . Harry Richman gets \$5,000 a week in a big time vaudeville act when he is in it. . . . Miss Frances Rich, lovely daughter of Miss Irene Rich, back from Smith College for the summer, intends to enter pictures. . . . Married—Luther Reed, director of "Rio Rita," and Miss Jocelyn Lee. . . . Up to the time of her marriage to Ben, Bebe Daniels had appeared in 288 pictures. . . . Owing to high taxes and inability to get native talkie product, 415 Berlin movie theaters closed during last spring. . . . June Clyde, pretty Radio Pictures blonde, is recovering from a nervous breakdown caused by overwork. . . . Clare Luce, pretty little blonde ex-Ziegfeld dancer, now in Fox pictures, was born in Bellaire, Ohio. There she was known as Little Clara Snow. . . . Ann Harding, Pathé star, happy wife and mother, was arrested twice in one week! No, nothing too terrible. Driving without license and without car registration. . . . Yep—it pays to direct good pictures. Frank Borzage, who has won the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal twice, has just bought another \$120,000 worth of real estate in Hollywood.

"Beauty is Romance"

says MRS BIDDLE STEWART

"Beauty is romance, and romance is youth! To cherish youth, to live for beauty is the sure way to make your heart's desire come true. A radiant young girl or beautiful woman is a magnet for romance," says Mrs. Biddle Stewart.

CHARMING young favorite of society in New York and Philadelphia, Mrs. Biddle Stewart is so lovely and so romantic that her friends call her the "Fairy Princess."

You notice her exquisite complexion the moment you look at her. "A fresh, clear, youthful skin," she says, "is essential to beauty," and it is true.

"Pond's," she adds, "provides the best and easiest method of home complexion care.

"There is the delicious Cold Cream for cleansing to keep the skin flower-fresh . . . the dainty Cleansing Tissues to remove the cream immaculately . . . the bracing Skin Freshener to banish oiliness . . . and the exquisite Vanishing Cream for powder base—a true hand-maiden of romance," says Mrs. Stewart, "for it keeps one's nose from ever looking shiny!"

Yes, a lovely skin is the ensign of romance. That is why Pond's Method is such a success—because of the amazing efficacy of its four sure, swift, simple steps:

During the day—first, for thorough cleansing, generously apply Pond's Cold Cream several times and always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink deep into the pores.

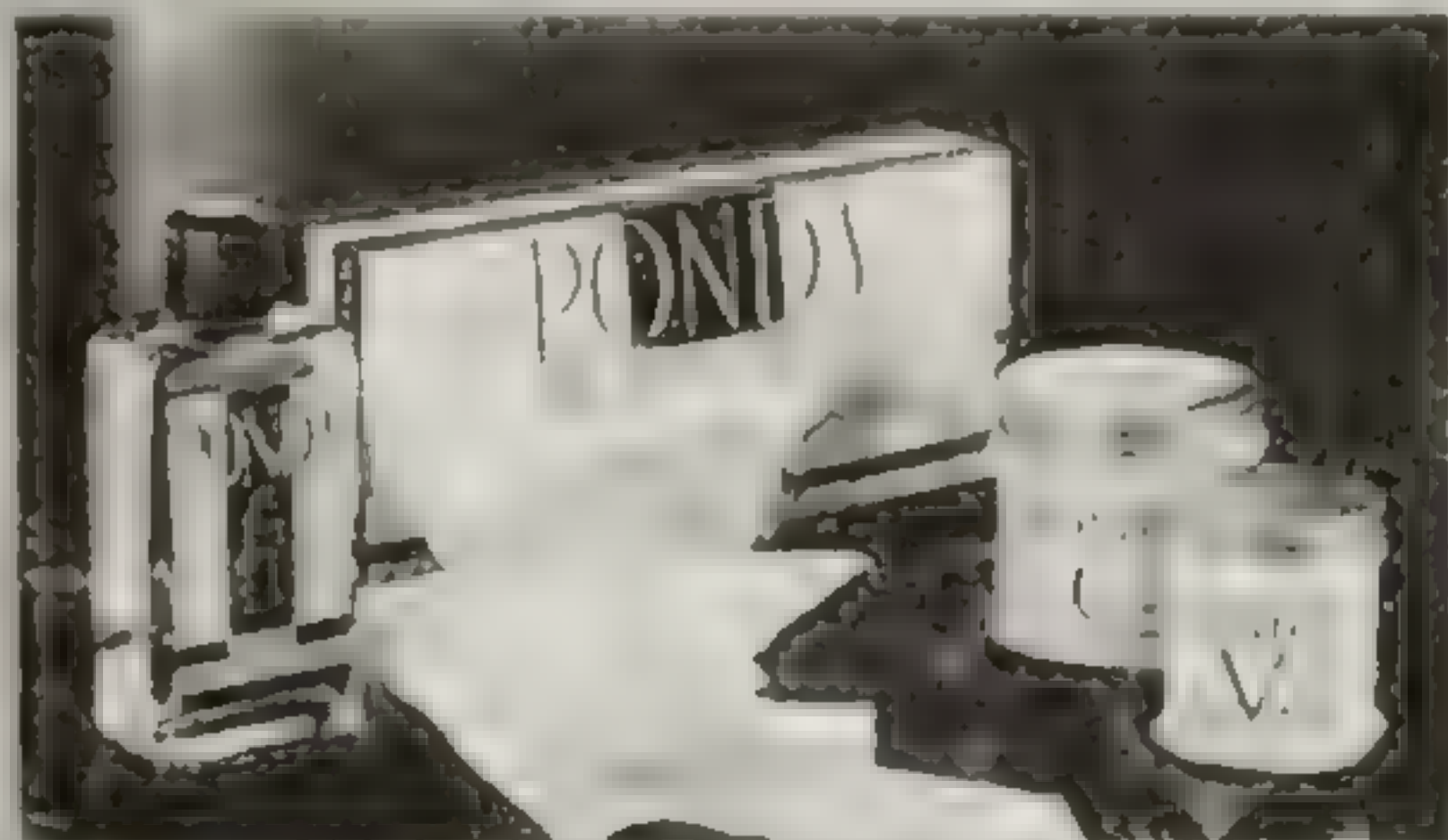
Second—wipe away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, silken-soft, marvelously absorbent.

Third—dab skin with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores.

Last—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish.

At bedtime—cleanse thoroughly with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues. If skin is dry, leave on a little fresh cream overnight.

Pond's four delightful preparations to keep your skin always exquisite—Cold Cream, Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener, Vanishing Cream.



SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S FOUR DELIGHTFUL PREPARATIONS
POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. J, 114 Hudson Street, New York City

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How to be FASCINATING

as told to KATHERINE ALBERT by

Anita Page

"FOR the girl who wants to be charming, one thing is essential," says Anita Page, the girl whose blonde loveliness has won her universal devotion on the screen. *"It's smooth skin!"*

"No matter how lovely your figure—your eyes—your hair—you can't have that compelling *something* unless your skin is softly clear and glowing. And if it is, you're sure to be attractive!"

"Screen stars, you know, have to keep their skin silky smooth and fine-textured

every minute. Motion picture directors found out long ago that without lovely skin no girl can hope to win and hold the hearts of millions. The glaring close-up lights reveal even the tiniest flaw!

"Several years ago, some of us discovered just the care our skin needs to keep it always at its best—Lux Toilet Soap! Then more and more of the stars began to use it until now almost every girl I know in Hollywood is devoted to this daintily fragrant white soap.

"Catherine Dale Owen, for instance. Did you ever see smoother, lovelier skin? And Kay Johnson, too. They both use Lux Toilet Soap regularly.

"Regular care with Lux Toilet Soap, that's my prescription for lovely skin—and *any* girl can follow it!"



KAY JOHNSON, M. G. M. star, has a skin of delicate beauty. "It leaves my skin so smooth," she says.

BESSIE LOVE, M. G. M.'s beloved blonde star, is one of the 511 important Hollywood actresses who are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap. "To the screen star lovely skin is very important," she says. "That's why I am so delighted with Lux Toilet Soap. It does leave my skin so smooth and soft."



Photo by C. S. Bull, Hollywood



ANITA PAGE, the young Metro-Goldwyn-Mayerstar whose beauty has won millions of hearts, in the striking, luxuriously appointed bathroom especially designed for her and built in Hollywood. "I always use Lux Toilet Soap," she says. "It keeps my skin so wonderfully smooth."

Photo by C. S. Bull, Hollywood

Anita Page, you see, is one of the host of famous screen and stage stars who have found in this fine soap, so daintily white and fragrant, just the gentle care that is necessary.

*Nine out of Ten Lovely Stars
use it—in Hollywood
—on Broadway—in Europe*

Of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, 511 use Lux Toilet Soap. It has been made the *official* soap in all the studios.

On Broadway the stage stars are so devoted to it, it is in the dressing rooms of 71 of the 74 legitimate New York theaters!

And even in the European capitals the screen stars, like their sisters in Hollywood, are now using it to keep their skin flawless for the close-up.

You will be delighted with Lux Toilet Soap, too. With the fresh smoothness it gives your skin, with its fragrant, generous lather. Use it for your bath and for your shampoo, too. Here's luxury such as you have found only in the finest French soaps! Order several cakes—today.



CATHERINE DALE OWEN, lovely M. G. M. star, says: "Lux Toilet Soap is a joy. It's so dainty and refreshing, and it lathers freely even in the hardest water."

BETTY BRONSON, both at home and on location, cares for her ravishingly lovely skin with Lux Toilet Soap. She says: "It certainly keeps my skin charmingly smooth and soft!"



Photo by Steichen, Hollywood

LUX Toilet Soap

Luxury such as you have found only in fine French
soaps at 50¢ and \$1.00 the cake . . . NOW

10¢

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



SOUND, atmosphere, color on a great talkie set! The demon microphone has the place of honor—actors, directors, cameramen all play second fiddle to its majesty. Art producing machinery dominates the vivid scene. The actors—Marjorie Rambeau and Phillips Holmes—in a scene for “Her Man”

They gave a *new* Thrill

THAT'S WHY THEY GOT THERE....SO QUICKLY



"So you're a saxophone player, eh? Well . . . make me weep! Do your stuff," said the vaudeville booker. Rudy did! And fame caressed him. The whole public succumbed in two short years.

© P. Lorillard Co.

RUDY VALLÉE

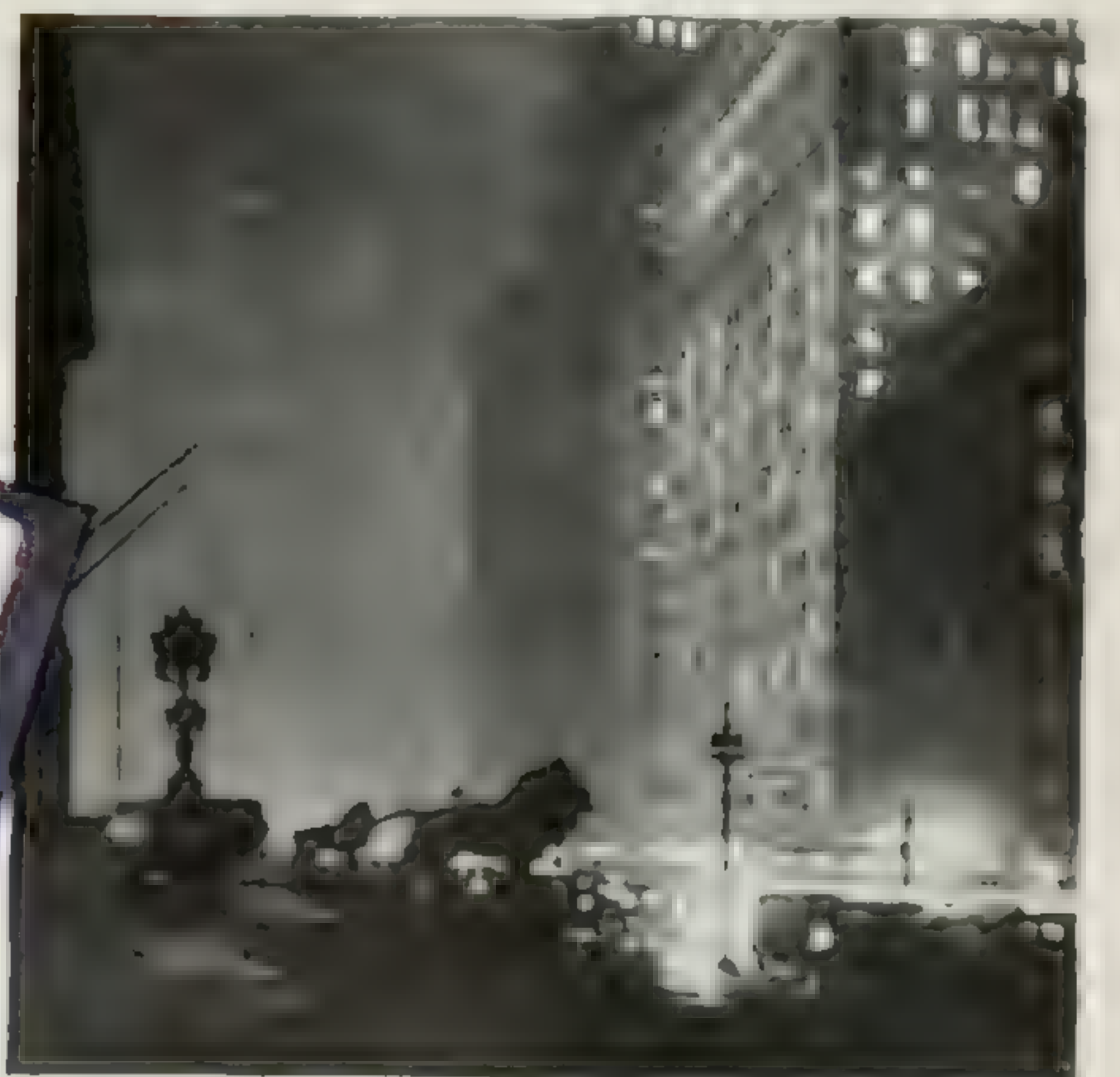
Two years ago he stepped into the spot-light on a little cafe floor and crooned a song called "Deep Night." Today deep night on Broadway sees his name blazed in electric signs.

. . .

It wasn't the cut of his clothes . . . or the break of his luck. This youngster just naturally delivered something that the public wants!

Just so OLD GOLD cigarettes have grown from a baby brand to a giant brand in record time . . . because they delivered a new enjoyment . . . they thrilled the taste and comforted the most sensitive throat.

Better tobaccos...that's why they win.



On March 7, 1927, OLD GOLDS were introduced in Illinois. Today, the city of Chicago alone smokes nearly 3,000,000 daily.

BETTER TOBACCOS . . . "NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD"

The glorious flavor of
PEP

The healthfulness of
BRAN

in these

**BETTER
BRAN FLAKES**

SAIL ALONG with breezy pep. Start the day with vim and zest. Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes will help you.

No other cereal is like them. These crisp, sun-brown flakes are full of the famous flavor of PEP. Rich with the nourishing goodness of whole wheat. Healthful. They contain just enough bran to be mildly laxative—to help keep you feeling fit.

At the first spoonful, you'll agree that Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes are delicious—a wonderful cereal. At the last spoonful you'll vote them the *best bran flakes* you ever tasted.

You'll want Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes often. For breakfast. For lunch. Children love their peppsy flavor.

Get the red-and-green package at your grocer's. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.



**Kellogg's
PEP
BRAN FLAKES**

IMPORTANT—Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes are mildly laxative. ALL-BRAN—another Kellogg product—is all bran and guaranteed to relieve both temporary and recurring constipation.



Fifi Dorsay serves "French" fried chicken for her formal luncheons

"Nothing Left on the Plates!"



Louise Dresser knows the proof of a good dinner is in the eating

HAVEN'T you often served what seemed to you just a plain, ordinary meal and been totally unprepared for the praise and appreciation of your family and guests? Louise Dresser (in private life, Mrs. Jack Gardner) has a favorite dinner menu like that. And she says about it: "No matter how often I serve it, nothing is ever left on any of the plates."

Surely there is no warmer praise, no greater assurance of a meal's success, than that! Here is the menu:

Fruit Cocktail

Broiled English Mutton Chop with Kidney Sliced Beets
New Potatoes, Boiled Baked Spinach with Rice

Vanilla Ice Cream with Chocolate Sauce Pound Cake

Demi-tasse

Miss Dresser prefers a plain fruit cocktail and suggests diced pineapple, peaches, pears and maraschino cherries. The mutton chops should be cut thick. New beets are especially tasty, sliced thin and served with butter sauce.

The spinach recipe is as follows:

Wash the spinach thoroughly until there is no trace of sand. Cook in covered pot without adding any water.

Cook rice in double boiler, and when done rinse carefully in cold water so that each kernel is separate.

Chop spinach very fine, add to rice, put in baking dish with butter, salt and pepper, and bake fifteen minutes.

FIFI DORSAY'S menu for a formal luncheon is also a simple one—easy to prepare and serve:

Fruit Cocktail
Fried Chicken, Green Peas
Lettuce with French Dressing
Pineapple Sherbet
Coffee

Miss Dorsay, like Miss Dresser, favors a plain fruit

cocktail to start the meal. She prefers to leave out the frills and confine her menu to the fundamentals of a satisfying, healthful luncheon.

She, too, says that her guests rarely leave anything but the bones to be scraped from their plates. And, being a French girl, Fifi knows that is important to the housekeeper. French cooks are noted for the excellence of their food, but the true French housewife is also proud of her thrifty methods.

I ASKED Winnie Lightner for the recipes for her two famous salads. They are so very tasty and so different from the usual salads that I knew you would want to try them. Winnie wrote them right out for me, so here they are:

The first recipe serves six people. It hasn't any name, so we'll just call it

Winnie Lightner's Salad

1 can kidney beans
1 onion
½ stalk of celery

1 bottle sweet pickles
2 hardboiled eggs
Pimentos

Chop pickles, onion, eggs, celery and pimentos very fine in a mixing bowl. Add the whole beans. Mix well with mayonnaise, which has been thinned with vinegar. Chill thoroughly and serve on crisp lettuce leaves.

Winnie's Italian Salad

1 can large sardines
2 hardboiled eggs
1 tablespoon vinegar
2 tablespoons salad oil
1 cube garlic
1 onion, or its juice

Chop eggs, garlic and onion thoroughly together in mixing bowl. Mash the sardines and add. Then add vinegar and oil, mixing well. Chill, and serve over quarters of head lettuce, endive or romaine lettuce.

This recipe is for four servings.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

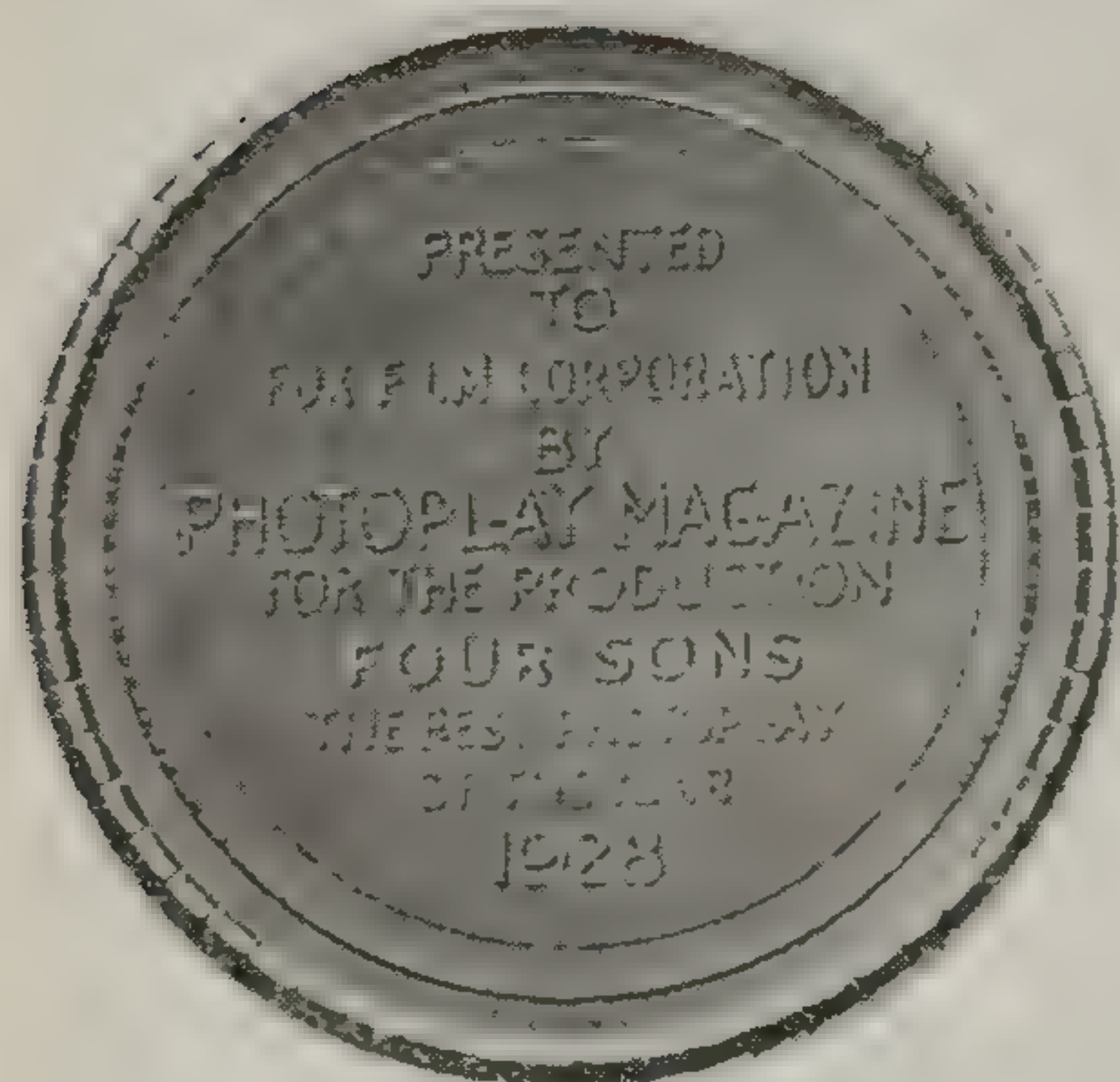
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

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Be sure to write name and address plainly.
You may send either stamps or coin.

LAST CALL!



Voting for the Best Picture of 1929 Closes Oct. 1st

LAST call for votes on the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal Award for the best motion picture of 1929!

All votes must be in the office of PHOTOPLAY by October 1st. Votes received after that date will not count.

The PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal is the only award in the world of motion pictures going direct from the film fans to the producer.

Each year PHOTOPLAY presents a gold medal to the producer of the motion picture deemed the nearest ideal by its readers. Back in 1920 the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal was devised by James R. Quirk, publisher and editor of PHOTOPLAY, as the best method to encourage the production of better films.

Look over the list of past awards on this page before you cast your vote.

Be sure that it goes to a picture worthy of standing with these nine great films.

Remember that the PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor was designed as a reward for the producer making the best picture of the year in points of story, acting, direction and photography.

More than all else, PHOTOPLAY wishes its readers to consider the ideals and motives governing its production. Also, consider the worth of its dramatic message.

Two things make the 1929 award notable. First, it is the tenth annual presentation of the medal. Second, it will probably go for the first time to a talking picture—that amazing product of the newest art whose full development has come only since the last Medal was awarded.

A list of fifty important pictures released during 1929 is appended. It is not necessary, of course, for you to select one of these. You may vote for any picture released during 1929.

The PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor is of solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights and is two and one-half inches in diameter. Each medal is designed and made by Tiffany and Company of New York.

Winners of Photoplay Medal

1920

“Humoresque”

1921

“Tol’able David”

1922

“Robin Hood”

1923

“The Covered Wagon”

1924

“Abraham Lincoln”

1925

“The Big Parade”

1926

“Beau Geste”

1927

“7th Heaven”

1928

“Four Sons”

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
221 W. 57th Street, New York City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1929.

NAME OF PICTURE

Name _____

Address _____

Fifty Pictures Released in 1929

Alibi	Gold Diggers of Broadway	Saturday Night Kid, The
Blackmail	Hallclujah	Shopworn Angel, The
Broadway	Hollywood Revue of 1929	Show Boat
Broadway Melody, The	In Old Arizona	Sins of the Fathers
Bulldog Drummond	Iron Mask, The	Sunny Side Up
Canary Murder Case, The	Kiss, The	Sweetie
Case of Lena Smith, The	Lady Lies, The	Taming of the Shrew
Close Harmony	Last of Mrs. Cheyney, The	They Had to See Paris
Cock Eyed World, The	Letter, The	Thunderbolt
Coquette	Love Parade, The	Trespasser, The
Dance of Life, The	Madame X	Trial of Mary Dugan, The
Desert Song, The	Marianne	Virginian, The
Disraeli	On with the Show	Wearry River
Doctor's Secret, The	Our Modern Maidens	Wild Orchids
Dynamite	Pagan, The	Woman of Affairs, A
Fashions in Love	Paris Bound	Young Nowheres
Four Feathers, The	Rio Rita	



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The Saline Method brings glowing health, unblemished beauty

HOW well some women keep their youth and charm! How lustrous are their eyes, how clear and fresh their cheeks!

Have they found some secret aid to beauty—some rare cream or costly treatment? By no means! Like most other women, they diligently apply their cosmetics and their lotions. But the real key to their unblemished beauty and sparkling youth is one of nature's own. It is the secret of internal cleanliness, of caring for one's self not only from without, but from within.

And the best way of internal cleansing is by the saline method, with Sal Hepatica. For Sal Hepatica clears the system of poisons and of wastes. It

brings fresh bloom to the complexion.

Physicians, both the American and European, know full well the benefits of the saline method. Each year they send their patients to the famous spas and springs of Europe to drink the health-

giving saline waters. Thus, the fashionable women of the world, by taking this well-known "cure", clear their complexions and tone their systems.

Sal Hepatica is the efficient American equivalent of the European spas. By clearing your bloodstream, it helps your complexion. It gets at the trouble by eliminating poisons and acidity. That is why it is so good for rheumatism, indigestion, colds, constipation, etc.

Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how much better you feel, how your complexion improves. Send the coupon for free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth", which tells in detail how to follow the saline path to exuberant health and beauty.



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Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

So This Is Gloria

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

she does, she goes with the entourage of an Oriental potentate.

She is very extravagant, even when she is broke.

When she got \$150 a week she signed contracts calling for payments of \$165 a week on installment purchases.

A salary raise finally helped her out of the dilemma.

She turned down a \$20,000 a week contract not so long ago and then went broke soon afterward.

She borrowed the money to hire a private railroad car for her return from New York to California.

She paid it back.

HER ancestry is Swedish, Polish, German and French and her father was in the United States army transport service. She was born in Chicago and now she's the Marquise de la Falaise et de la Coudray. She speaks French well and is studying Italian.

When she divorced Wally Beery she told a friend: "I'll never again marry a Westerner. Probably never again will I marry an American."

Then she married Herbert Somborn, a Western American.

But when she divorced Somborn, she kept her original pledge and married the Marquis.

At this writing, they're still married, but half a world separates them.

He has said: "*Sapristi!* I married a business man!"

She is generous, and does not forget old

friendships. Once Vera Reynolds got a part in a picture at Paramount in which Swanson was starring.

"Don't be surprised," was the warning some one gave Vera, "if Gloria cuts you, now that she's a star."

Gloria and Vera used to work together in Sennett days.

Vera was already on the set when Gloria swept in.

Everybody halted work and hushed for the queen.

Vera turned her back. A moment later, Swanson saw her, flung her arms around her and kissed her.

In Vera's big scene, Gloria turned her own back to the camera, giving Vera the whole screen.

Critics said: "Miss Reynolds stole this scene from Swanson." Vera says: "Gloria gave me the scene."

Swanson hates crowds. She is afraid of their mauling.

Once in New York at a premiere she had to follow, afoot, a mounted policeman's horse to get through a crowd.

She still remembers the embarrassment of having the horse back into her. In London, she made her way through dirty intercommunicating cellars and passages for two blocks to avoid a crowd outside her hotel.

IN Chicago, she had a half-hysterical fit when she regained the security of her automobile after being mobbed by a crowd of women while she was buying gloves at Field's. But

she'll get right into a crowd of thousands to see a football, polo or ice hockey game.

She is self-conscious and never forgives criticism.

Her closest friends are Virginia Bowker, whom she has known for fifteen years, and Lois Wilson.

She believes she is a keen judge of people, but she isn't.

She thinks she is a business man, but she has never proved it.

SHE is slow to anger and quick to laugh.

Once she opened a door suddenly and found a new servant peeping through the keyhole at her.

She thought it a huge joke and laughed. Later the servant found a new job.

She has very definite opinions of her own but is ready to change if she can be convinced she's wrong.

She would rather be argued with than yessed. She likes to play practical jokes and laughs when one is played on her.

Her one great passion in life is the advancement of Gloria Swanson. Long ago, she told a friend:

"I have gone through a long apprenticeship. I have gone through enough of being nobody. I have decided that when"—(she said when, not if)—"I am a star, I will be every inch and every moment the star! Everybody from the studio gateman to the highest executive will know it."

They do.



Making a talkie comedy on shipboard, Honolulu-bound! A deck scene on a big Pacific liner, with Harold Lloyd and his pretty leading lady, Barbara Kent, catching a snack of lunch for the camera. The picture is "Feet First." Passengers get a kick out of watching. That toy balloon covers the mike

You need this Penetrating Dentifrice

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kind of cleansing dentists recommend

*Surface polishing only
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decaying particles.*

SURFACE polishing gives good-looking teeth. It keeps them white and attractive. Almost any toothpaste will scrub the tooth surface.

But Colgate's is different! It not only *polishes* teeth—it also *washes* them perfectly, flooding out the decaying particles from *between* the teeth and in the tiny crevices.

The extra action is due to the Colgate formula, which includes an ingredient that breaks into a sparkling foam. This foam bathes the teeth with active penetrating bubbles.

This lively foam goes where the ordinary sluggish toothpaste can't—into tiny fissures and spaces between the teeth.

Thus Colgate's does two things at one time—(1) its soft chalk polishes brilliantly (2) its penetrating foam loosens and washes away dangerous decaying particles.

Why be satisfied with a mere polishing dentifrice? By using Colgate's you not only maintain attractive white teeth, but you also protect the crevices by flooding out the embedded impurities.

This double action has made Colgate's the world's favorite dentifrice—used by more people, recommended by more dentists.

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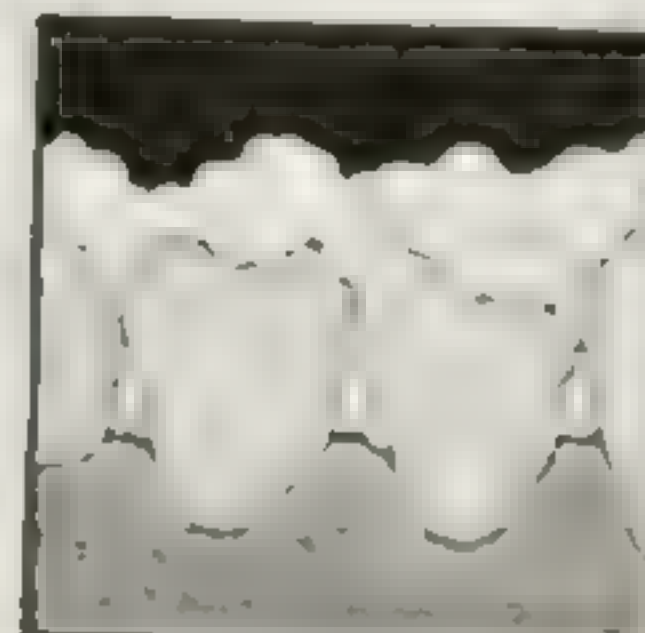
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Colgate's is most economical—the 25c tube contains more toothpaste, by volume, than any other nationally advertised brand priced at a quarter.



Diagram showing tiny space between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having "high surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having "low surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevices, cleansing them completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

Meet the Press

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

boat. About her is the subtle and malicious aura of that *belle* but dangerous France. We go to lunch—I tripping carefully over all rugs and bumping into all tables and whatnots.

The food is served. La Damita talks in a lovely pidgin English, while I answer in eloquent French—"oui," "non," and "kees—papa!" Her beauty is Kolossal. "Wunderbar!" I murmur, forgetting the War. The press agent prods the conversation gently whenever it falls feebly into the fruit salad. Damita's mamma mumbles happily to herself.

Well, Damita's loveliness has its way. I feel like a golf ball lying on the first tee and looking helplessly up at Bobby Jones. I stutter. I get nervous indigestion. I bow, bumping into a stout lady with my Southern exposure. I rush back to the office and pour thousands of goofy adjectives over clean white paper.

I have met Lily Damita by the Semi-Private Method.

That, however, takes too long. Meeting the Press that way would take a star many months, and by the time she had met it all she would be fitted only for mother rôles.

The favorite scheme is to divide the Press up into discreetly chosen phalanxes of ten or a dozen, and toss the poor girl to them, a bunch at a time.

This is called Meeting the Press by Mob.

Now let me describe this way of introducing a foreign actress to the American picture-going public.

I am invited by telephone, and the hour is set at 4:30, the occasion being "tea." I put on my other necktie, seize my tea-time walking cane and taxi to the hotel, which is the Sherry-Netherlands, a mighty Fifth Avenue peak whose head is in the clouds and whose flagpole has nearly spiked more than one curious airman.

It is the sort of place which has sixty ornate flunkies in the lobby, all major generals in the Bulgarian Horse-Guards.

The lady I am to meet is Miss Evelyn Laye, a beautiful English blonde of the musical comedy stage. She has already delighted New York for a season in an operetta called "Bitter-Sweet," but to us of the cinema she is still largely an unconfirmed report. Now she is signed for Goldwyn pictures.

I am hoisted to the thirty-fifth floor, several miles above the nursemaids and go-buggies of Central Park. There, in a suite covering the

entire floor, I find a dozen members of the Press—not yet met, but willing.

They all know each other—they've met each other and picture stars a hundred times before, and there is really little to say. They say it.

There they sit, twelve Gentlemen of the Press. Among them move two waiters, silently bulldozed by a head man. The waiters pour harmless tonics—celery salt, probably, or good mineral water with a dusky flavor. In another room stands a mountainous affair containing some 15,000 sandwiches—the size of silver dollars, as thick as a well-rubbed quarter, and very delicious when eaten seven at a crack. There are also delicious canapes of this and that, a hundred and fifty of which would make a good snack for Davey Lee. All this is traditional. Daintiness always rules in such matters.

Conversation languishes. We've all seen each other so often before. One new note is struck by the sudden appearance of the yachting editor of the *Gazette-Times-Clarion*—evidently under the impression that he is to interview Sir Thomas Lipton.

No Miss Laye. We sit, sip our tonics, speak in monosyllables and look out at the broiling human ants on sunny Fifth Avenue far below. Yes, we will have more celery tonic. And another toothful of anchovy paste, IF you please. And all in whispers. It is now 5:15.

Pst! Miss Laye!

A slender, lovely blonde comes in, shepherded by the press agent. She looks a little tired, having been on a bicycle since landing. Introductions. She sits down in the center of the group, which shifts its tonic glasses and hems a bit. I rack my brain for a bright quip to open the ball. "How do you like American men?" or "How would you like a pint of honest British beer?" I give it up. I am horror-stricken to find that I haven't a thing to say to the Toast of London, and I am quite sure that she hasn't a note to pipe to me. I subside, appalled, and bury my prominent nose in the tonic.

MISS LAYE asks for tea, please. Consternation! No tonic?

She gets her tea, and sporadic conversation springs up. Things were fine in London when she left. Leone's is the grandest place in the world to eat—but (or because) few Americans have found it. British pictures are getting better.

It is a tough spot for the little girl. Twenty-

four eyes are fastened on her—the acknowledged stage beauty, the prize blonde baby doll of the theatrical season of 1929-1930. But she stands up like a little major, batting back what few conversational tennis balls are feebly served up to her. Yes, she is curious about Hollywood. She is not going to be grand out there. Just a small car. And no wild life. When one works hard one is hard enough put to it to look well before the public. She smiles. Yep—she certainly is pretty. Just a spot more of that tonic, IF you don't mind!

AND so it goes—a little desperate conversation-making, a few senseless questions, a little amiable chit-chat, a dumb crack or two by the press boys—who are beginning to act as though they itch and are too genteel to scratch.

At 6:30, as though a temple gong had clanged, Miss Laye stands up. There is dressing to do, for dinner and a theater. With cheery greetings to all, she bows out, the lift descends, the Gentlemen of the Press are left hanging on the thirty-fifth floor.

The twelve of us go out and go down—some to dinner, some few to work, and the rest to search for more celery tonic at some private dispensary. Again, we have nothing to say to each other. No one has had much of anything to say to anyone else—from the most silent of the reporters to the star herself.

But another tradition has been followed. The Press Has Been Met, *en masse*. The proper thing has been done. It's hard on the actress and in some ways a little tough on the Press, but that's the way these mystic and wonderful movie rites are performed. Upstairs the waiters are bolting the rest of the sandwiches and perhaps touching up the tonic. On the hot sidewalk, we disperse.

Will anything come of it? Watch the papers. I am curious to know what the yachting editor will say. Probably that "a trim little sloop named Evelyn Laye slipped into port the other afternoon and hove to and tied up at the Sherry-Netherlands wharf."

Fame and fortune await some inspired press agent who will invent a new angle to the game of Meeting the Press—meet it sitting on a flagpole, or down a coal mine, or on board the Leviathan sailing for Europe, all expenses paid.

In the meantime, the dear old way will have to do. And it probably will, if the celery tonic holds out!

A Great Come-Back

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

with the contrast of the many weeks of bleak discouragement. He says he feels like a new face.

"In a way," he smiles, "my 'vacation' from the screen was lucky. I can say now that everything turned out for the best. I was off the screen when talkies came in. I missed the first crude experiments. Many stars were unable to last beyond the pioneer stage. I am making talkies now that they are so much nearer perfection."

Ben, obviously, is better fitted now for a successful screen career. He has never looked more handsome, nor has he been in better health—not even when he began his screen career several years ago. The night clubs no longer see him. The play boy of a few years back now leads the "sweet and simple."

It was during Ben's engagement to Marilyn Miller that he was working in New York. Marilyn was a famous Broadway star. Her day would not begin until after the evening performance was finished. Then a gay crowd would start out. Ben was always the life of the party.

He would get home at three or four in the morning, and then report at the studio at eight. He spent lavishly of his money, his health and his looks.

That's past. He's learned to save money. He guards his health, and he takes his career seriously.

At night, now, he studies up on lines for the next day, or plays bridge.

It is an interesting story, the romance of Bebe and Ben. They became friends at a crit-

ical time in their lives. Both of them were slipping down the ladder. It was before Bebe scored her sensational come-back in "Rio Rita" and while Ben was marking time on the Hughes picture of wartime aviation.

When Ben and Bebe were married everyone who knew them was sincerely happy. Their long friendship has endured through the more clouded times until today when both are again firmly established. Bebe and Ben understand each other and have many interests in common.

Ben will have several strong pictures, all appearing at practically the same time. And, of course, this summer will see "Hell's Angels" on the screens of the nation. Those who have seen the picture in preview have the highest praise for Ben's work. He has staged a glorious return!

PIERRE

Beauty adviser to smart New York warns . . .

"don't experiment with beauty"

Another famous beauty specialist approves Palmolive Soap for home cleansing of the skin

"WOMEN now and then have a mistaken notion that they should use no soap on the face," says Pierre of New York. "'The trouble,' I reply in all such cases, 'is that you are using the wrong kind of soap. You should use Palmolive—a soap that is effective but gentle in its action.'"

Pierre speaks from experience. For over thirty years he has been one of New York's leaders of beauty culture. His smart modern salon, in the fashionable Plaza district on 57th Street, is visited by women of social distinction who entrust all their beauty problems to his expert care.

To them Pierre says: "Don't experiment with beauty. It is too precious. Use Palmolive Soap to keep your skin lovely."

This preference expressed by the famous Pierre you will find is repeated by 23,720 leading experts all over the world. Of all cleansing agents, these experts find Palmolive safest and best for regular home use. And this is why.

Nature's finest cosmetic oils

There are certain oils which, for generations, have been proved the finest natural cleansers. These are olive oil and palm oil. And it is these oils of which Palmolive Soap is skilfully blended. This facial soap contains no free alkali to irritate sensitive skin. It is not artificially colored. It requires the addition of no heavy perfumes. No wonder experts advise its daily use. This is the treatment recommended:

With both hands massage rich Palmolive lather into the skin. Rinse with warm water, followed by cold. And now you're ready for make-up.

Just try that simple 2-minute treatment tomorrow. Use Palmolive for the bath, too. See how refreshing it is. Then you'll use it every day, as millions of others do. At 10 cents the cake it is the world's least expensive beauty treatment.



More than 23,700 beauty specialists in this country and abroad advocate home cleansing with Palmolive as a basis for professional treatments.



In a cosmopolitan city, and with a sophisticated clientele, Pierre has made for himself an enviable reputation as a beauty specialist. His salon occupies a prominent position on Fifty-Seventh Street, New York's street of superlatively smart shops. To this salon come many distinguished women for Pierre's valued counsel.

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Who Said the Woman Pays?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

black velvet dinner gown and pearls. She carried a black velvet wrap with a high ermine collar. Wise girl, a beautiful blonde who knows the value of contrast. She also carried the corsage I sent her, and was trying to anchor it to a wisp of net at her shoulder.

"These are the loveliest orchids I have ever seen," she began. "They must be very rare; only I'm afraid you're awfully extravagant."

They should be rare at six dollars an orchid. I sent three. They were beautiful. Deep white, shading to pale mauve at the very center.

Then to the Ritz for dinner. It sounds very lavish, and I'd be the last one to say that it wasn't. We dined in the Persian Garden on the roof. The place had a sort of home touch with Claire Windsor at the next table dining with Phil Plant, the millionaire ex-spouse of Constance Bennett. They seem to be that way about one another.

Of course I brought most of this on myself. Catherine had almost insisted that I have dinner at her home. But no, I would be a young man about town. King for a night, so to speak.

She deciphered the menu for me. It was in French and all I could remember was *petit pois*, which I didn't want, anyway. We started with melon, went from that to *consomme*, from there to *poulet*, which, I have on good authority, is nothing but chicken. We had cold asparagus for a salad course, and *demi tasse*. My dears, it was nothing. Just \$15.45.

Catherine was apologizing about her gown.

"You probably remember this from Hollywood," she explained. "It's my favorite dress. I bought it in Hollywood, and I can hardly be persuaded to wear anything else."

It seems that her maid has actually tried to hide it from her.

After buying a half interest in the Ritz we flagged a taxi. Some day I'd like to express myself on the New York taxi. I never expected to leave one alive. Catherine, being used to them, was calm and collected.

It's always a breathless experience crossing Times Square at theater time. All the theaters you've read about. All the electric signs you've seen in the movies. Right ahead of us was the Astor Theater, flashing "The Rogue Song." Away at the top of the sign was a huge picture of Lawrence Tibbett and Catherine. That picture is still a thrill to her.

BAD NEWS— AND HOW!

Dinner.....	\$15.45
Theater.....	20.00
Casino.....	12.85
Corsage.....	18.00
Tips.....	5.00
Taxis.....	4.00
	<hr/>
	\$75.30

"I hope it impresses you as much as it does me," she laughed. "I've played in the New York theaters for six years, but that is the first time I've actually been on Broadway. Most of the theaters are just off Broadway."

After a few stops to try and find the location of the Majestic Theater, we finally got there. No taxi driver ever knows where anything is in New York. It's my private opinion that all the strangers are put to driving cabs.

A New York opening night has a different complexion from a Hollywood premiere. Not so much beauty, or so much swank. Nobody looks at the show, but they don't in Hollywood, either. The critics leave at the end of the first act, if it's bad, and at the end of the second act if it's good. At the opening of "Artists and Models" they left *before* the end

of the first act. Entering the theater we saw Fanny Ward, still the eternal ingénue. Claire Windsor and Phil Plant had also come from dinner to the theater.

Phil Baker was the star, and he was going big. We left shortly before the show was over. Two gentlemen were doing considerable arm-waving in the lobby, trying to decide what was wrong with the production. I would have liked to arm-wave, too. But then, I had paid a scalper twenty dollars for two seats. Perhaps I was prejudiced.

From there we went out to the Casino, New York's swankiest and most expensive café, and in Central Park of all places. Leo Reisman's band, which dishes out the rhythm, is about the best I've heard. Across the hall in another ballroom was a picturesque Cuban tango band. We sort of gravitated from one room to the other, but we seemed to do better with the American steps.

There was another Hollywood touch at the Casino. Buddy Rogers was being very polite to a young Park Avenue debutante. Buddy admitted having a swell time in New York, but he wanted to come back to the Camera Coast.

I will always remember the Casino, partly because of the foreign lady who smoked long, black cigars, but mostly from the shock of getting the bill. Lemonade—\$12.85. That probably is the most expensive lemonade that ever dampened a tonsil. Whew! and lemonade isn't even fashionable in Hollywood.

It was two o'clock when the cab stopped at Catherine's apartment. I said goodnight at the elevator while the taxi meter placidly went on adding outside. I was leaving New York for the economies of Hollywood the next day. Catherine had two more weeks before she was to return to the Coast and a new picture.

After that evening I will always feel a very deep personal interest in Catherine. After all, I do have a \$75 equity!

But a century bill sees some awful reducing in that town. Hereafter I'll leave New York to the millionaire bootleggers.

The Most Disliked Man in Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

In fact, there is no shade of the color of life that he has not seen.

Ivan's intellectual life began early and he was keenly alive to impressions, deeply hurt by all he saw. How, then, has it affected him? What has it done to his mind? He will answer that for you. "I have now," he said, "a kindly, gentle, healthy, humorous *despise* for ninety per cent of the people in the world!"

And that is a deep seated cynicism, not the fake sort so prevalent in Hollywood. It is the result of intelligence subjected to horror. The qualifying adjectives before the word "despise" (his own, of course) take the attitude out of the dilettante class.

He has seen so much, has felt so much, has been so aware that it is a wonder there is an ounce of emotion left in him. And yet there is.

You wonder what this has to do with his being so disliked by men? There is a sturdy, sound reason. Men look at him and see the externals. They see a handsome face, slim, immaculately groomed body, a pair of dark eyes.

They feel the rest. They feel that kindly, humorous *despise*, that detached view he has toward life and they resent it.

Ivan could not be the good-pal sort. Men do not know what is going on behind his eyes. So they instinctively think the worst.

For Ivan is a beauty worshipper and a stigma is attached to any man who truly appreciates beauty. Above all else he hates the cheap, the vulgar. There is no point of contact between Ivan and the average man. He knows they resent him. Mind I say "average." He has many close men friends.

Yet he has been and continues to be a male Beatrice Fairfax. The very men who despise him do not hesitate to ask him for advice about women. Although ninety per cent of his fan mail comes from adoring *femmes*, the ten per cent of masculine letters seek his counsel. "What shall I do to make my girl care for me?"

Not long ago a pitiful fan letter was brought to his attention. It came from a gentleman whose *fiancée* had fallen in love with Ivan's shadow on the screen. The writer begged the actor to send the girl some personal message.

Even in Hollywood his advice on matters of the heart is sought. The men who hate him know that he has seen more and lived more than they, perhaps, ever will.

It is difficult to catch the spirit of such a complex person as Ivan Lebedeff. He is cynical, as I have said, basically cynical and yet, paradoxically, he is both romanticist and idealist. He misses none of the joys of life, none of life's beauties. And he is deeply thoughtful. No musical comedy count is Ivan, for he is the real thing, an aristocrat and, by the way, the last of his line.

He could have been, perhaps, as evil as Lucifer, but he has an innate desire to keep his hands clean, merely for his own personal satisfaction. And there is, within him, a deep revulsion for the sordid.

The adulation which is always given to an actor of his type means nothing to him since he has already known it. His contract with Radio Pictures, his great success in "Street Girl" and the great plans, starring plans, that the studio has for him, merely color his experiences. Yet he takes his work seriously.

He is amused at everything he sees about him and he takes people for what they are, expects nothing from them and is, therefore, never disappointed. The most hated man in Hollywood is one of the most charming. Hated people usually are!

PARIS BEAUTY EDITOR •

tells how to cultivate **LOVELY HANDS**
on less than **5 MINUTES A DAY**



CAMILLE DUGUET

*Directrice of Chiffons,
 smart French magazine, says:*

NOW, HAPPILY, the busiest woman can always have exquisitely cared for hands. She can have them easily, too . . . thanks to the wonderful modern manicure preparations. Among these is the new Liquid Polish that gives the finger tips a crystal brilliance—miraculously lasting!

"Fashionable women everywhere are using it because of its four advantages. First, it shortens the manicure. Second, just one application keeps the finger tips sparkling the whole week through. Third, it does not make the nails brittle. Fourth, it acts as a splendid protection for the nails.

"Every woman who wishes to be truly smart should give her nails this simple daily care. Scrub them in warm soapy water. Mould the cuticle with a cotton-wrapped orange stick saturated with cuticle remover. Then with fresh cotton, freshly saturated, cleanse the under-nail tips. Repeat this motion with dry cotton, and rinse the hands in clear water."

*The Manicure Method Women
 with famous hands are using*

1. *Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser—to mould the cuticle and cleanse the nail tips.* Scrub nails. Pass cotton-wrapped orange stick, saturated with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser, around base of each nail. With fresh cotton—freshly saturated—cleanse under each nail tip. Dry and cleanse with dry cotton. Rinse fingers.
2. *Cutex Liquid Polish protects and flatters the nails.* Remove all old polish with Cutex Liquid Polish Remover. Unlike many polish removers, it has none of the oiliness that necessitates rinsing. Apply Cutex Liquid Polish. Then use a tiny bit of Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil to keep the cuticle soft, and a touch of Nail White under the nail tips.

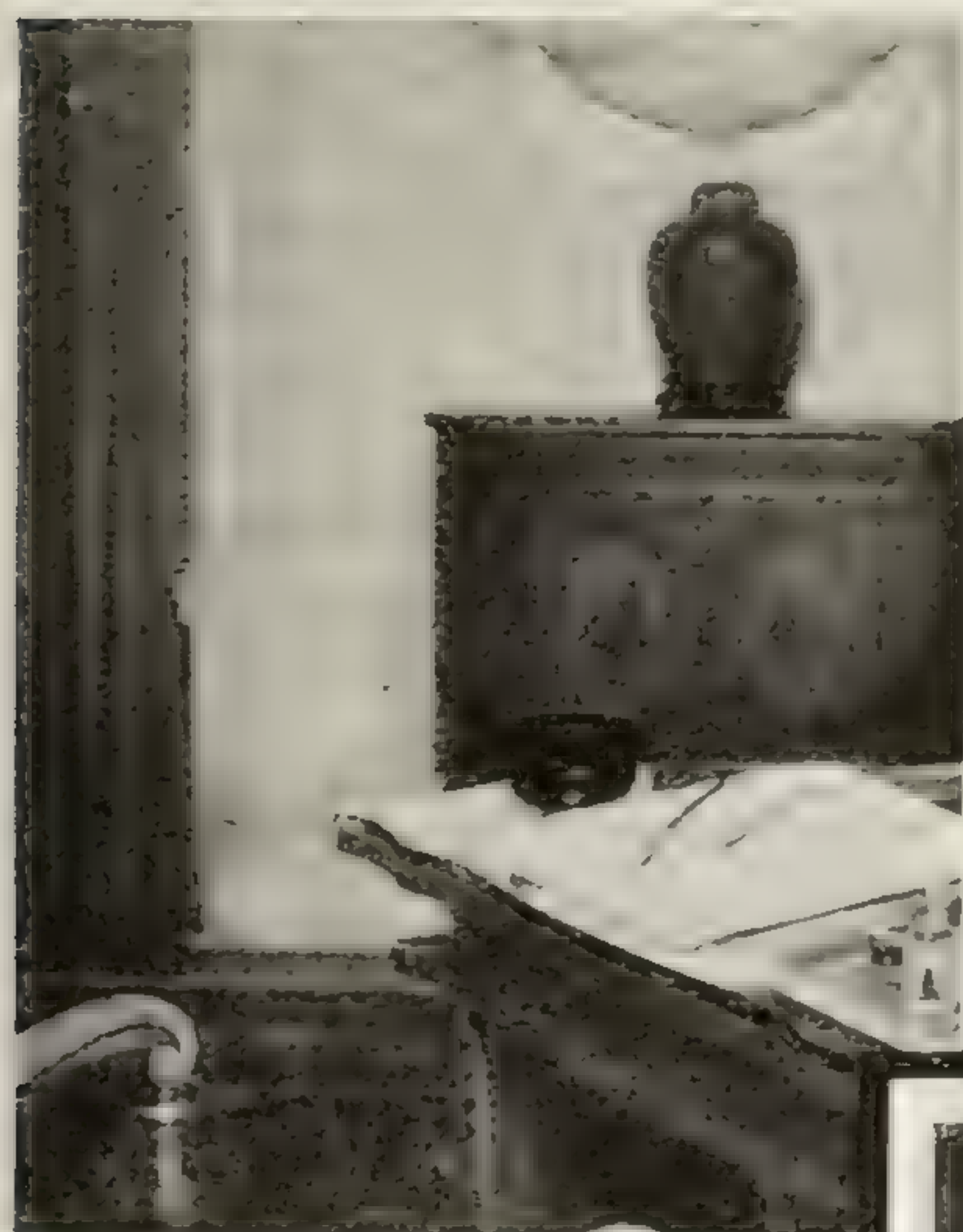
Cutex Liquid Polish (Natural, Colorless, Rose) and Polish Remover, 35¢ each. Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser, 35¢.

Cutex Perfumed Liquid Polish in 3 smart shades—Coral, Cardinal, Garnet, 35¢ each. Perfumed Polish and Polish Remover together, 60¢. Other Cutex Preparations, 35¢.
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SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER—12¢

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 191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.



At the BEAUTY SALON of PARK LANE, New York, they say, "Cutex Liquid Polish is insisted upon by our clientele. They also insist on Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser for trim cuticles and immaculate nail tips!"



So many smart women use it that it costs only 35¢ . . .

The Private Life of Greta Garbo

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

Spanish and Italian. There was a broad, low couch in front of the fireplace where Greta loved to lie and watch the crackling logs. There was only one picture in the room. That stood all by itself on a table in one corner. It was a large photograph of her brother.

"Her bedroom was on the ground floor. It had heavy walnut furniture. The bed, low and wide, stood upon a raised platform in the center of the room.

"She had hung several heavily embroidered Chinese robes on the wall. Numerous Chinese idols, from tiny affairs to one at least a foot high, stood all about her room.

"There was one on her bedside table of which she was especially fond.

"Greta's house was luxurious; quite a contrast to her clothes, which were generally plain. I have seen her but once in evening clothes. That was at Pickfair, at Mary Pickford's party for Prince George of England. Her escort was Jack Gilbert.

"Garbo recently moved into Marie Prevost's house, not far from the one she left, but the street cars, though several blocks away, annoy her.

"She is looking for a place at Brentwood, where the breeze comes fresh and clean right from the ocean."

"DO you remember the Christmas dinner you and your wife and I had out at Garbo's?" asked Sorensen, turning to John.

"I couldn't forget it, or the shopping expedition we four went on the day before Christmas," he laughed.

"First we went to one of the little knick-knack stores on Hollywood Boulevard. Greta was having a lot of fun buying 'jokes,' as she called them.

"She had selected a pair of ladies' garters for her business manager, Harry Edington, and some funny little ties for Feyder, when a woman took hold of her arm and whispered, 'Miss Garbo, I think you are wonderful!'

"All the laughter went out of Greta. She seemed to freeze. Turning to me she said, in German:

"'What does this good woman want of me?' and quickly added in an undertone, 'Let's get out of here.' That was the end of our shopping in that store.

"We passed a little candy shop and Greta went into ecstasies over a chocolate candy kewpie doll that stood in the window. 'Look at its fat little tummy! Isn't it cute! I must have it!' she exclaimed.

"But the owner of the shop declared it was not for sale. The doll had been made for their window display and there was no other. It still stands in the same window on Hollywood Boulevard.

"I wonder what would have become of it had Garbo been able to buy it.

"AS it was about two o'clock we crossed over to Musso-Frank's for lunch. Greta ordered a steak, French fried potatoes and a bottle of near beer.

"She usually eats a square meal and enjoys her food thoroughly.

"After lunch we walked down to a Chinese shop. That day she bought several long, heavily embroidered strips of satin to be hung on a wall. She selected two beautifully carved wooden dragons. Then she started bargaining over a couple of carved Buddhas. She went out of the shop and returned three times before she finally bought them. As we walked away she said, laughingly: 'You have to do it or they will cheat you every time.'

"Greta had her house decorated with holly and poinsettias on Christmas. The heavy vel-

vet draperies at the windows were tightly drawn and candles burned everywhere.

"Quite naturally, Garbo likes Swedish cooking. Her dinner was typically Swedish. It started with *smörgåsbord*, which takes the place of *hors d'oeuvres* in Sweden. There were twenty-two different dishes on that side table in the dining room. I know, for I counted them myself. All kinds of fish, pickled, dried and smoked. Several kinds of imported Swedish cheese—delicious hot dishes—tiny omelets—I can't recall them all. I think I sampled every one.

"After that came Greta's favorite dish, roast goose.

"There were vegetables, salad and Swedish bread. The dessert was Swedish apple cake.



Another studio displays its "new Garbo." Paramount uncorked Marlene Dietrich, and now Radio Pictures unleash this handsome young lady. She is a Russian, by name Katya Sorina, and came from Leningrad to dance on the New York concert stage

"After dinner Garbo passed around a glass of *achavitch*—a bit of pre-war Swedish liquor that some admirer had given her. It was like drinking liquid fire.

"'Let's all go for a swim,' our hostess challenged. Everyone dived into the pool. It is a wonder that all of us didn't die of cramps after that big dinner."

"The *achavitch* saved us," laughed Sorensen. "Greta got a great kick out of going for a swim on Christmas day.

"'Something worth writing home about,' she called out."

MENTION of Sweden started us talking about Miss Garbo's trip home last year.

"Things weren't the same to her," said Sorensen. "You know they never are after you have been away nearly four years. Most of her friends had married and many had moved away. One or two had died. Her sister, Alva, was no longer there to greet her.

"Alva was a beautiful girl, the youngest in the family. She looked much like Garbo, only she was smaller. Her complexion was like a rose leaf. Her lips the color of carmine, without the aid of lipstick. She was all sparkle and fun.

"Alva had made several pictures and was

very popular. One day she was injured in the breast in an automobile accident. In three months she was dead of cancer.

"GRETA'S brother is the oldest of the children—about thirty-two, I should say. He, too, resembles his sister, or she resembles him. And he, too, has been successful both on the stage and screen. After the world-wide fame of his sister, the company for whom he worked insisted on billing him as Sven Gustafsson-Garbo.

"Greta is devoted to this brother and her mother. She gives them every luxury. But I doubt if she will ever be contented to settle down in Stockholm again.

"Shesays, 'It is not like it used to be. Now my own people stare at me and follow me about the streets. There is not peace anywhere, it seems. Even *they* gossip about me. Ridiculous stories about my love affairs in Hollywood. Gossip goes on everywhere, I suppose.'"

"Greta has one burning ambition. It is to go on the stage in Berlin, Paris, Vienna, London. She wants to do heavy drama. I firmly believe that if she ever does she will be a second Bernhardt," said John.

"I believe that when her contract is up, in two years, Hollywood will have seen the last of her. Garbo generally does what she really wants to do, and she wants this more than anything else in the world."

"You know she has a splendid, deep, singing voice. Garbo loves music. She will play her phonograph for hours, especially some Swedish records which I brought her from Stockholm," added Sorensen.

"She likes Lake Arrowhead this time of year, for it is not crowded. The mountains and water always appeal to her. Last year she took a trip all by herself through Yosemite. Few people recognized her. She registered under the name of Norin. She wore colored glasses, pulled her hat down over her eyes, and rode and walked all over the place.

"Funny thing—she will never go horseback riding with any of us, even my wife, of whom she is genuinely fond," said John. "We have met her several times out at Bel Air where she usually rides. She looks very smart in her riding breeches and soft silk shirts. I thought she rode very well. Do you ever go with her, Sorensen?"

"I COULDN'T go with her if she asked me! You will laugh when I tell you why. I have horse fever. Not hay fever, but *horse fever*. Whenever I smell 'horse' my eyes water, my nose runs and I commence to sneeze and sneeze. It is quite horrible.

"We were down at 'La Quinta,' a desert hotel early this winter. Greta loved to get on a spirited horse and gallop over the smooth sand. One day a cowboy, who had charge of the stables, came into the lobby to talk to Garbo about her favorite mount. I immediately smelled 'horse.' Between sneezes I implored him to leave the room. He thought I was crazy. Greta laughed so hard she almost fell out of her chair."

"Greta loved to come to Malibu Beach, when we had a cottage down there last summer," said John. "At that time she and my wife met nearly every day to work on the German version of 'Anna Christie,' which Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer wanted Garbo to do after the picture was made in English. Garbo wasn't satisfied with the original German script and these two, Garbo and my wife, were rewriting it.

"Garbo always took a long walk up and down the beach in the late afternoon and then a swim for a half hour. She never missed watch-

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]

Even a Queen *couldn't get away with it*

NEVER more would Nahid, loveliest of the Ruman princesses, see the face of Darab, King of Kings.

He had stormed her Father's Province to woo and wed her. Now, by his command, she was leaving the great palace, a cast-off.

Oh, the ignominy of it, the disgrace, the heart-break. For in the brief months that followed their marriage she had come to love this bold, relentless warrior who had swept through Persia, bending Province after Province to his power, to make her his Queen.

With saddening clearness the memory of her wedding day came back to her . . . it seemed but yesterday . . . the golden litter in which she rode, a jeweled crown upon her head . . . the great nobles that escorted her, each with a gift . . . the camels weary beneath their burden of rich brocades and carpets . . . sixty bridesmaids in her train, each with a golden goblet in her hand filled with the royal jewels . . .

How happy she had been. Now like a criminal scourged from the city, she was being sent back to her Father. *For Darab had found her breath not sweet.* It was the one flaw in her loveliness. But it was the flaw Darab could not overlook or forgive.

CHAPTER IV OF THE SHAHNAMA, FIRDAUSI'S GREAT EPIC HISTORY OF PERSIA, DESCRIBES NAHID'S TRAGEDY THUS:

*"She was sleeping * * **

*All gems and colour, scent and loveliness.
But verily her breathing was not sweet,
And grew disgustful to the king of kings,
Who shrank and turned his head away from her
Upon the couch because her breath was foul.
The monarch of Iran was grieved thereat,
His mind was troubled, and his soul all care.
They summoned skilful leeches to Nahid,
And one of them, a shrewd and prudent man,
Examined till he found a remedy—
A herb whereby the gullet is inflamed,
Called in Ruman tongue 'iskandar.' This
He rubbed upon the palate of the queen,
And caused her eyes to water lustily.
The fetor fled away, her palate burned,
Her face shone like brocade; but though the Fair
Was sweet as musk, Darab had ceased to love her.
The monarch's heart turned coldly from his bride,
And so he sent her back to Failakus, * * **

That was in 120 B. C.—two thousand and fifty years ago. Today, halitosis (unpleasant breath) is still the unforgivable social fault, the offense extraordinary.



"AND SO HE SENT HER BACK TO FAILAKUS, * * *"

THE insidious thing about it is that its presence is usually unknown to its victim. Furthermore, halitosis is widespread; indeed, few escape it for the simple reason that conditions capable of causing halitosis are likely to arise at almost any time in the mouth.

Among its commoner causes are decaying or poorly cared for teeth, pyorrhea, catarrh, temporary digestive derangements caused by excesses of eating or drinking, and minor infections of the nose, mouth or throat.

The one way of making sure that your breath is beyond suspicion is to gargle with full strength Listerine every morning and every night and between times before meeting others. Because of its germicidal* power, Listerine first strikes at the cause of odors,

then overcomes the odors themselves. Even such hard-to-efface scents as those of onion and fish yield quickly to it. Keep Listerine handy in home and office. And carry it with you when you travel. It puts you on the safe, polite, and acceptable side. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

*Though non-poisonous, safe and healing in action, full strength Listerine is at the same time a swift and powerful germicide. Repeated tests show that it kills even such stubborn organisms as the *Staphylococcus Aureus* (pus), the *Bacillus Catarrhalis* (catarrh), and *Bacillus Typhosus* (typhoid) in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds (fastest killing time accurately recorded by science).—Advertisement

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natural color?
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Like Nature's Own Glow

Men admire youthful, healthy color. Certainly! They want your lips to look Natural . . . not a greasy smear of glaring, flashy color!

Tangee is entirely unlike any other lipstick. It contains no pigment. Magically it takes on color after you apply it to your lips. It is like a glow from within . . . a blush so natural that it seems a part of the lips. And Tangee never rubs off or looks artificial.

Based on a marvelous color principle, Tangee blends perfectly with your own natural coloring, no matter what your individual complexion!

Tangee Lipstick, \$1. The same marvelous color principle in Rouge Compact, 75¢ . . . Crème Rouge, \$1. Face Powder, blended to match the natural skin tones, \$1. Night Cream, both cleanses and nourishes, \$1. Day Cream, protects the skin, \$1. Cosmetic, a new "mascara," will not smart, \$1.



SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET
(Six items in miniature and "The Art of Make-up.")

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The Private Life of Greta Garbo

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90]

ing the sun sink behind the ocean. 'Such a wonderful sight,' she would say. Often she would sit all alone for nearly an hour watching the waves break.

"We had no maid down there and Greta would go in the kitchen and help my wife cook a steak or fry ham and eggs. After dinner, we all did the dishes together and then went into the living room, lighted the logs in the big fireplace, and sat about and talked. Around nine o'clock she was ready to go home.

"MY wife thinks Garbo is one of the finest girls she has ever known. There is no pose or pretence about her. She likes a pauper as well as a prince. Strangers, even though they are world famous, mean nothing to her.

"One day my friend, Clive Brook, 'phoned. 'I know this is rather a funny thing to ask of you, John, but Ramsay MacDonald, Jr., is in town, you know, and he is most anxious to meet Greta Garbo. Knowing that you are a friend of hers I thought you might be able to fix it up!'

"I answered that I would be glad to do it if I could, but knew that it would be useless even to ask. Clive said, 'Well, after all, it really doesn't matter, for he will meet her at the dinner that M-G-M is giving for him the last of the week!'

"In a day or so someone at the studio finally got Garbo on the telephone. When asked to attend the dinner to be given for the son of the prime minister of Great Britain, she replied, 'I'm sorry. I can't. I'm sick,' and click went the receiver.

"She really suffers when among strangers. She declares that she will go out with them no more. It is a fact that she cannot act with strange people watching her on the set.

"Garbo sincerely wishes that the public would let her alone. She feels that after she gives all that she has to a picture she is entitled to this freedom. She doesn't understand that an actress cannot crawl back into a shell after she has taught the world to worship her.

"She gets literally thousands of fan letters and never answers any of them. It would be impossible for her to read them all. She only reads those with foreign stamps.

"Right now, she is getting letters from Swedes all over the world, criticizing her for playing the part of a 'bad woman' in 'Anna Christie.' 'You will make the whole world think that all Swedish girls are bad' is the gist of these complaints. 'Why did you pick out such a part?' they ask.

"Of course, this is unfair. In the first place, Garbo doesn't choose the pictures she is to play in. Secondly, an actress is called upon to play all sorts of characters. And because a picture shows up one poor Swedish girl as 'bad' is no reason why all of them should be classed as such. Greta laughs at that sort of letter," said John.

Both Sorensen and Loder agree that Mauritz Stiller was the one and only great love in Greta Garbo's life.

She still mourns for the man who started her to fame in pictures.

It is easy to see that Sorensen is infatuated with Garbo, but he knows that there is not a chance for him. He is satisfied to pal around with her. No doubt, she is glad to have one of her countrymen, whom she likes, always at her command.

But Sorensen is not a prince, neither is he a childhood sweetheart. He is the son of a millionaire box manufacturer of Sweden. The family residence is in Stockholm. He says he first met Greta while she was attending the Royal Dramatic School in his home town. He knew her sister and knows her brother and mother well.

"I neither wanted to sell boxes nor make them," he said, with a shrug of his shoulders. "So I was trained for the diplomatic service. But I am only twenty-four years old, the same age as Garbo. I am not ready to settle down. When Greta told me so many intriguing tales about Hollywood and the film colony, I was determined to come over and see what it was all about. A friend of my father, the head of a big steamship company, presented me with a round trip ticket to California via South America.

"The trip took fifty-five days. It was three weeks before we made our first stop. All of us on board started out as strangers. Before the journey was over, we were a little world all of our own, with scandals, love affairs, jealousies and quarrels going on between us.

"When the boat docked at San Diego, the captain asked me to send Miss Garbo a telegram inviting her to come to dinner on ship-board upon our arrival in San Pedro. She did. Some reporters got hold of that telegram and I was besieged by interviewers.

"I FLATLY denied that I knew Garbo or that I had sent the message. As they had nothing to write about me they put in a long article about the 'Valentino of Sweden.' This gave Garbo and me a lot of laughs.

"I have not been outside of California and I am looking forward to crossing the United States and seeing New York. I will probably be seeing it soon, as my passport expires in September and I expect to sail from that port.

"I enjoyed the bit of directing I did as assistant to Jacques Feyder. I think I would enjoy work behind the camera but never before it. As I said before, I do not know what I want to do."

This is Garbo's supposed prince—the mythical sweetheart of her childhood. He is really a nice young lad who has travelled thousands of miles to be near the lady of his heart. He, himself, has no idea of what will become of him.

NEXT month I am going to tell you, in PHOTOPLAY, of the remarkable couple who managed Greta Garbo's first home in Hollywood, for in a community of unusual people, hers is the most unusual of all lives; of Garbo's lonely, strange, and almost weird manner of living; of Garbo's adventures in outwitting people who tried to force themselves upon her; and of the one, silver-framed photograph of a man that adorns her dressing table.

It is positively the only story ever told of the real private life of this famous woman.

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Eat the proper food; use Pepsodent twice daily; see your dentist twice a year. That is the ultimate as modern science sees it.

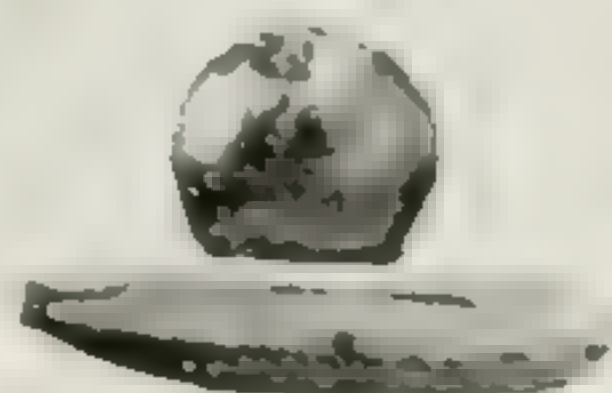
1

Follow the diet below



From one to three eggs, depending on age of individual.

Raw fruit and fresh vegetables you like.



Head lettuce, cabbage or celery.



1/2 lemon mixed with orange juice to make 1 pint.

One quart of milk every day.

2

Use Pepsodent twice a day



3

See your dentist twice a year



A PROMINENT professor of a large university finds that the natural resistance to decay and gum disorders can be greatly built up by the proper diet. The most common ages of tooth decay are during the period of growth. Here is the diet he recommends for you and your family, depending upon age for the quantity.

Do these things

Every day one quart of milk; eggs; head lettuce, cabbage or celery; lemon juice mixed with orange juice, and as much raw fruit or fresh vegetables as you like.

Every day, too, you must remove



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is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . to cause unsightly discolorations on enamel. It must be removed twice daily.

from your teeth a cloudy film that coats them. Film is that slippery coating you can feel with your tongue. It sticks like glue and ordinary brushing fails to remove it effectively. Film absorbs the stains from food and smoking. It turns teeth dull and dingy.

Your dentist will tell you that when Pepsodent removes film from teeth it plays an important part in the prevention of decay and other troubles.

Eat the proper food. Use Pepsodent twice a day. See your dentist at least twice a year. That is the surest way modern authorities know to lovely, healthy teeth.

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They asked the most questions about him this month

Questions & Answers



They asked the most questions about her this month

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

GARY COOPER, acclaimed so highly for his work in "The Virginian" and "The Texan," goes to war in his latest picture. It is "The Man from Wyoming," and he goes to France to fight. June Collyer is his leading lady.

LUPE VELEZ, despite all rumors and denials, still seems to be Gary's favorite flower.

JOHN BOLES is married to Marcelite Dobbs and has two cute little daughters. Arthur Lake and Dorothy Sebastian are each 25 years old. Mary Brian stands 5 feet, 2 inches, and weighs 109 pounds.

NINA MAY MCKINNEY played the part of the little flapper in "Hallelujah."

NANCY CARROLL put her first big dramatic rôle over with a bang. Her work in "The Devil's Holiday" added legions of fans to her already large following. Nancy was born in New York City just 23 years ago. She has red hair and blue eyes. Married to Jack Kirkland and has one small daughter. Her next picture will be "Laughter," in which Frederic March is the hero.

HELEN (POOP-PA-DOOP) KANE is a native of the Bronx, New York. She is 5 feet, 2 inches tall, weighs 117 pounds. Confesses to 22 years of age. She was christened Helen Schoder.

WILLIAM HAINES has gone "Western," and how! His latest picture is "Way Out West." Leila Hyams bosses the ranch in this picture.

RUDY VALLÉE's ancestors on his father's side were French and on his mother's Irish.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY's latest big "Love 'em and Marry 'em" rôle is in "Our Blushing Brides."

DAVID MANNERS—another favorite topic this month. David hails from Halifax, Nova Scotia. He is 28 years old, 6 feet tall. His latest release is "Sweet Mama." Alice White is the "Mama" in question.

WILLIAM POWELL is divorced from his wife, Eileen Wilson. They have one young son.

BEN TURPIN has been looking at the "cock-eyed world" for the last 56 years. He is appearing in vaudeville at this writing.

NANCY DREXEL, cute blonde of 20 years, is a product of li'l Old New Yawk. She is 5 feet, 2 inches; tips the scales at 100 pounds and has brown eyes.

JOE E. BROWN, of the elastic pan, is about 38 years old. He is married and has two sons.

DOROTHY MACKAILL, a gift from Hull, England, was born March 4, 1904. She is 5 feet, 5; weighs 112 pounds. Has blonde hair and hazel eyes. Divorced Lothar Mendes, director, in August, 1928.

RICHARD ARLEN, in private life, Richard Van Mattemore, is a native of Charlottesville, Va. He is 31 years old, 5 feet, 11½ inches tall, and weighs 155. Has dark brown hair and blue-gray eyes. Married to Jobyna Ralston.

BUDDY ROGERS' kid brother, Bh, has now been christened Bruce. He is under contract to Paramount.

JOHN BARRYMORE did his own oratory work in "General Crack." Alice White is 23 years old and still single.

DAVEY LEE travels under his own monicker. None of the Lee girls are related to him. Just to prove it—Lila Lee was formerly Augusta Appel; Dixie was Billie Wyatt; Dorothy was Marjorie Millsap and Gwen was Gwendolyn LePinski.

JACK OAKIE, pronounced *Oh-Key*, will be 27 years old in November. He is still fancy free.

GARY COOPER, the lanky boy from Helena, Montana, is 29 years old. His altitude record is 6 feet, 2 inches. He made his first big hit in "The Winning of Barbara Worth," by playing the part of *Abe Lee*.

BOB STEELE, favorite of many "Westerns,"

played a dual rôle in "Laughing at Death."

RAMON NOVARRO's latest offering is "The Singer of Seville." Ramon has been in pictures since 1917.

NILS ASTHER's latest is "The Sea Bat." It's Nils' first talkie.

REX INGRAM is Alice Terry's first and present husband. They were married in 1921.

JAMES KIRKWOOD was married to Gertrude Robinson in 1916. They were divorced in 1923. Lila Lee, his second wife, has just divorced him. They have one son about 6 years old.

EL BRENDAL was the funny Swiss in "Sunny Side Up." And he hails from Philadelphia, Penna.

RALPH GRAVES wrote the original stories of "Flight" and "Submarine" as well as acted in them.

DOROTHY JORDAN, according to the height and weight record, is 5 feet, 2, and weighs 100 pounds; Claudette Colbert, 5 feet, 4; 105 pounds; Fay Wray, 5 feet, 3; 114 pounds, and Bernice Claire, 5 feet, 2½; 116 pounds.

MARJORIE WHITE, that little bundle of pep, is just 4 feet, 10½ inches tall. She hails from Winnipeg, Canada.

INEZ COURTNEY and Frank Albertson were the cute youngsters who played in "Spring Is Here." Larry Gray and Alexander Gray, not related, were also in the picture.

JOAN CRAWFORD was contributed to the screen by Texas. Among other stars from that state are Mary Brian, Corinne Griffith, John Boles, James Hall, Bebe Daniels and cowboy Tom Mix.

LEW AYRES portrayed the rôle of *Paul* in "All Quiet on the Western Front." David Manners was *Raleigh* in "Journey's End."

KAY FRANCIS is just 5 feet, 5 inches tall. She claims Oklahoma City as her home town.

JAMES KIRKWOOD had the male lead in "The Wise Guy." H. B. Warner played the part of *Stephen Sorrell* in "Sorrell and Son." Many fans mistook H. B. for Lewis Stone in that picture.

CHESTER MORRIS first saw the light in New York City, February 16, 1902. He is 5 feet, 9; weighs 148 pounds. Has dark brown hair and gray eyes. He is married to Suzanne Kilborn and has one young son. And another young visitor is expected soon!

PHOTOPLAY is printing a list of studio addresses and the stars located at each one. Read it, on page 110, before writing to this department. In writing to the stars for photographs PHOTOPLAY advises you to enclose twenty-five cents, to cover the cost of the picture and postage.

Clear, soft, skin

IF YOU USE MY HEALTH BRINGING METHOD



LET MY MANNEQUIN AND HER SIX STARS PROVE THAT

"Only a healthy skin can stay young"

by **Frances Ingram**

- ★ **THE FOREHEAD** — To guard against lines and wrinkles here, apply Milkweed Cream, stroking with fingertips, outward from the center of your brow.
- ★ **THE EYES** — If you would avoid aging crows' feet, smooth Ingram's about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward, beneath eyes and over eyelids.
- ★ **THE MOUTH** — Drooping lines are easily defeated by filming the fingertips with my cream and sliding them upward over the mouth and then outward toward the ears, starting at the middle of the chin.
- ★ **THE THROAT** — To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover with a film of Milkweed and smooth gently downward, ending with rotary movement at base of neck.
- ★ **THE NECK** — To prevent a sagging chin and a lined neck, stroke with fingertips covered with Milkweed from middle of chin toward the ears and patting firmly all along the jaw contours.
- ★ **THE SHOULDERS** — To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, cleanse with Milkweed Cream and massage with palm of hand in rotary motion.

Of all the beauty questions my daily mail brings, the most frequent is this, "How shall I keep my skin clean, clear and free of blemishes?"

And I am always elated to answer this question! For my Milkweed Cream is remarkable for the way it cleanses and clarifies the complexion.

The Milkweed method is simplicity itself, for every application of my cream does more, far more, for the health of your skin than any other cream possibly can. While its delicate oils cleanse the pores of impurities—its special toning ingredients act as a marvelous corrector of skin faults. Blemishes and aging lines are defeated and swiftly your complexion becomes clear, soft and altogether lovely.

Here is my special method: At the six places starred on my mannequin, scrutinize your skin for blemishes and coarseness, for lines and wrinkles. You will know then

exactly where the health of your skin needs my cream.

Begin Tonight with this Swift Sure Method

First, apply Milkweed Cream generously upon your skin (preceded by bathing with warm water and pure soap if your skin is oily). Leave the cream on for a few moments to allow its special cleansing and toning ingredients to penetrate the pores. Then carefully pat off every bit. Next, apply a fresh and lighter film of Milkweed Cream and with upward and outward strokes pat gently into the skin at the six places starred on my mannequin.

Under the care of this special method, your skin will improve wonderfully—soon it will have the silky softness and clarity that are the rightful attributes of health. You will find Milkweed Cream at any drug or department store. It sells for 50¢, \$1.00 and \$1.75.



INGRAM'S Milkweed Cream

FRANCES INGRAM, Dept. A-90, 108 Washington St., N.Y.C.
Please send me your free booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young", which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

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Street _____

City _____ State _____

Let's Drop In *and* Gossip With Old Cal York!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]



Underwood and Underwood

Ever see Claire Windsor look younger and prettier than this? She's dashing at us down the sand at a Long Island beach club. Phil Plant, Connie Bennett's ex, is now her beau

Rushes have revealed that Jim Tully has a voice at least as high-pitched as his!

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, SR., and Jack Whiting were both under consideration for parts in the same picture.

The senior Fairbanks, as everyone knows, is the father of Doug Fairbanks, Jr., while young Whiting is his step-papa, having recently married Beth Sully Fairbanks, mother of Doug, Jr.

Joan Crawford, who has appeared in "Our Dancing Daughters," "Our Modern Maidens" and "Our Blushing Brides," suggested that an excellent title for a picture featuring both Fairbanks, Sr., and Whiting would be "Our Dancing Daddies."

WHEN Jeanette MacDonald was talking to her boy friend over long-distance telephone to New York, he asked her what he



Preston Duncan

back seat of the car and embarked on their honeymoon, driving themselves. From the Biltmore they went on to Del Monte where they spent a week at the beautiful Del Monte Hotel, following which they went south to Agua Caliente for the remainder of their bridal trip.

The wedding was not without exciting incident.

A distinguished German photographer who had postponed his return to Berlin to stay over for the wedding at Bebe's personal invitation and take pictures of the ceremony with his special speedy-lens camera, was unceremoniously ejected by attendants who mistook him for a newspaper photographer.

When the error was discovered by Bebe it was too late.

THE Daniels-Lyon wedding was a great affair—for everybody but the florist who decorated the hotel.

He had contracted to do the job for \$500. When he had the \$500 worth of flowers and things placed, he decided it wasn't enough, and that it'd be a bad ad for him.

So he improved it. When the job was finished, it had cost him \$1,000.

THE story is now going the round that Jim Tully, hobo novelist and professional tough guy, is no great shakes as an actor. Tully recently got himself on the front pages of the nation's newspapers by socking John Gilbert on the nose.

Then followed a big reconciliation act which wound up with Tully being signed to play a part in Gilbert's picture, "Way for a Sailor." The result, naturally, being lots of free publicity for everyone concerned.

Now, however, it is being whispered about that Mr. Tully is not an unqualified success in the talking cinema.

In fact, there is more than a possibility that "Way for a Sailor" may be remade with the pugilistic Mr. Tully conspicuous by his absence.

John Gilbert, so the yarn goes, is laughing up his sleeve.

Da-dum-de-dum! Da-dum-de-dum! It's the wedding march for Charles Edward (Just Call Me Hoot) Gibson, Western star, and his pretty young bride, Sally Eilers. They were wed at Hoot's big ranch

could bring her when he came to Hollywood.

She said, "Oh, some of the ice-cream that I like so well."

Now, he didn't laugh that off like the average boy would have done.

Instead, he went down town and purchased a quart of the ice-cream which she likes best, and just before entering the plane in New York, he had it packed in forty pounds of dry ice and brought it all the way through to Los Angeles.

When the plane arrived, Jeanette was there

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]



THEY ACQUIRED AVOCADOES

♦ ♦ ♦ AND COOLER SMOKE

Fortunate, these people of means and mode . . . their tastes keenly keyed to detect new enjoyments. It is these people who first detected the utterly unique offering brought into their circle by Spud . . . who sensed at once that cooler smoke meant a new, heightened tobacco enjoyment . . . that it would lift the old restraint on their tobacco appetite. And so, they instinctively accept Spud and 16% cooler smoke as today's modern freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Incorporated, Louisville, Kentucky.

MENTHOL-COOLED

SPUD CIGARETTES



At Last The Great Broadway Hit Comes To The Talking Screen

GOOD NEWS

with
Bessie LOVE
Mary LAWLOR
Stanley SMITH

Cliff
EDWARDS
Lola LANE
Gus SHY



A greater, more complete, more realistic production of this sensational musical comedy than was possible on the stage. "GOOD NEWS" brings you the soul of college life—its swift rhythm, its pulsing youth, its songs, its pep, its loves, its laughter—crowded into one never-to-be-forgotten picture. A cocktail of hilarious, riotous entertainment!

What a cast! Bessie Love, of "BROADWAY MELODY" fame; Gus Shy, who starred in the Schwab & Mandel Broadway presentation;

beautiful Mary Lawlor, also one of the original cast; Cliff Edwards with his magic ukulele; Stanley Smith, Lola Lane, Dorothy McNulty and a campus-full of cute co-eds and capering collegiates.

Marvelous music by De Sylva, Brown & Henderson. "The Best Things in Life are Free", "The Varsity Drag" and others. Mirth! Melody! Speed! That's "GOOD NEWS"!

Scenario by Frances Marion—Dialogue by Joe Farnham
Directed by Edgar J. MacGregor and Nick Grinde

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER



"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"

Let's Drop In *and* Gossip With Old Cal York!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96]



Acme

Ten years married, and still very happy, thank you. Mr. and Mrs. James B. Regan spending a few merry holidays at the seashore in Virginia. In other words, Alice Joyce, playing hooky from the studios, spent a pleasant vacation in the East with her husband. They are still pals and partners after a decade together

IT WAS just by the merest chance of fate that Norma Shearer made that grand picture, "The Divorcee."

One day Sylvia, the masseuse, came to treat Norma and brought a book along. It was called "Ex-Wife." "You ought to read this," said Sylvia.

Norma looked at the book. She didn't like the title. "I've never liked the word 'wife,'" she said later, "and an 'ex' in front of it made it even worse." But she glanced through it anyhow and it impressed her as possible picture material. And that's how come "The Divorcee."

YOU remember Baclanova who not so long ago married Nicholas Soussanin. You will be pleased to learn that she is very soon to have an addition to her family.

This will probably arrive about the time you are reading this.

OLD CAL raises his cramped right hand and solemnly swears that he will never again recount the marital bliss of any Hollywood couple.

Now take, for instance, Lina Basquette and Pev Marley. If ever it seemed as if here was an ideally matched pair—but lookee what's happened! Lina and Pev have separated.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

to meet him and he immediately produced ice-cream, cake, spoon, etc., and they sat right down and ate it.

Now you know why Mr. Ritchie has so completely won this beautiful girl over.

RAOUL WALSH has a traditional reminder to make to his players, just before the scene begins. "All right now, and don't play 'Hamlet.'"

MORE about Maureen O'Sullivan!

When she first came to Hollywood she was just a little Dublin Cinderella. But it was all one of those great big publicity stunts. As a matter of fact, she was a well-to-do society girl. Maureen couldn't quite live up to her off screen rôle, so she sold the funny clothes she first wore (frugally enough) and resumed her rightful expression.

She has moved into an elaborate Hollywood apartment and is being taken up by the younger set. Billy Bakewell has professed the most undying of passions for her, at which Maureen simply shrugs her shoulders. Even the studio employees believed her to be a simple country maid.

The first time she smoked a cigarette on the lot six stalwart men fainted. Fox, by the way, is planning upon starring her.

BEE LILLIE—LADY PEEL to you—tells this one with gestures. It seems Bee attended three separate and distinct parties in three separate and distinct Hollywood homes.

Each time the door was opened by the same butler, a tall, majestic being with a lordly manner. Each time he bowed low and in the same suave tones murmured, "Good evening, Lady Peel." The third time it happened Bee decided she was being haunted. Nervously she approached the host and asked him how long his butler had been with him.

"About two hours!" was the calm answer. "We rent him by the evening on special occasions!"



Here's a cute gadget for the old-fashioned girl who still believes in carrying emergency mad-money, and for the young lady on shopping bent. Raquel Torres demonstrates a handy change carrier concealed under the flap of a handsome modern purse

Let's Drop In *and* Gossip With Old Cal York!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99]



These nice old gentlemen would never have believed what the talkies have done to the stage! Three of the theater's great veterans meet in Hollywood. Left, Otis Skinner, making a talkie of "Kismet." George Arliss, center, in his "Old English" make-up. At the right, Wilton Lackaye

The final fadeout has come for this grand veteran of the screen. Anders Randolph died in Hollywood at the age of sixty. His picture work began with old Vitagraph, twenty years ago



They're still, true to the Hollywood faith, "awfully good friends." They still insist there will be no immediate divorce.

Lina blames it all on the fact that, because of her second marriage, she was separated from her baby and that she wants to be with that child. Pev is non-committal. The fact remains they have separated.

THIS has been a great open season for lawsuits. Everybody in Hollywood who is anybody has either sued or been sued. If you haven't been involved in a good rousing lawsuit you just haven't any social standing in Cinema Town. Listen to this list:

Lupe Velez was sued by an agent; Mack Sennett was sued by a songwriter; Harry Langdon was sued by his wife's former husband; Harold Lloyd was sued by an author; Francis X. Bushman sued a film company.

Not to mention the ever present divorce actions which flourished more luxuriantly than ever. The John McCormicks (Colleen Moore), the James Cruzes (Betty Compson), the James Kirkwoods (Lila Lee) and the Ernst Lubitsches have all told it to a judge within the past few months. Have you a little lawsuit in *your* home?

TOM MIX learned about the elopement of his daughter, Ruth, and her marriage to Douglas Gilmore.

"Well, it's an ill wind that blows nobody good," said he as he instructed his lawyer to file action so he could discontinue the \$250 a month allowance he was paying her.

UNIVERSAL has on its payroll one of the highest paid actresses on the screen. The young lady plays the title rôle in "The Little Accident" at a salary of \$10,000 a week—and she can't speak a word!

Her name is June Dwan Smith, she is three weeks old and she was signed by Universal at the not-at-all exorbitant salary of \$75 a day. However, the State Industrial Welfare Committee decreed that a working day for the diminutive Thespian must not exceed twenty minutes.

Figuring at the rate of eight hours actual



working time the baby is receiving a bigger salary than most of the big-time stars. The \$75 for 20 minutes would add up to \$1,800 per day for eight hours—or \$10,000 a week. What a baby!

ANOTHER chapter in the strange history of motion pictures could be written about "Slim" Summerville. "Slim," in the old days, was a member of that famous law and order group, the Keystone Cops. After that he was a well-known comedy director.

When the screen let forth its first infant wail it was the beginning of slim days for "Slim." For a long time work was pretty conspicuous by its absence. Then came his excellent performance in "All Quiet on the Western Front." He has been busy ever since, and has rôles waiting for him. Now he is playing a featured rôle in "The Spoilers."

"Slim" still looks hungry, but then he always will.

IN THE first place a movie star has no business having house guests. Charlie Farrell has about come to that conclusion himself. His house is full of fraternity brothers from his college days in Boston.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]

Look out, the beaches are full of pirates! But if they're as cute as this, who cares? Mary Doran, of M-G-M, shows off the new beach boot. It's meant to keep sand from the tootsies



This is the garment of action

A free and unfettered body, not hampered for any activity by its underdress, is a real demand of the sports-loving woman of today.

Kickernick fits the body snugly in all positions.

A clever tuck at the thigh, a long back and a short front, give utmost freedom and do away with the baggy ugliness of the ordinary garment.

It has swept America with phe-

nomenal success and has become the mode of the day.

New! A foundation garment fitted to every inch of bust measurement from thirty-two to forty. Also made with French cuff.

In many styles, colors, materials, it sells in better shops at popular prices.

Or send today for booklet to Winget Kickernick Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Kickernick

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Let's Drop In *and* Gossip With Old Cal York!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 103]

Charlie would like to play around, too and show them the sights of cinematic village, but he's hardly seen them. He's playing the rôle of the tough carnival barker in "Liliom," and the picture has progressed slowly. The fratres will probably have to depart before Charlie can take off his make-up.

And, incidentally, a deep, underground source says that Charlie is having trouble feeling "that way" about Rose Hobart, his leading lady in the picture. Rose is beautiful but cool. Hers is the rôle originally intended for Janet Gaynor.

THE most business-like star in Hollywood is—no, not Norma Shearer, not H. B. Warner, not any that you would really suspect. Surprise! Surprise!

It is that gay, light-hearted Parisian, Maurice Chevalier. Maurice is never even so much as two minutes late for appointments. He can always be completely depended upon. He has a little black note book that is never far from him. It is not like the general run of little black books in the film colony.

For in it he writes down every appointment for the day, planning them all out to the split second.

LYDELL PECK is not just Mr. Janet Gaynor!

He was given a job in the Paramount scenario department, you remember, after his marriage to Janet.

"Pooh!" said the wise Ikes, "it's just a courtesy job, so he can be near his beloved!"

Not so! Word now comes that Peck has been promoted to an associate producership under Lloyd Sheldon. Congrats, Lydell!

CHEVALIER has settled down in Hollywood and become one of the home folks. The French Prince Charming and the missus have leased the Beverly Hills home of King Kennedy, a young stage actor.

HARRY LANGDON, the baby-faced comedian, who started out to rival Chaplin and Lloyd and went into a tailspin when he tried to manage himself and his pictures like they do, has just saved \$15,000.

He won a lawsuit against a chap who claimed Langdon stole the affections of Mrs. Harry Langdon.

The comedian's wife was formerly the other fellow's *frau*.

BEBE DANIELS announces that she is NOT a Lucy Stoner. The other day she went into a shop and the sales lady asked her,

"What do you prefer to be called, Miss Daniels or Mrs. Lyon?"

"Why, Mrs. Lyon, of course," said Bebe, much annoyed!

AND now Paramount is billing Jack Oakie as "America's Joy Friend."

HEART throbs of the month: Dolores Del Rio being taken around by Cedric Gibbons, the sartorially perfect art director for M-G-M.



The poor lady at the upper end of this tremendous train is poor Bebe Daniels, with Everett Marshall in "Dixiana." If she didn't have the help of eight chorus girls, she'd fall down those stairs and break her neck. And we can't have Bebe's neck broken just now—nor can Ben Lyon!

Colleen Moore, Hollywood's gayest divorcee, going to parties with Willis Goldbeck, the most woman-shy young writer in town.

IRENE RICH was explaining to an interviewer that she had never tried to make herself younger than she was. "I think there is a certain dignity in being one's own age," she said. "I've always tried to act and dress accordingly."

"You're right," the interviewer said. "Why, you don't look a day over forty."

Imagine his confusion when he discovered that Miss Rich is just 38!

ACCORDING to the whispers you hear at Embassy luncheon tables, the Mary Astor option will be allowed to lapse at Paramount. This is a bit surprising to the villagers since Mary has come back into her own in no uncertain manner.

She scored in "Ladies Love Brutes," and was particularly effective in the Pathe production of "Holiday."

But Paramount, not having rôles on hand, has been farming Mary out to other studios at a neat profit.

Since rôles continue to be lacking they are letting her go. It is just another case of what Hollywood calls "the breaks."

IT seems as if that long, lanky guy from Montana sometimes called Gary Cooper is the big shot over on the Paramount lot.

He has certainly picked off all the plums this year.

"The Spoilers" is his first big one, then comes "Morocco," which everybody hopes will be a second "Beau Geste" and—ah-ha, what's this—a picture to be called "The Fighting Caravan" which, so they say, will be the biggest picture Paramount has made since "The Covered Wagon."

It's very much like that old epic and will have Tully Marshall and Ernest Torrence in the cast.

If this Cooper doesn't make good he can't blame it on stories.

WHEN Eleanor Boardman's and King Vidor's first baby, Antonia, was born, Eleanor was sure it would be a boy. She had selected nothing but a boy's name. She would have it no other way.

But the fates were against Eleanor.

Now the second baby is born.

This time, Eleanor beamed, it would be a boy.

She simply couldn't stand it if it weren't.

When the baby arrived the doctor said, "Well, Mrs. Vidor, it's another girl."

"Are you sure?" wailed Eleanor. "Oh, doctor, are you sure?"

ONE of the gorillas in "Ingagi," that synthetic film of life as it isn't in Africa, sued for his pay in the Los Angeles courts.

His name is Hilton Phillips, and he's a colored boy. He told the court he was hired for \$6.50 a day to be an African native in the film, later promoted to the gorilla division, given a fur suit, and told to make a big monkey of himself.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]

Hollywood's Magic Beauty Secret . . .

Color Harmony
MAKE-UP

WINNIE
LIGHTNER
Featured in Warner Bros.
Technicolor Pictures . . .
"Gold Diggers of Broadway"
and "Hold Everything."

. . . Revealed in Technicolor Pictures
Now Ready For YOU!

In Society Make-Up, Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, Gives to You, and Everywoman, the Beauty Magic of Cosmetics in Color Harmony. Discover How to be More Beautiful Than You Really Are. See Coupon Below.

OUT of the motion picture world which is Hollywood comes the most revolutionary beauty discovery of the age . . . color harmony in make-up individualized for every type in blonde, brunette, red-head and brownette. Powder, rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow . . . the complete ensemble called Society Make-Up . . . to blend with every variation in complexion coloring. Created first for the stars of the screen by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up King.

Now you, yourself, may discover what wonders this new kind of make-up will do to enhance your beauty and emphasize the charm and fascination of your personality.

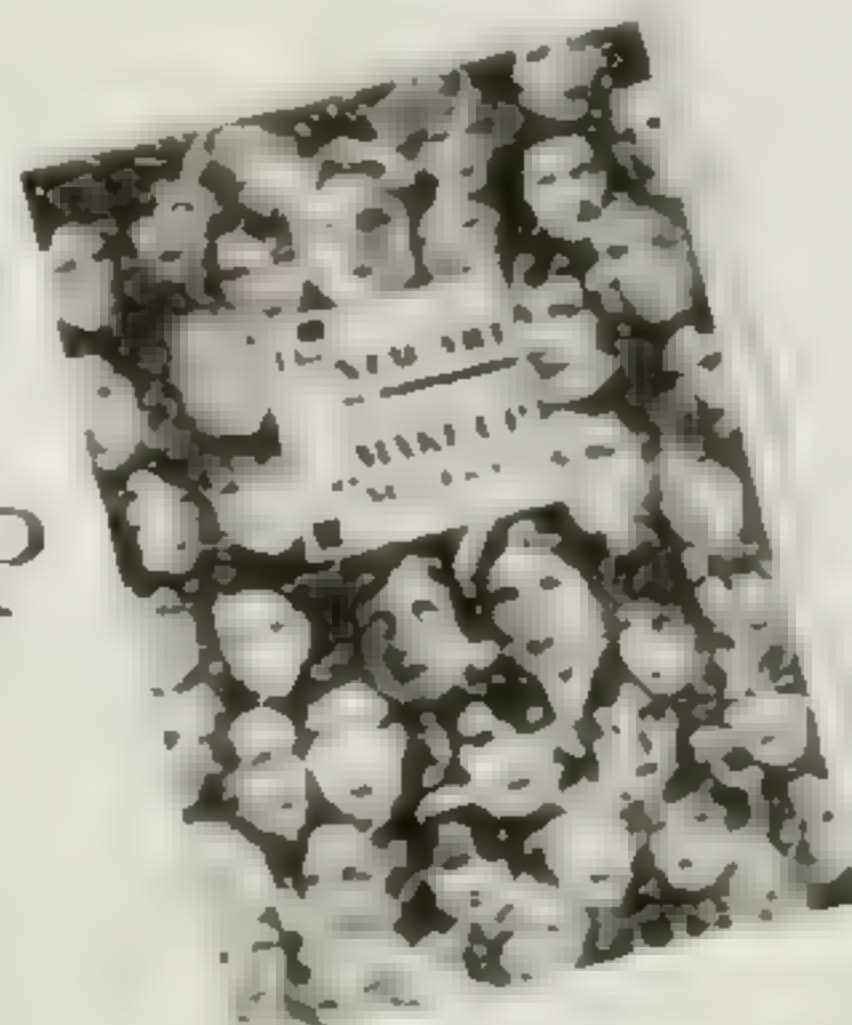
Before your very eyes, in hundreds of feature pictures, you have seen its magic influence in creating faultless beauty. Now in Technicolor Pictures you see this beauty glorified in natural color.

Imagine the utter perfection of make-up by Max Factor used exclusively in all big Hollywood studios, in all Technicolor Pictures, and by 96% of all Hollywood's Screen Stars.

Colors in powder, rouge, lipstick, etc., so alive with natural beauty as to give a new radiance to the star herself. Texture so fine as to blend undetectably with the skin. Adherent qualities so wonderful that make-up appears always as a part of nature's artistry. And the make-up ensemble so lovely in color harmony, so exquisitely emphasizing every natural bit of beauty that even the blazing motion picture lights, bright as the sun, cannot find a flaw to expose to the searching lens of the camera.

MAX FACTOR'S *Society* MAKE-UP
"Cosmetics of the Stars"
HOLLYWOOD

96% of all make-up used by Hollywood's Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's.
(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)



VIVIENNE SEGAL
Featured in Warner Bros.
Technicolor Pictures . . . "Golden
Dawn" and "Viennese Nights."

MARIAN NIXON
Featured in Warner Bros. Technicolor
Pictures . . . "General Crack" and
"Sweet Kitty Bellaire."

BETTY COMPSON
Warner Bros. Star, featured in "Show
of Show" and Max Factor, Hol-
lywood's Make-Up King, approving the
correct color tone in Max Factor's Rouge

When you see a Technicolor Picture, you
see the magic of Make-Up by Max Factor

What a revelation in new beauty your own color harmony in Society Make-Up will be to you. And Max Factor, who for twenty years has been personal make-up advisor to Hollywood's stars, will analyze your complexion and chart your own individual color harmony, for both daytime and evening wear, in Society Make-Up. A priceless beauty gift for the asking . . . just mail coupon.

MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 1-9-26
Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 48-page book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up", personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of COMPLEXION COLOR CHART of postage and handling

Name _____

City _____

State _____

Answer with Utmost Care

Let's Drop In *and* Gossip With Old Cal York!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102]

He claims he never got paid for it, and thinks it was worth \$20 a day.

AND now Charlie Chaplin has an inkling of how it feels to be hanged. And there's an angry, red, rope-burn on his neck!

It all happened while he was filming a fight scene for "City Lights." He was boxing in a prize ring with Hank Mann, the comedian. Action called for the two battlers to wrestle their way to the bell rope which one of them was to pull. Rehearsals went fine.

When they tried it with the cameras humming, the rope got twisted around Charlie's neck. As Mann flung him about, the rope tightened and then pulled. If you've ever slid down a rope when you were a kid, you know how a rope can burn.

So does Charlie.

THE boy grows older. Buddy Rogers has changed from "America's Boy Friend" to "The Deb's Delight." And Old Cal hopes Rudy Vallée won't feel offended.

While he was working at the Paramount studio on Long Island, Buddy stepped out in the evening with some of New York's best social registries.

But he always had a far-away look in his eyes. He had a bad case of home-sickness for Hollywood, and maybe June Collyer.

WE TOLD you a long time ago that ZaSu Pitts adopted the son of Barbara LaMarr.

In addition to this she has a little girl of her own and now she has adopted four more children. Here's an actress who finds time to play outstanding rôles and at the same time play mother to six children at home.

Not such a bad record!

TO CAL this is the best news of the month. Renee Adoree is better!

That valiant little trouser who has never complained about anything was taken to a sanatorium some months ago. For awhile she was getting along splendidly and then she had a pretty bad set-back, but she is at home now and is looking better than she did before she went to the hospital. The doctor says she should be up in a month or so.

THE tough life of a movie star—Dick Barthelmess, having finished "Adios," will be off on the high seas and far places again. This time, he plans to devote months to a personal close-up of Europe, India and the Orient.

IT HAS taken Hollywood a long time to get over the shock of the divorce of Ernst and Helene Lubitsch.

Mrs. Lubitsch, in her petition, charged that her husband, the great director, was "ninety-nine per cent in love with his work, and had no time for home." Other allegations concerned temperament and hard words and harsh names.

She got her decree, and a property settlement was made out of court. But Hollywood was stunned by the affair. They had seemed

BELIEVE this!

A prominent film producer was thumbing a magazine, idly hoping to find a girl for his pictures. He saw a photograph of a tall, dark, slender girl who seemed to drip personality.

"There's the girl!" he shouted, pushing buzzers. A wire was sent to New York offering her seventy-five dollars a week for one picture.

Well—the actress happened to be Katherine Cornell, one of America's foremost stage stars. That's all. That's enough.



The first picture of Mrs. James (Lucille Webster) Gleason as a big film executive. She's an associate producer at Columbia—the first woman in Hollywood history to hold this big job. She began her supervising on "Sisters," and is now in charge of "Ladies Must Play"

THE greatest entertainment plant in the history of the world is planned for New York City.

It is to cover three city blocks between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, in the upper Forties and lower Fifties. It will cost \$250,000,000. It will be headquarters for all forms of modern electrical entertainment—radio, television, talking pictures.

It will contain no less than four theaters. One, a 7,500-seat house, will offer variety. A 5,000-seater, will present talkies. There will be a theater for musical comedy, and one for drama.

S. L. Rothafel, the famous "Roxy," will, it is reported, supervise the theater end.

What a project! Something heretofore undreamed by mortal man!

THE announcement of Bebe Daniel's wedding date was the signal for a series of showers given for her by her many friends. Most of them took the form of very swanky parties at the homes of said friends and Bebe received enough super-loot to start a fair sized department store.

A particularly elegant linen shower was given at the home of Mrs. Sadie Murray. Guests arrived bringing gorgeous table cloths, luncheon sets and embroidered towels.

But the prize package was turned in by William Collier, Jr. Buster, the old funster, brought two towels bearing the label "Roosevelt Hotel" in large letters.

AS SOME studio wit said, "You have to know a person very well in Hollywood to know his first name."

THOSE who dance might as well make up their mind to pay the piper, only Mary Brian has been paying the doctor.

Mary, who has been taking up tap dancing, slipped and fell. She sprained her ankle. Now she's going to confine herself to croquet.

very placid and happy during their Hollywood life.

They were married in Berlin in 1922.

HOWARD HUGHES, Hollywood's most militant millionaire, is at it again. The \$4,000,000 he spent for "Hell's Angels" and the other odd millions for other matters, haven't even begun to bend him. Now he's going to build a color film laboratory for some \$500,000, he announces.

And all the Hollywood wisecrackers rise as one and chorus: "Aha! He's going to retake 'Hell's Angels' in color, hah?"



Posed by David Manners
and Frances Dade, Radio
Pictures' stars.

More Enthralling *than mere beauty*

*This elusive fragrance
adds a charm that is
mysterious . . . irresistible*

YOU would hardly believe that any one new thing like a tantalizing, mysterious perfume could make such a difference in a man's attitude toward a girl. Especially a girl he has known as long as Dick has known me.

Dick is the most wonderful man I ever met. And just so boyish and friendly we all adore him—Mother and Dad and the kids, too. But for a long time he seemed just to *like* us all.

I tried in dozens of ways to make him aware of ME—everything I could think of to make myself prettier, more attractive. For, of course, I was falling more in love every time I saw him.

And finally I resorted to that most subtle and feminine lure of all—a delicious new perfume. How carefully I selected that

Delicious, haunting Ben Hur perfume in a lovely case of rose and silver—large size \$3.00.

You, too, can have this mysterious charm. The haunting fragrance of Ben Hur perfume and delicately scented powder can be obtained at any toilet goods counter...make its enchantment your own.



fragrance from the myriad odors which the clerk showed me! There was something about Ben Hur so haunting, so enchanting that it cast a spell about me.

I had only to breathe its delicate fragrance to feel a new and delightful personality—very feminine, mysterious, alluring.

Sometimes I think it was the delicious appealing fragrance of Ben Hur itself which won Dick. But more often I think it was the new ME which developed under the spell of its mysterious haunting sweetness.

This wonderful Ben Hur fragrance comes in perfume and in face powder. Make its magic your own! Get it at the counter where you buy your cosmetics—you'll be amazed at the moderate price—or send for the trial samples offered in the coupon, if you want to test it before buying.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

The Andrew Jergens Co., 5017 Alfred St.
Cincinnati, Ohio.

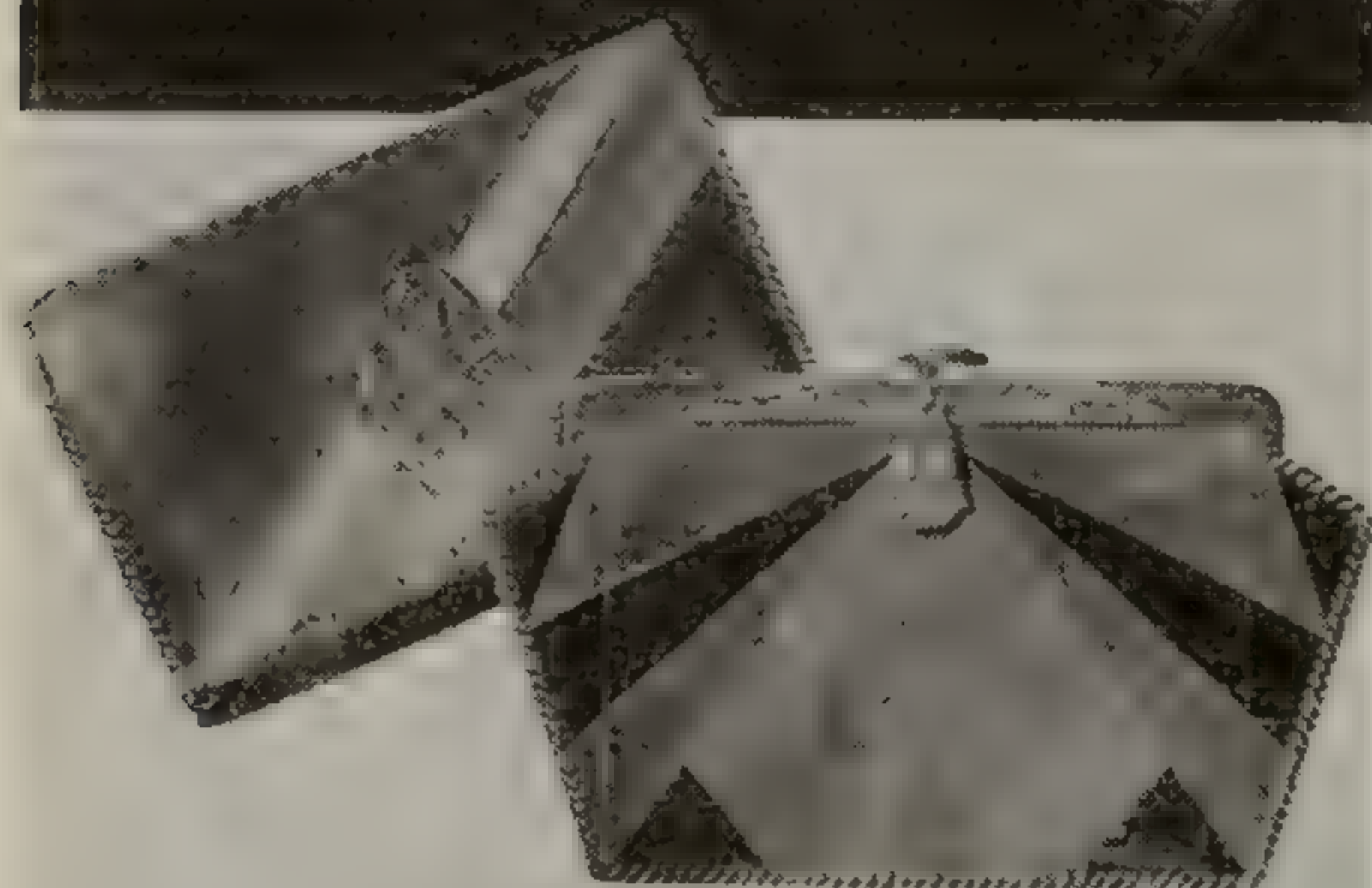
Enclosed is 10¢ for which please send me special trial samples of Ben Hur perfume and face powder.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

Beauty plus Personality



You'll find both
CHARMING BEAUTY and
PURSE PERSONALITY in
the New Fall Styles of

MEEKER MADE R

*Fine Leather
Handbags and
Underarms*

No longer can Beauty conquer... rise to successful heights, single handed. The woman's rule of today... for either private or professional life upon the stage or screen... demands Beauty plus Personality.

The same holds faithfully true for women's dress. There must be a definite Personality in clothes, shoes, purses. Meeker-Made fine leather handbags and underarms meet these modern demands with beautiful, as well as durable, fashionably designed fine leathers plus a delightful Purse Personality. These features also are true of Meeker bill folds, key cases, cigarette cases, lighters, etc., for men.

See the new fall creations at your Jeweler's, the better Department and Drug Stores and at leading Leather Goods' Dealers.

THE MEEKER COMPANY, INC.
JOPLIN, MO.

The Best Records from New Pictures

By Maurice Fenton

THE recording companies who go heavily for picture hits and picture voices have fallen down on us this month.

They've given us a thin list. The one number, as we arpeggio to press, which has given the most satisfaction among the new group is another John McCormack recording of the "Song o' My Heart" batch.

This is the famous "Little Boy Blue" song, based on Eugene Field's everlasting little lyric. It has been recorded before in the pre-electrical days, but in the new recording it has been tremendously popular, and I recommend this as one of the most touching of the new discs.

However, I am going to step away from pictures for a second to present one record made by a lad who made but one full-length movie, and yet is being talked about and listened to by picture fans everywhere.

That, of course, is Rudy Vallée. The titles are pretty hard to take, and the songs themselves are not too hot, but for the thousands who like the crooner they are acceptable.

Here's the record—

A Song Without A Name	Rudy Vallée	Victor
My Heart Belongs to the Girl Whose Heart Belongs to Somebody Else	Rudy Vallée	Victor

SWING HIGH

With My Guitar and You	Ben Selvin's Orchestra Don Azpiazu's Havana Orchestra	Columbia Victor
There's Happiness Over the Hill	George Olsen's Music	Victor
Shoo the Hoodoo Away	George Olsen's Music	Victor

Some of the gay numbers from this big Pathe circus picture here make their appearance. Let me recommend the Cuban boys' recording as being of particular interest. Full of dash, and an unusually smart arrangement. Watch for more from this single! Its songs are its best bet.

FROM here on, owing to the lassitude of the recorders, I am going to list some songs from well-known current films, in their new recordings. They require little or no comment. If you liked a song in a certain picture, you may find a record of it here.

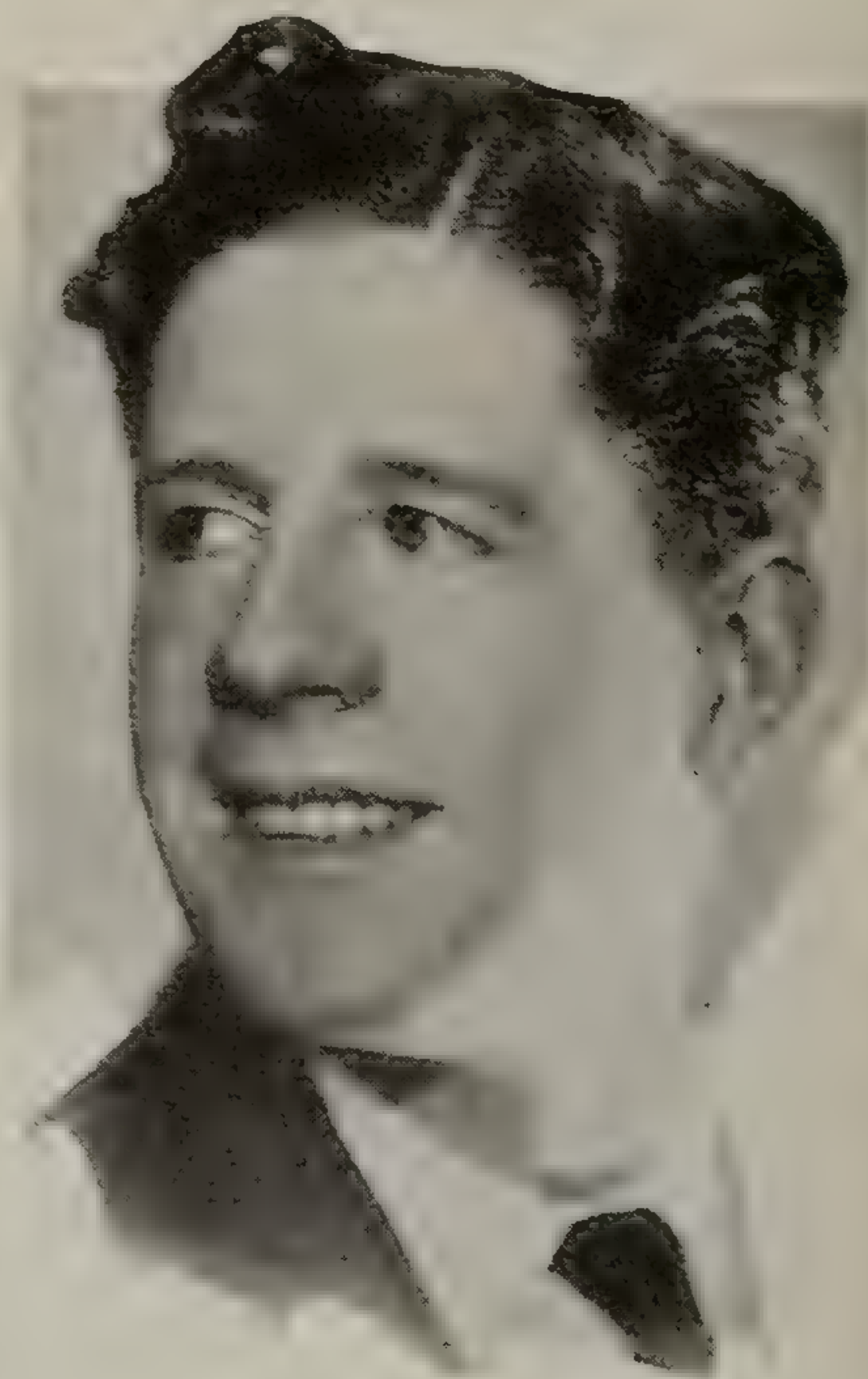
FLORODORA GIRL

My Kind of Man Ethel Waters Columbia

You know Ethel Waters' brand of hot singing if you're a record fan. This is it. 'Nuff sed.

CHEER UP AND SMILE

Where Can You Be?	Jack Smith	Victor
You May Not Like It	Jack Smith	Victor



He Records Two New Songs

"The Whispering Baritone" is back on the wax after a long absence, this time in a Fox picture. The vaudeville and movie house and record favorite is still whispering in his famous confidential style. He doesn't accompany himself any more, but bears down on his whispering.

As you remember, this fellow was a recording sensation five years ago.

He's still there, using numbers from his film début.

MOVIETONE FOLLIES OF 1930

Here Comes Emily Brown	Charleston Chasers	Columbia
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GOOD NEWS

If You're Not Kissing Me	Nat Shilkret's Orchestra.	Victor
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Shilkret is at his best in a number from this musical hit, and Shilkret's best is plenty good.

QUEEN HIGH

Seems to Me Lee Morse Columbia

This Paramount picture gives this number, with Lee, the famous girl crooner, bearing down.

HIGH SOCIETY BLUES

I'm In the Market for You	Johnny Marvin, tenor Haring's Orchestra	Victor Brunswick
Just Like a Story Book	Haring's Orchestra	Brunswick

If you liked the Farrell-Gaynor film, you'll like these.

VACATION SPECIAL



With FREE TRAVEL PACKAGE
of six MODESS COMPACTS
satisfies all summer requirements

THE new Modess Compact was especially designed to assure the inconspicuousness so necessary with sheer, closely fitting gowns. To introduce the convenience of Modess Compact to every woman, we are offering our new Travel Package of six Compacts, price twenty-five cents, free with every purchase of two boxes of regular Modess at the special price of 79 cents.

Most women have found that their summer requirements are best satisfied by regular Modess for ordinary use, with a smaller supply of Modess Compact for special occasions and traveling.

No doubt you know how soft, comfortable and absorbent is regular Modess. Modess Compact is

equally comfortable and efficient but is much thinner. The Travel Package of six takes up so little room as to go nicely in dressing case or week-end bag—a real convenience for vacation. That is why this attractive offer is called "Vacation Special."

This "Vacation Special" offer permits you to learn at our expense the superiority, greater comfort and convenience of Modess and the new Modess Compact.



VACATION SPECIAL

2 Boxes Regular Modess	
12 in each Box	90c
1 Travel Package	
6 Modess Compacts	25c
	\$1.15

ALL for **79c**

MODESS COMPACT *for snugly fitting summer gowns*

Modess Compact is simply regular Modess, gently compressed. There is no sacrifice of safety or comfort, yet you enjoy an assurance that there is no unsmoothness of line.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., U. S. A.

World's largest makers of surgical dressings, bandages, Red Cross absorbent cotton, etc.

Charming—
self-confident



Moments that Matter:

... when you raise your arms to pin back a stray lock—and your dress is sleeveless ... When the tiny lamp on a "table for two" shines full on your bare fore-arm ... when you cross your knees and realize suddenly that your sheer hose are so transparent ...

You can meet such moments with non-chalance if your skin shows no trace of ugly superfluous hair.

The most pleasant modern way to keep your under-arms, fore-arms and legs free of fuzzy growth is to use

DELA-TONIE

The White Cream Hair-remover*

Easy to use as cold cream, Del-a-tone actually removes hair *safely* in three minutes or less. This snowy *white*, faintly fragrant cream hair-remover, leaves your skin satiny smooth ... alluringly soft. Use Del-a-tone for daintiness—it will enable you to meet the public gaze with poise. Send coupon below for generous trial tube.



Removal of under-arm hair lessens perspiration odor.

*Perfected through our exclusive formula.



Del-a-tone Cream or Powder—at drug and department stores. Or sent prepaid in U. S. in plain wrapper, \$1. Money back if desired. Address Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Co. (Established 1908), Department 89, 233 E. Ontario Street, Chicago

1929 sales of Del-a-tone Cream reached a record volume—four times greater than any previous year. Superiority—that's why.

Trial Offer

Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Company
Dept. 89, Delatone Bldg., 233 E. Ontario St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me in plain wrapper prepaid, generous trial tube of Del-a-tone Cream, for which I enclose 10c.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

Clip and Mail
TO-DAY

Ten Years Ago in PHOTOPLAY

TOMMY MEIGHAN was the reigning star of the summer of 1920—oh, those curls and that Irish smile!—and he rates the outstanding story of the September issue of PHOTOPLAY.

One of those good old-fashioned stories, it is—an interview with Tommy on what he thinks of caveman lovemaking, then a very live subject with the lads and lasses, in those droll and naive days after the war.

Tommy begins by saying that he doesn't know anything about women, having been adoringly married to one of them for so long. Then come such epigrammatical gems as "The primitive is the last resort of the cultured," which is no bad crack, either.

"And what defense is there against caveman tactics?" asks the interviewer.

"Only one," opines Tom, "a sense of humor."

Ah, styles in stories change! These days a story about Tom Meighan would say that he has a mole on his right elbow, drinks nothing but mentholated milk and never eats pretzels in bed!

SOME potent fan-pullers among this month's pictures.

A Mary Pickford film is an event, in 1920, and the curly one gives us "Suds" this time.



The screen's first great "Mme. X." Pauline Frederick in the famous part, in the picture shown during the summer of 1920

She plays a little laundry drudge with all the youthful pathos that made her famous and beloved in the golden days. Husband Fairbanks presents his admirers with "The Mollycoddle," in which Doug is an expatriated American in Monte Carlo. Wallace Beery does the usual fighting with the bounding Fairbanks, and Ruth Benick is the heroine.

But the most distinguished picture of the month is "Madame X," in which Pauline Frederick performs magnificently, with young Casson Ferguson playing her lawyer son.

Of course, no one could dream that a decade later Ruth Chatterton was to make a talking picture of this old play that was to be a sensation over the world!

IN the rotogravure gallery this month are the following—Sylvia Breamer, Wanda Hawley, Roberta Arnold (then wife of Herbert Rawlinson), Bessie Love, Irene Rich, Dorothy Devore and Enid Bennett. ... A story on

the Binney girls, who came from Boston society to the stage and the screen and then disappeared into matrimony. ... And a page of pictures of Mae Marsh and her two sisters, Leslie and Mildred. ... We interview William Desmond's baby—an infant a few months old. ... Stories and photographs of our stars run in cycles ten years long. Here's a page of pictures of Gloria Swanson, and it's titled "She Changed Her Coiffure." If we could count up how many times she's done that in the last decade, and magazines have printed it, we'd all be startled!

ONE of our prize pieces, this month, is called "Society in the Films." It tells how Mrs. Morgan Belmont, a New York society woman, played a bit in Griffith's "Way Down East."

Old Fox Griffith has always been great on this sort of thing. He has liked to get society names and faces into his pictures—he made one in England, cast almost entirely with blue-bloods of the realm.

Our story mentions, jokingly, the possibility of society folk going in for the films in a big way. Fortunately, nothing of the sort has ever happened. Genuine society people have never done anything worth mentioning in pictures. And after all, no one can do quite as good a job of acting as a man or woman whose livelihood it is!

HERE'S an interesting story!

It's about a young man named Frank Borzage—twenty-seven years old, with curly hair and a romantically cleft chin—who has just directed a sensationally successful picture called "Humoresque."

That picture, you remember, won the first PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal. It started Alma Rubens, Gaston Glass and others toward greater film fame. And it made goodness knows how many women cry.

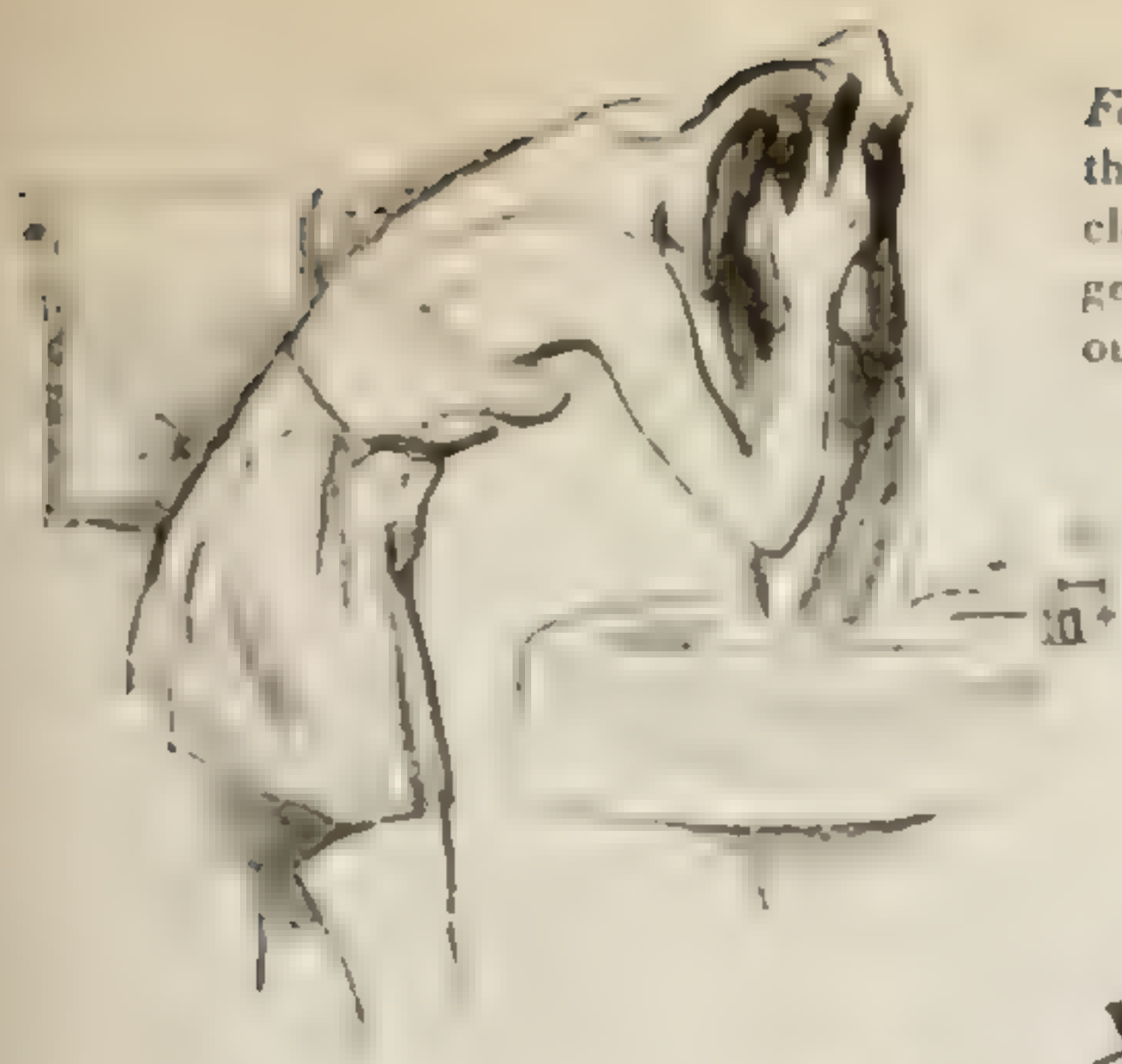
Frank Borzage. Ten years on the heights. He is now one of the ace men at Fox—trusted with delicate and difficult jobs, like making a romantic motion picture starring a concert tenor. Maker of "7th Heaven," another Gold Medal winner. A little balder, and ten years older—but still one of the best picture men alive. Not all Hollywood's chosen fade fast. There's Frank Borzage.

ONE of our fictionized film stories this month is "The Scoffer." It's the one about the atheistic surgeon whose faith "comes surging back" when the operation on the sweet little kiddie is a success. James Kirkwood is the scoffing surgeon, and the leading lady—the late Mary Thurman, newly risen from the ranks of the Sennett bathing beauts. ... Odd caption on a picture of Norman Kerry. It says he was bound to succeed with a name like that, and that he supported Uncle Sam as a soldier in the World War. Odd—because his real name is Norman Kaiser! ... Some of the pictures of the month—"The Return of Tarzan," with Gene Pollar as the wild boy. ... William S. Hart in "Sand," Tom Moore in "The Great Accident," and Jack Pickford as a Western hero in "A Double-Dyed Deceiver."

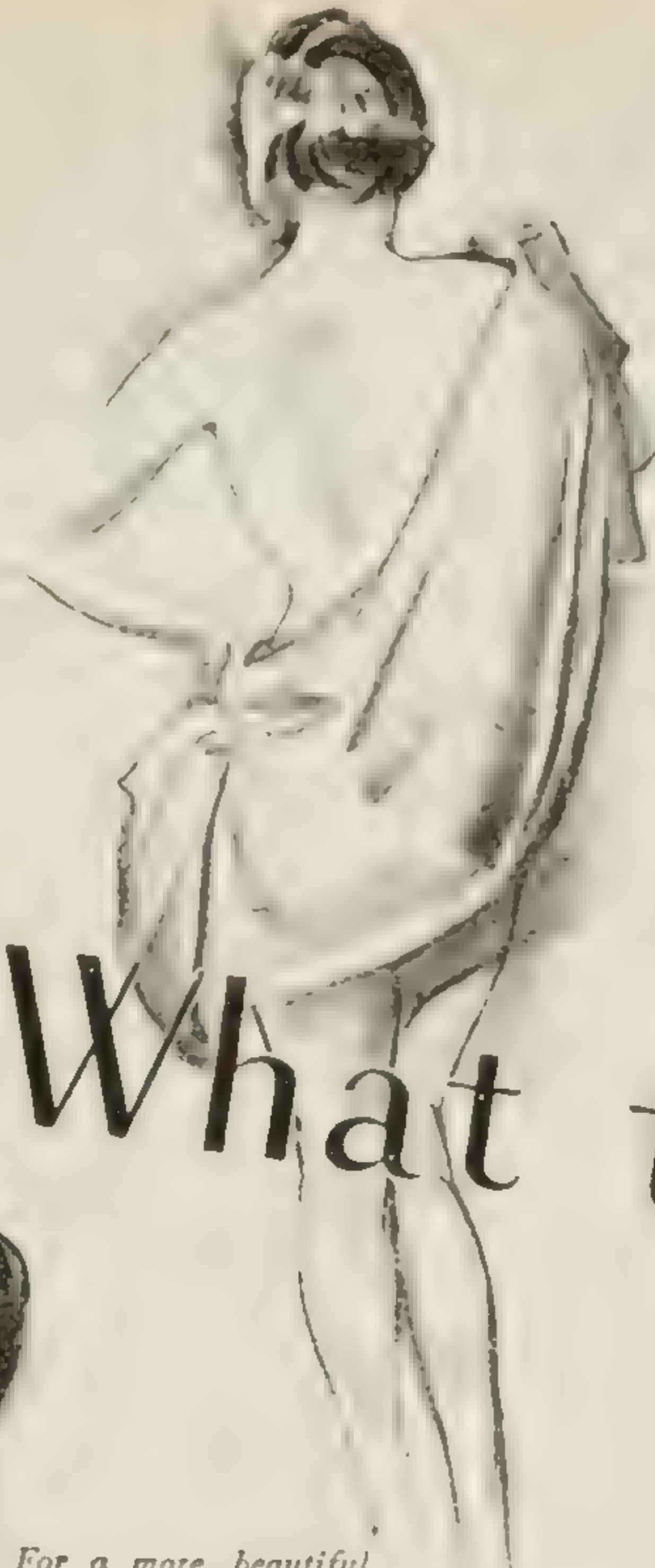
WE tell the story of a quiet wedding that took place at the Church of the Heavenly Rest, New York, not long ago.

It joined Richard Semler Barthelmess and Mary Hay in the bonds of holy wedlock, and only the intimate friends of the pair were invited. Reporters and photographers were decidedly *not* welcome!

Well, the marriage lasted a few years, and blew up. Both these nice kids have since remarried—Mary to a young Englishman named David Bath, who is now a reporter on a New York tabloid newspaper.



For highlights in your hair, the chief requirement is cleanliness . . . frequent, generous shampoos. (See our booklet).



To help keep away wrinkles, and flabby flesh, scrub lustily with your wash cloth, make of your toweling an exercise.



For a new smart look to your clothes, put on nothing that isn't crisply clean.

What to do?

What to do?

When elbows are dark and roughened, the remedy is simple: soap-scrub this unloveliness away.



For a more beautiful complexion, try some of the many suggestions in our booklet, "The Thirty Day Loveliness Test."

WHAT TO DO?

For better times, to look your best, just take a bath. Here's vigor, verve, vivacity; beauty, poise, and charm.



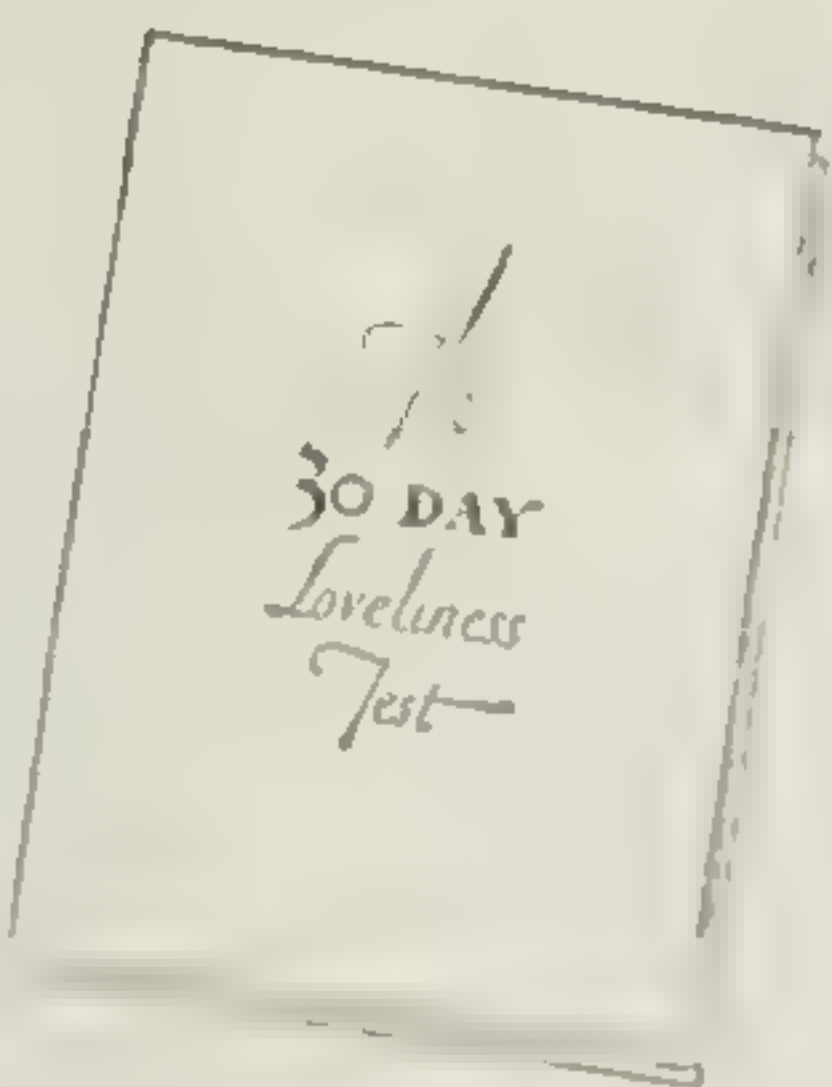
To have beautiful hands, never wash them casually. Scrub them well. Rinse them thoroughly. Dry them completely. (See booklet).

The way to loveliness is in this book

There IS a way to loveliness . . . a way that anyone may take. And its cost . . . only a little effort on your part . . . an earnest wish that you may become a happier, more charming, and better liked person.

What is loveliness? Let's see if we can't list some of the precious ingredients. First, isn't loveliness a quality of "inner spirit," made up, in turn, of things like pride in self, and confidence? (Here, surely, is the truest source of poise and personality).

Next, isn't loveliness better health . . . disclosing itself in many ways, as in skin that is clear and tinted naturally, hair that has a luster, and eyes a sparkle. Third, loveliness undoubtedly is charm of dress . . . style, neatness, immaculacy.



Loveliness is all and principally these things. Don't you agree?

Then possibly you will also hold with us that right in your own home, in your bath tub and basin, in your laundry bag and dresser drawer, are vast possibilities for you of greater loveliness.

But where to start! What, precisely, to do! Isn't that the big problem?

Feeling sure that it is, we urge you to send for "The Thirty Day Loveliness Test," a new and a different kind of beauty booklet. For here are easy instructions . . . and a definite program to follow. Mail the coupon promptly, for a free copy of this most unusual booklet.

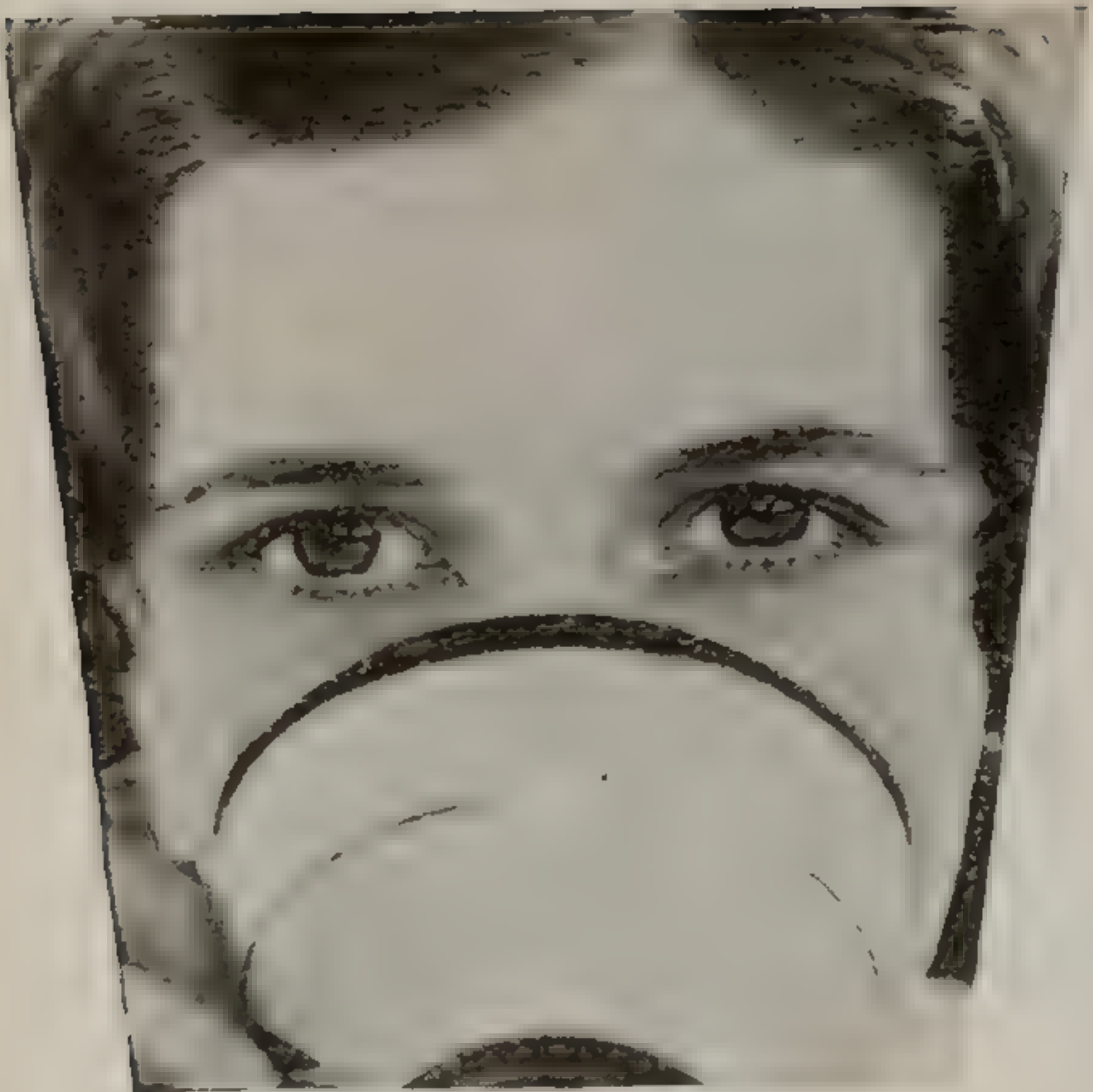
CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE

Established to promote public welfare by teaching the value of cleanliness

45 EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Important: Perhaps you also would be interested in "The Book About Baths," or "A Cleaner House by 12 O'Clock." These, too, are free . . . a part of the wide service of Cleanliness Institute.

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE, Dept. P-4,
45 East 17th Street, New York, N. Y.
Please send me free of all cost "The Thirty Day Loveliness Test."
Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....



IT KEEPS EYES CLEAR

There's no excuse for dull, bloodshot eyes when a few drops of *Murine* each day will keep them clear and bright. It dissolves the dust-laden film of mucus that makes eyes look dull, and speedily ends any bloodshot condition resulting from late hours, over-use, crying or prolonged exposure to the elements.

This soothing, cooling lotion is entirely free from belladonna and other harmful ingredients. 60c at drug and toilet counters.

MURINE

FOR YOUR
EYES



A New Perfume!

The most exquisite perfume in the world, send for sample—sells at \$15 an ounce and worth it. Rieger's Flower Drops—made without alcohol; made direct from the essence of the flowers themselves. The most refined of all perfumes, yet concentrated in such a manner that a single drop of the delicate odor lasts a full week. Hence, an absolutely superior odor becomes economical at \$15 an ounce! Never anything like this before!

Send for Sample

Other Offers

Direct from us or at dealers.
Bottle of flower drops with long glass stopper containing 30 drops, a supply for 30 weeks.

Lilac, Crabapple \$1.50
Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet, \$2.00
Black Velvet Perfume sample offer, 1 oz., \$2.00
SOUVENIR BOX
Extra special box of five 25c bottles of five different perfumes . . . \$1.00

Or special 10 samples toilet articles value (\$2) for \$1.00.

Send 20c (silver or stamps) for a sample vial of this precious perfume. Your choice of odors, Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet, Lilac, or Crabapple. Send 20c.

Paul Rieger

142 First St., San Francisco, Cal.
(Since 1872)

Rieger's
PERFUME & TOILET WATER
Flower Drops

EASY MONEY FOR SPARE TIME WORK

You'll be amazed to see how easy it is to sell Christmas Greeting Cards in Box Assortments. Our Box contains 21 Cards and Folders in dainty water color designs, beautiful engraving and embossing, tipped-on illustrations, sparkling raised gold metallic effects, marvelous creations in parchment and deckle-edged folders—every card and folder with an artistic harmonizing envelope.

SELLS FOR \$1.00—COSTS YOU 50c.
WE PAY ALL SHIPPING CHARGES

Samples Free If you want to make money write immediately for full particulars.
Waltham Art Publishers, Dept. 67, 7 Water St., Boston, Mass.

Addresses of the Stars

At Paramount Publix Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Richard Arlen
Jean Arthur
William Austin
George Bancroft
Clara Bow
Mary Brian
Clive Brook
Nancy Carroll
Robert Castle
Lane Chandler
Ruth Chatterton
Maurice Chevalier
June Collyer
Chester Conklin
Gary Cooper
Stuart Erwin
Kay Francis
Richard "Skeets" Gallagher
Harry Green
Mitzi Green

Neil Hamilton
Doris Hill
Phillips Holmes
Helen Kane
Dennis King
Jack Loden
Paul Lukas
John Loder
Jeanette MacDonald
Frederic March
David Newell
Barry Norton
Jack Oakie
Warner Oland
Guy Oliver
William Powell
Charles Rogers
Lillian Roth
Regis Toomey
Fay Wray

At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Nils Asther
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Jack Benny
Charles Bickford
Edwina Booth
John Mack Brown
Lon Chaney
Joan Crawford
Karl Dane
Marion Davies
Mary Doran
Duncan Sisters
Josephine Dunn
Cliff Edwards
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
Lawrence Gray
Raymond Hackett
William Haines
Marion Harris
Leila Hyams
Kay Johnson
Dorothy Jordan

Buster Keaton
Charles King
Gwen Lee
Bessie Love
John Miljan
Robert Montgomery
Polly Moran
Conrad Nagel
Ramon Novarro
Edward Nugent
Elliott Nugent
Catherine Dale Owen
Anita Page
Basil Rathbone
Duncan Renaldo
Dorothy Sebastian
Norma Shearer
Sally Starr
Lewis Stone
Lawrence Tibbett
Ernest Torrence
Raquel Torres
Roland Young

At Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Frank Albertson
Robert Ames
Mary Astor
Ben Bard
Warner Baxter
Rex Bell
El Brendel
Warren Burke
Helen Chandler
Marguerite Churchill
Mae Clark
William Collier, Sr.
Joyce Compton
Fifi Dorsay
Louise Dresser
Nancy Drexel
Charles Eaton
Charles Farrell
Stepin Fetchit
John Garrick
Janet Gaynor
William Harrigan
Richard Keene
Lola Lane

Dixie Lee
Ivan Linow
Edmund Lowe
Sharon Lynn
Farrell MacDonald
Mona Maris
Kenneth McKenna
Victor McLaglen
Don Jose Mojica
Lois Moran
Charles Morton
Paul Muni
J. Harold Murray
George O'Brien
Paul Page
Tom Patricola
Sally Phipps
David Rollins
Milton Sills
Arthur Stone
Norma Terris
Don Terry
Marjorie White

At First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

Richard Barthelmess
Bernice Claire
Doris Dawson
Billie Dove
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Alexander Gray

Doris Kenyon
Dorothy Mackaill
Marilyn Miller
Antonio Moreno
Donald Reed
Alice White
Loretta Young

At Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

Lew Ayres
John Boles
Ethlyn Claire
Kathryn Crawford
Lorayne DuVal
Robert Ellis
Hoot Gibson
Dorothy Gulliver
Otis Harlan
Raymond Keane
Merna Kennedy
Barbara Kent
Scott Kolk
Natalie Kingston
Beth Laemmlé

Allen Lane
Laura La Plante
Jeanette Loff
Fred Mackaye
Ken Maynard
James Murray
Mary Nolan
Mary Philbin
Eddie Phillips
Joseph Schildkraut
Sisters G
Glenn Tryon
Lupe Velez
Paul Whiteman
Barbara Worth

At Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Buzz Barton
Sally Blane
Olive Borden
Sue Carol
Betty Compson
Bebe Daniels

Frankie Darro
Richard Dix
Jack Mulhall
Bob Steele
Tom Tyler

At Pathe Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Robert Armstrong
Constance Bennett
William Boyd
Ina Claire
Alan Hale

Ann Harding
Carol Lombard
Eddie Quillan
Helen Twelvetrees

At Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

John Barrymore
Monte Blue
Betty Bronson
William Collier, Jr.
Dolores Costello
Louise Fazenda
Audrey Ferris

James Hall
Al Jolson
Myrna Loy
May McAvoy
Edna Murphy
Lois Wilson
Grant Withers

At United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Don Alvarado
Joan Bennett
Fannie Brice
Charles Chaplin
Dolores Del Rio
Douglas Fairbanks
Lillian Gish
O. P. Heggie
John Holland

Chester Morris
Mary Pickford
Harry Richman
Gilbert Roland
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge
Constance Talmadge
Louis Wolheim

At Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Evelyn Brent
William Collier, Jr.
Jack Egan
Ralph Graves
Sam Hardy
Jack Holt

Ralph Ince
Margaret Livingston
Ben Lyon
Dorothy Revier
Marie Saxon
Johnnie Walker

In care of Samuel Goldwyn, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Vilma Banky
Walter Byron

Ronald Colman
Lily Damita

In care of the Edwin Carewe Productions, Tec-Art Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Roland Drew
Rita Carewe

LeRoy Mason

At Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Charley Chase
Oliver Hardy
Harry Langdon

Stan Laurel
Our Gang
Thelma Todd

At Sono Art-World Wide, care of Metropolitan Studios, 1040 N. Las Palmas Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Reginald Denny
Eddie Dowling

Jacqueline Logan
Ruth Roland

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Jackie Coogan, 673 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Gilda Gray, 22 East 60th Street, New York City.

William S. Hart, Horseshoe Ranch, Newhall, Calif.

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Building, Hollywood, Calif.

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Bert Lytell, P. O. Box 235, Hollywood, Calif.

Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

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All the new Philco Screen Grid and Screen

Grid-Plus sets have balanced units for *undistorted* tone. New and exclusive circuits give extra-fine selectivity, close tuning, reduction of static and background noises. Distance ability is extraordinary and, in the Philco Screen Grid-



SCREEN GRID LOWBOY

New 7-tube set in handsome cabinet of American black walnut, figured butt walnut and Oriental wood. American Gobelin tapestry over speaker. Tone-Control; great power, distance and Balanced-Unit tone.

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Plus, *Automatic Volume Control* counteracts fading so you can not only *get* but *hold* and *enjoy* out-of-town programs, near and far. A new Station Recording Dial enables you to permanently log favorite stations.

Ask the Philco dealer for a free demonstration of the new Philco Consoles, Lowboys, Highboys and Radio-Phonographs, each with Philco Tone-Control. Prices, \$95 to \$198 (Radio-Phonograph), less tubes. Easy terms.

And enjoy radio as you ride. Install a Transitone Automobile Radio Receiver, built by Philco, in your car. Available through all authorized dealers.

Prices slightly higher in Canada, Denver and West. Available for AC or DC current and also in a battery set. All prices less tubes.

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**UNBALANCED RADIO
MEANS DISTORTED TONE**



When Henry Bove, flautist of the Philco Symphony Orchestra, plays or you, a radio set whose units are but partially balanced can only bring you the distorted approximation pictured at the left. With Philco's exact balancing of all units in the set, you get the true, clear undistorted tone pictured at the right—"the greatest music from the greatest musical instrument"

**BALANCED PHILCO
MEANS TRUE CLEAR TONE**



Hasn't your daughter a right to be told



The easy way is to give her this booklet

You can't keep your daughter ignorant of physical facts. She feels the need to know. Surely she deserves to be told the real truth rather than be forced to seek any kind of information that friends of her own age can give.

In regard to feminine hygiene, she may receive an entirely wrong impression, even a dangerous one. Many people still believe that caustic and poisonous antiseptics are necessary for this healthful, cleanly practice. But the medical profession does not endorse the use of bichloride of mercury and compounds of carbolic acid.

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Women used to run terrible risks. They were not fully aware how great was the danger of mercurial poisoning, areas of scar tissue, interference with normal secretions. They wanted surgical cleanliness. Before the coming of Zonite, caustics and poisons were the only germicides powerful enough to be effective.

Send for Zonite booklet

Zonite is the modern antiseptic. Non-poisonous. Non-caustic. *Far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that may be allowed on the body.* Send for the booklet that gives all the facts about feminine hygiene. Read it. Give it to your daughter. It is frankly written, and honest. You can buy Zonite everywhere. Full directions with bottle. Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

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These New Faces

Watch for This Each Month

ONA MUNSON ("Going Wild," First National) is the pretty young wife of Eddie Buzzell, the little comedian. Ona began her stage career as a dancer in vaudeville, but soon graduated to the musical comedy world, where she appeared in many famous productions. One of her last theater jobs was the leading feminine rôle in the Ed Wynn show, "Manhattan Mary."



CYRIL MAUDE ("Grumpy," Paramount) is one of the veterans of the English theater who is equally well beloved in this country. After his American tour in "These Charming People," some years ago, he retired to his English estate, remarried and settled down. But the microphone called him 6,000 miles to make a talkie of "Grumpy," his greatest success.



FRANCES UPTON ("Night Work," Pathe) is a New York chorus girl who has made good in a big way. Several years ago she was taken out of the chorus of "My Girl," to follow Marie Saxon as dancing soubrette, and scored. Since then she has been a principal in many Broadway successes, among them several produced by Ziegfeld. Good luck in Hollywood, Fran!



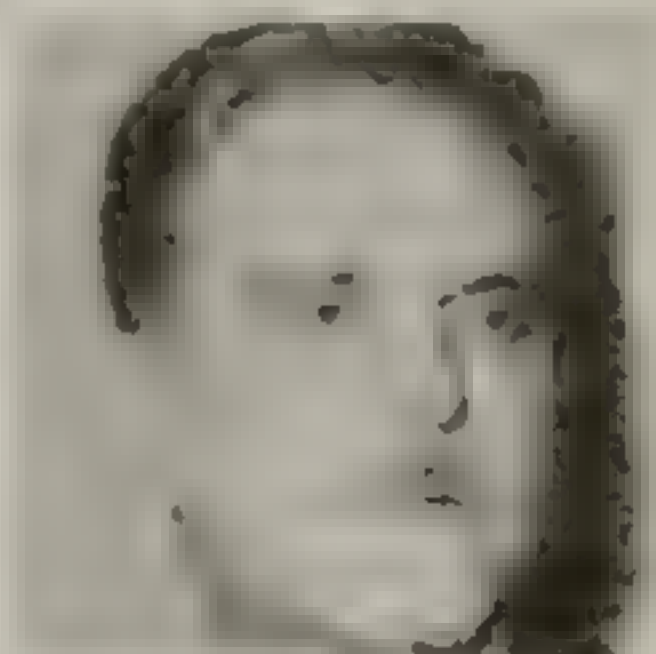
JOE COOK ("Rain or Shine," Columbia) really needs little introduction to anybody. For years he was a vaudeville juggler, with a tremendous flow of conversation, utterly insane, that soon made him a featured comedian in many Broadway shows. His last Broadway offering was "Rain or Shine," which he has now turned into a talkie for Columbia. Should be a panic.



UNA MERKEL ("Abraham Lincoln," United Artists) seems headed for big things on the screen. So successful was she in "Lincoln" that she was immediately given the leading lady job in H. B. Wright's "Eyes of the World." Una, needless to say, is from the theater. She scored sensationally in a rôle of the Helen Hayes success, "Coquette," that Miss Pickford filmed.



FRANK MORGAN ("Dangerous Nan McGrew," Paramount) is one of the most able and distinguished actors on the American stage, and a brother of Ralph Morgan. While making two films at the Paramount Eastern studio, Morgan was playing the featured rôle in "Topaze," a delightful French comedy, on Broadway. He was featured in "The Firebrand" several seasons ago.



DOROTHY LEE ("The Cuckoos," Radio Pictures) is a little dancer who has come far very fast. She was appearing in vaudeville with Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians, and worked with that band in its picture, "Syncopation." Dorothy made such an impression that Radio Pictures hired her, and she was immediately successful in the ingénue rôle in "Rio Rita."



VICTOR MOORE ("Dangerous Nan McGrew," Paramount) has been a leading comedian in America for over thirty-five years. Fifteen years ago he made several silent comedies. He appeared in vaudeville for many years with his wife, Emma Littlefield. Recently he has been featured in many Broadway musical comedy hits. And now he faces cameras that hear!



A fair skin with your new furs

... it's the first note in the autumn

"SYMPHONIE"

Armand offers you a subtle new powder-shade to create the creamy-toned complexion so flattering with fur-fashions.

"SYMPHONIE" is the newest word in the style world! It's the name of a remarkable powder-shade that matches your skin so perfectly and enhances it so subtly that you behold yourself in the beauty of a "natural" complexion ... the smart complement of the new clothes.

"Symphonie" is a creamy-blush of the most precise proportions. It does away with all mixing and blending on your part ... all further experiments with face powder. "Symphonie" was born of Science, but Science with a new idea. For this unusual powder is blended to the exquisite flesh-tones found in Old-World portraits, those translucent tints that glow with mellow beauty.

All women in general, blonde and brunette alike, possess these same underlying flesh-tints; the duty of face powder is not to change or obscure them but to emphasize their pearl-pink quality. You didn't know, perhaps, that your own complexion possessed these beauty-possibilities. Your first use of "Symphonie" will be a joyous revelation!

"Symphonie" shade is found only in Armand Cold Cream Powder, and the rich consistency of this particular blend furthers the effectiveness of the subtle new tint. Follow directions in "The Little Hat Box" for applying this powder and be rewarded with a loveliness that is quick to come and not soon to go!



"With the new clothes, the new complexion" ... black chiffon gown under little peplum jacket of creamy broadtail, by Kurzman, New York; complexion by Armand; compliments by everybody!

Armand Cold Cream Powder in "Symphonie" shade (or four standard tints)—\$1 the box. Zanzibar tone in Armand rouge and lipstick is the perfect complement of "Symphonie."



ARMAND

COLD CREAM POWDER

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"I Never Choose Beautiful Women"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

essence in their nature, some quality in their charm, appealed to me. I have taken girls, and by accenting this precious and hidden essence, by dressing them in accordance with the vision of them I saw in my mind's eye, I have given the world of fans what they have been pleased to call beauties."

It is noteworthy that many of the girls so selected and put forth by De Mille have had their big successes through their careers in the type of personality with which he first supplied them. The hidden something that De Mille saw and dressed forth for all the world to see, has been their secret of charm and success.

ONE feature alone De Mille has accented always in his selection of bets for success. That has been the eyes. He considers them of paramount importance—the windows of the soul.

"It is amazing how few beauties have really beautiful eyes," says De Mille. "There are many with charming eyes, which, however, have nothing to offer the screen. A woman accustomed to repression, a woman of refinement and background, is most likely to have interesting eyes. Her eyes pour forth all her repressions. Such eyes have definitely something for the camera."

Pretty feet and trim ankles are something De Mille has always admired in a woman. He believes that the feet tell as important a story as the hands. If one goes over the list of women that De Mille has given to the world as screen celebrities, one will find not always tiny feet, but all dainty and well made feet.

When quizzed about this, De Mille says with a smile, "Yes, I guess I have always considered pretty feet. It is the proportion, however, not the actual size, that makes a pretty foot. Our modern feet are inclined to be very ugly, due to misshaping by improper footwear. The shoes of modern children are helping build health and beauty in feet for the future. I think the modern shoe, the open sandal for instance, copied after the Greek, is most beautiful. Modern shoes flatter the feet. As a nation, we have become foot conscious."

About this matter of feet: there is an amusing incident told of the days when Cecil and his brother William de Mille were working at the old Lasky studio on Vine Street. The cafeteria was upstairs. One day the two brothers were just far enough behind a girl on the stairs to get a tantalizing view of some very beautiful ankles and feet.

"Whose are those?" Cecil queried, peering to get a look at the owner of the feet and ankles.

"That's a girl out from New York, from the 'Follies,' named Nita Naldi," answered William. Right there the pretty feet and ankles were cast for the rôle of the modern vampire in the picture, "The Ten Commandments." This gave Naldi her start in the rôles that made her famous.

GLORIA SWANSON is perhaps the most outstanding success of all the women De Mille featured in his pictures. De Mille first saw her as a little sister in a Sennett comedy, receiving a pie full in the face. Not suggestive to most people of the majestic and dramatic actress of later years, was it? When he sent word to his financial backer in New York that he had selected this pie catching damozel for the big rôle in "Don't Change Your Husband," there was a terrific uproar.

The thought of this unknown, who did not look any too prepossessing with the pie in her face, as the central figure in a big, expensive production was terrifying to the financiers.

"I chose Swanson for the dynamic emotion she possessed, which she could turn in any di-

rection. The objections all quieted down after the release of 'Don't Change Your Husband.' Swanson is not in any sense a beauty; her nose, which is one of her chief assets, departs from any standards of sculptors. Yet she has a remarkable power of projecting the illusion of beauty." Swanson has the beautiful and expressive eyes De Mille always demanded; too, the dainty, well formed foot and ankle.

Bebe Daniels was running around, waving her legs and arms in a Harold Lloyd comedy when De Mille selected her. De Mille sensed the basic exoticism of Bebe Daniels and so presented her for the first time as an exotic draped, alluring woman with Wallace Reid in "The Affairs of Anatol."

Her greatest screen successes have followed the line laid down by De Mille.



Does this face evoke memories? It's that of Molly Malone, a few years ago a popular movie leading woman. Disappearing from the screen, she suddenly turned up in the photographic department of Metro-Goldwyn. Molly intends to become an ace portrait photographer, and it looks as though she would, and soon

Leatrice Joy, says De Mille, he selected for her innate gentility and breeding, as the perfect lady with, of course, emotional possibilities, for "Saturday Night." This went on through "Manslaughter" and others of her greatest successes. Her eyes and dainty feet are again notable.

Vera Reynolds he selected as the exponent of the flapper.

Wanda Hawley, in former years, was presented as typical of the youth of her time.

Lila Lee, selected for the rôle of the serving girl in "Male and Female," he chose for her quality of wistfulness, the victim of unrequited love, a ZaSu Pitts type.

Jetta Goudal was dubbed "a cocktail of emotions" by De Mille, who put her in her greatest successes, "White Sand," and "Paris at Midnight." She proved to be a heady one, and later sued De Mille for a broken contract.

Florence Vidor in "Old Wives for New," De Mille chose as a type of aristocratic lady. Florence took this so seriously that she has since become one, with an English accent and a famous concert violinist for a husband to help ob-

scure any memory of the vulgar days when she was a motion picture actress.

"Katherine MacDonald was the only really beautiful woman I ever chose for a leading rôle," says De Mille. "I used her for only one picture, 'The Squaw Man,' and her career in films was not long or notable.

"I consider Agnes Ayres the nearest to beautiful of any other women I used in my productions; many will disagree with me and name Gloria Swanson. It is a personal preference, one that everyone must decide for himself. Lois Wilson in 'Manslaughter' did her first dramatic work. Up to then she could get nothing but gaga rôles.

"Personality, the soul that looks out through the eyes, is the true individual; beauty is merely physical. It is the mobile countenance full of expression that I prefer. None of the Venuses would get by for a moment in Hollywood. Personality, charm, intelligence; these things are at a premium. Nature has done a strange trick in evening her scores. There are few instances of perfect beauty and strong personality combined.

"ALICE TERRY was unknown before 'Old Wives for New'; in her I found a striking personality. She had a soft, gentle, feminine beauty and charm that made her unlike any other.

"Julia Faye I noticed one day when I was walking by Wally Reid's set; she was on tiptoes, playing a scene. The trimness and swankiness of her caught my eye. The brightness and effervescence of her is stimulating. She is a good comedienne, but she must also have a touch of character in her rôles. I consider her greatest one was that of Mariusha, the guttersnipe of Old Russia swept into luxury by the Revolution, in 'The Volga Boatman.'"

Julia Faye, too, has the dainty feet and ankles, perhaps the daintiest of all among De Mille's leading women.

"The birth of the talkies," De Mille went on, "has brought still another factor into this matter of beauty on the screen. Beauty as such is worth less than ever before. The new beauty on the screen is the beauty of personality conveyed through the voice.

"In the old silent days, a producer or director could afford to take a flyer on a girl who had little education or background, but who showed a real desire to improve herself with books and study. She got a year's contract during which to flower. Now this is impossible. At least a high school education is necessary. Ignorance betrays itself at once in the voice.

"The difference between the voice of Kay Johnson and that of the ordinary untutored voice of a possible silent film heroine is the difference between an organ and a harmonica.

"Lack of education shows in intonation at once. Proper intonation can only be produced by education and breeding.

"IN talking pictures, we of the industry are still far from realizing true beauty in the tone of the voice, for there is individuality in a voice as well as in a face.

"It is both harder and easier to select people for talking films. It is harder to find the right ones, but they are easier to determine on, because of the demand for beauty in the voice. One must be a pantomimist and a great voice actor for the talkies.

"I would say to any young person desiring a career in talking pictures, educate yourself as far as you can at school; then continue to educate yourself with books and in every possible way, for you will need it all for the proper background in the talking films of the future."

THE GOSSARD *Line of Beauty*



The inimitable skill with which Gossard Foundations groom the figure to smart, slender curves — make Gossards the choice of women with a flare for fashion.

This original Gossard all-in-one, of fine peach batiste and lace flouncing, contours the figure to lovely princess lines by means of ingeniously placed lengthwise darts... assuring smooth, easy-flowing curves that show the distinctive lines of Paris frocks to advantage... and give the simplest frocks an air of Parisian chic!

"I'm a helpless prisoner!"

says MYRNA LOY

"I'm caught! . . . in a spun-silk web! I'm held . . . in a star-dust rapture! I'm captive to a lilting mood! But I love my captor . . . I'll never escape. For this mood that's captured me is Youth itself . . . a mood which stole from a perfume bottle and entered my heart . . . surrounded my soul . . . and I surrendered! See, here's the bottle . . . there's the name — Seventeen — but wait! Not a breath of it — unless YOU want to be carried away — too!"



SEVENTEEN . . . not a perfume alone
but a whole ensemble of gay toiletries!

The ensemble idea is smart in toilet accessories, too! . . . so Seventeen's gay and lightsome fragrance has been breathed into each of these essentials: Powders . . . a face powder, bath powder and talcum . . . all charmingly packaged, all exquisitely soft, all faintly scented with Seventeen . . . a Compact, the smartest you've ever seen, in gleaming black . . . a Sachet, the subtlest way to perfume lingerie . . . Brillantines, one solid, one liquid, to restrain straying locks and leave a fragrance that's ever so elusive.

Seventeen

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

PARDON MY GUN—Pathe

A WESTERN comedy, full of rollicking fun. A rodeo in which two boys, Hank and Tom MacFarlane, champion juvenile trick riders and ropers, put Will Rogers to shame. This alone is worth the price of admission; but also there are pretty Sally Starr, handsome George Duryea, and perky Mona Ray, and many others you will want to see, especially "Fuzzie." Not a dull moment.

LOVE AMONG THE MILLIONAIRES—Paramount

IS there a plot afoot to keep Clara Bow off the screen? If her personal peccadillos don't do it, bad stories will. This one, a musical comedy, concerns the railroad lunch counter waitress, the son of the president of the road who poses as a brakeman, and the attempt on the girl's part to disillusion the boy about her for his own good. It's pretty discouraging, and Clara gets much too cute.

BIG BOY—Warners

HERE'S Al Jolson's stage thriller about race-track intrigue, done into high comedy talkie. Al is blackface throughout except for a short afterpiece, cracks some old gags and some fast new ones, and sings about eight numbers, than which could any Jolson fan beg more? It's all done in a grand air of rollicking levity that adds to the fun. Go, and get a nightful of laughs.

LAST OF THE DUANES—Fox

USUALLY, a Western picture is just a Western. But here's one that goes far beyond, and makes a swell evening's entertainment. Outstanding are the scenic backgrounds. There are thrills far ahead of the ordinary Western gags, and some splendid performances. George O'Brien keeps his shirt on and provides a fine characterization. Western fan or not, you'll like this.

TEMPTATION—Columbia

HERE'S a real nice picture. Nothing pretentious, but simply told, excellently acted and very charmingly done as a whole. It's a love story of the old, clean school, with Lois Wilson and Lawrence Gray as the sweethearts. Lois has betrothed herself to a rich man to get the luxuries she craves, but helps Larry out of a bank robbery scrape, and all's well. Pleasant.

SLUMS OF TOKYO—Schochiko Film Co.

THIS is advertised in "little" movie theaters as Japan's greatest contribution to motion picture art. Whatever they call picture art in Japan, this affair is simply horrible to Western eyes—and the art of the cinema should speak a universal language! The drab tragedy of a brother and sister in Tokyo's underworld. Japanese screen acting consists of making horrible faces for hours. *Silent.*

DANGEROUS NAN MCGREW—Paramount

THIS picture should teach us all a lesson. When we want to make a talkie, we'd better get a story. This is a very bad picture because it has no story at all. Some cute people try to make it stand up—Helen Kane, Stuart Erwin, Victor Moore and Frank Morgan—but it doesn't hold us for more than a minute at a time. Helen and Victor run a medicine show up North. Feeble.

THE MEDICINE MAN—Tiffany Prod.

THE crool father beats his daughter. The crool father beats his son. And then the crool father gets shot, which goes to show that children-beating doesn't pay. The highlight, however, is the calm assurance of Jack Benny—that old master of suavity. He plays the medicine show doctor who comes to the little town and marries the village gal, Betty Bronson. Pretty good hokum.

THOSE WHO DANCE—Warners

ANOTHER underworld picture that doesn't ring true. You know all along that the court-plaster scar on Monte Blue's face will peel off at the wrong moment and give him away! He's supposed to be a gunman, but he's really a cop, out to get the gangster who



A new rainy-day outfit sported by Ruth Roland, whom we'll soon see in her first talkie, "Reno." The matching umbrella is certainly a dashing note

killed his brother. Lila Lee, Betty Compson and William Boyd try hard.

RENO—Sono Art—World Wide

THIS is Ruth Roland's return to the screen after such a long absence, and if you want to witness this event you'll go to see the picture. What you'll find is a series of close-ups of the ex-serial queen punctuating a yarn by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., that at some time during its process may have been a story. Ruth looks beautiful. Her acting is hopelessly old-fashioned. She rides a horse.

THE LONE RIDER—Columbia

THE prime requisite of a Western is swift action. This Western talkie moves with all the rapidity of a tired snail. Buck Jones is a hard-boiled bandit who reforms and becomes

head of the Vigilante Committee of a mining town—all for the love of Vera Reynolds. Buck's swell horse, Silver, is the real star of the picture—but even Silver can't make this anything but a dud.

ONE NIGHT AT SUSIE'S—First National

BILLIE DOVE plays a chorine who kills her employer when he forces his attentions on her. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is the press agent sweetheart who does substitute service in the pen, while she makes a Broadway success. *Good Susie*, an underworld leader, and adopted mother of the P. A., is beautifully played by Helen Ware. One night at Susie's will be enough.

WHAT MEN WANT—Universal

WARNER FABIAN, old "Flaming Youth" himself, wrote "What Men Want." After seeing the result we're still doubtful about what they do want, but maybe it isn't important. An excellent cast moves through a series of gin brawls in numerous *art moderne* apartments. Pauline Starke and Ben Lyon are featured, but Robert Ellis strikes the sanest note.

INSIDE THE LINES—Radio Pictures

BLOOD and thunder war stuff of the good old style—crammed with spies, trick Hindus, love in wartime and the British Fleet. Betty Compson and Ralph Forbes, as British secret service agents posing as German spies at Gibraltar, have a terrible time getting together in the last reel, but they succeed, and the great British fleet, just steaming into harbor, isn't sunk after all!

THE WAY OF ALL MEN—First National

THIS just misses. The stuff is there—a group of people trapped in a saloon by a Mississippi flood decide to forget the past and become brothers, but when they are released from death they slip back into their old hates. It is not, somehow, convincing. Let the high-brows tell you why. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is cast as the boy, whose Southern accent is pretty good except when he forgets it.

CONSPIRACY—Radio Pictures

THIS isn't a bit nice, but "Conspiracy" reminded us of the senior class play. It's about gangsters and the district attorney's sister, who takes a hand. You know THAT plot. The chief fault of this chain of crimes is that it lacks sincerity. Feeble lines don't help. Bessie Love is lost as the girl. Ned Sparks achieves a humorous characterization as a crabbed, old novelist.

OH SAILOR, BEHAVE!—Warners

IF you manage to sit through the second reel of this you'll discover that Lowell Sherman makes a swell comedy prince. But a few more like this and song writers and song birds will be going back to Broadway. There are mean old generals, scheming adventuresses, Johnson and Olsen, and Charlie King as a singing reporter. Lotti Loder, heralded as a find, proves she can roll her eyes.

PARADISE ISLAND—Tiffany Productions

KENNETH HARLAN, a singing sailor, and Marceline Day struggle through this tale of adventure, on a South Sea island, but it's



Photo by
Hal Phylfe

**"My
Velvet
PATTER
is invaluable,"
says Helen Morgan**

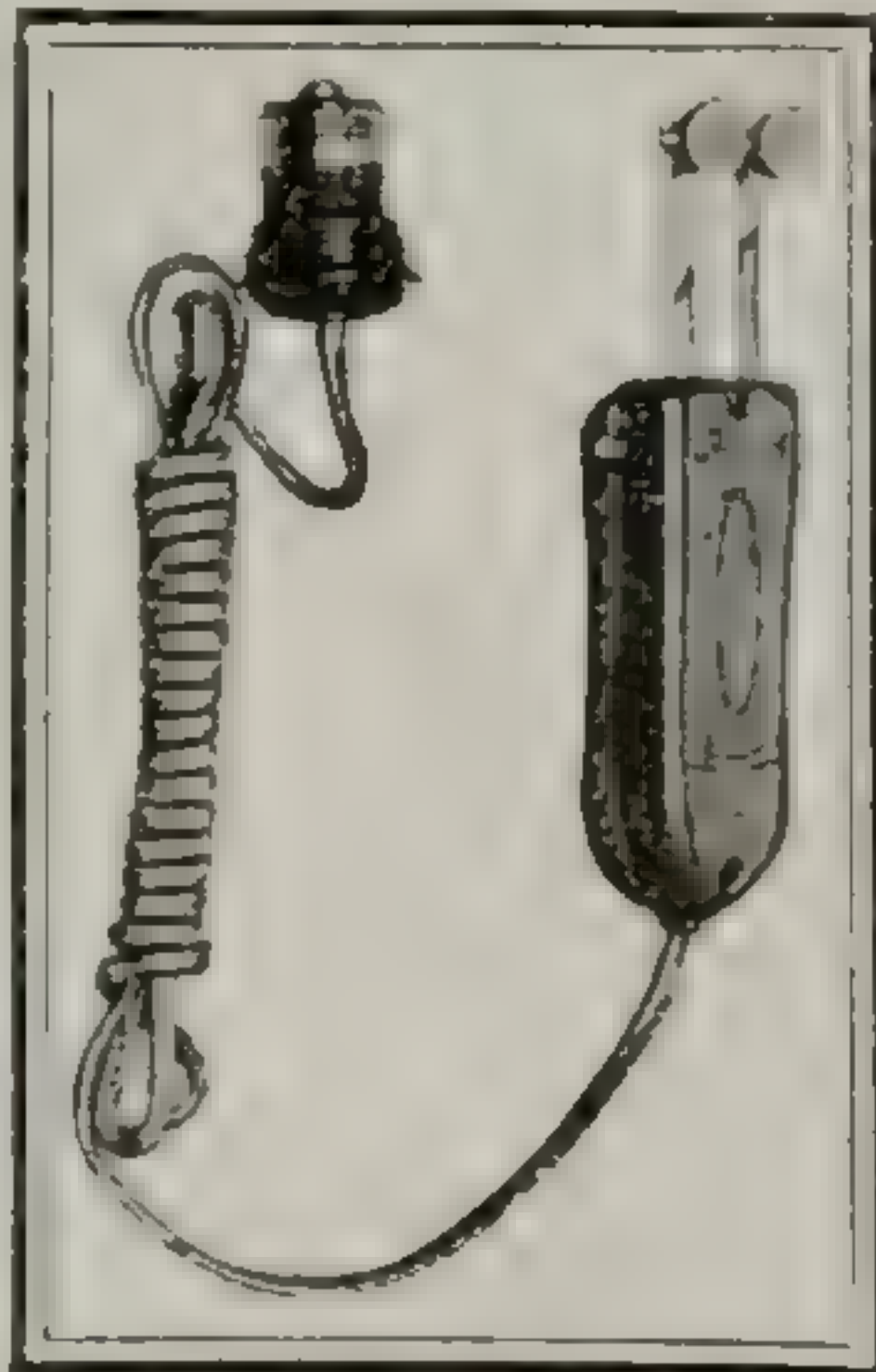
Remember her in "Show Boat"? Miss Morgan is now in the talkies—where, more than ever, the care of her complexion is of vital importance—for the camera is vicious in its portrayal of the slightest skin imperfection. Says Miss Morgan:

"My VELVETSKIN PATTER not only pats the cream in and out of the pores, but stimulates and refreshes the skin and muscles of the face removing that tired look. I find it invaluable."

Though patting has long been acknowledged as beneficial, it has been all too seldom regularly practiced. Now comes the **Velvet
Patter** making an exhilarating pleasure of a former task. Its rapidly moving fingers work in creams and lotions and accomplish the pore-deep cleansing so necessary for a perfect complexion.

The handle of the **Velvet
Patter** is made of a new material (not metal) available in the three most popular boudoir colors—Jade Green, Orchid and Primrose, with electrical cord to match.

If you cannot find it in your favorite shop or store, mail the coupon below.



**Connecticut Telephone
and Electric Corporation**
(Division of Commercial Instrument Corp.)
Meriden, Connecticut

Connecticut Telephone & Electric Corporation
60 Britannia Street, Meriden, Connecticut

Enclosed find check or money order for which please send one **Velvet
Patter** with privilege of return for refund within 30 days.

Mark X here ☐ for Alternating Current, \$5.00.

Mark X here ☐ for Direct Current, \$7.50.

Mark X here ☐ for free Beauty Booklet only.
Color wanted: ☐ Orchid, ☐ Jade Green, ☐ Primrose.

Name

Street and No.

City.....State.....

My dealer's name.....

only Paul Hurst's comedy that you recall, after all. Marceline has allowed herself to get too thin to be beautiful, and the story is slow moving. Even Tom Santschi's most villainous tactics fail to arouse our ire. Maybe it's the heat.

SISTERS—Columbia

THE little Noonan girls—Sally O'Neil and Molly O'Day to us—play sisters in this mild tale of girl-and-boy trouble. One sits on the lap of luxury—the other lives in squalor with a jobless husband and a baby. Love

interest enters with Russell Gleason as a newspaper reporter. The story flounders a bit, but it is fair entertainment for an evening in the dog days.

SWEET MAMA—First National

THIS is just another chore for Alice White—one of the weaker of her latest program pictures. Alice always plays Alice—and this time she has superior help from David Manners, Kenneth Thomson and Rita Flynn, the last a real comer. Fairly good entertainment for Alice's admirers.

Sunny Sally

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

By the way, she can dance for an hour without tiring, and loves it.

She is one of the few great dancers who have not permitted their calves to be ruined by bulging muscles. The answer is that she always bathes them in ice cold water after a hard session.

HER greatest hobbies are her work and her family. She spends two to three hours a day practicing and devising dance steps, and another hour daily vocalizing, for she keeps her voice as fit as her legs. She likes to sing, and doesn't mind a bit when she's asked to sing at parties.

She loves to be complimented. She gets as great a kick out of being told a nice thing the millionth time as she did the first time she heard it.

And she's quite sure she can distinguish between sincerity and flattery.

It's not hard to sincerely compliment her. Her hair is natural gold, and her eyes are green, not blue. Her smile is famous. She is a genuine beauty. Her hair is bobbed, but she doesn't like it that way. She can't let it grow because her rôles all call for short locks. She used to wear curls to her shoulders before she joined "The Passing Show" in 1914, and she wishes she could wear curls now. She never gives way to temper, and her sweet disposition is 18 karat genuine.

She likes parties, but prefers them small and select—the selection to be confined to smart people. She doesn't care for people with a set "line."

And much as she likes parties, she ditches them regularly when she's in production, because she's so interested in her work that she devotes all her time to it.

She's a good business woman and transacts all her own business in person. She's one of the few actresses who have no business manager or agent.

She gets \$200,000 a picture. She's always ahead of time for her business appointments, and almost always late for her social engagements.

She likes people and has many friends, but they're almost all men. She doesn't get on half as well with women as with men. She's been married twice—Frank Carter, her first, whom she married while yet a kid, was killed in an auto accident before their first anniversary, and Jack Pickford was her second—she divorced him because Hollywood and Broadway didn't mix. Now she's supposed to be engaged to Michael Farmer, a rich automobile man of Paris, who telephones her very often across the Atlantic and the United States, and damn the cost! They plan to marry this fall. Maybe.

THE fourth man in her life was Ben Lyon. They are still good friends.

Marilyn was a guest at Ben's marriage to Bebe Daniels, and the three of them are a clubby little set.

Marilyn likes smiling faces and can't stand doleful ones. Once a new butler—a colored man—was hired while Marilyn was away. The maid explained to the new man that Miss Miller wanted cheerful faces about her. When Marilyn returned, the new butler took it so seriously that he laughed out loud. Marilyn liked it.

SHE likes solid colors in clothes and has dozens and dozens of outfits, of course, including many elaborate dressing gowns. Yet she almost always uses an old pongee kimono that she's had for years, and that no chorus girl would want to be found dead in! She's worn it when receiving such dignitaries as the Prince of Rome and the Prince of Wales. And her face was all smeared up with cold cream when she met the latter. It was in her dressing room in New York.

She kept the cold cream and the ancient kimono on with charming unconcern while she chatted with the prince.

The walls of her dressing room are covered with autographed photos of stage and screen stars, and her dressing mirror looks as though she'd gotten it for two bits in a second-rate second-hand shop. It's cracked straight across; she's had it for years; and won't have any other.

She adores jewelry and has a great collection of it. One piece—a cross of diamonds—she wears almost always. She never goes out, either, without pinning somewhere inside her clothing—a little bunch of religious medals. She believes they bring her good luck. They went through the war on an American soldier and although she has lost them several times, they've always been returned to her.

She loves oriental objects—and oriental mystery stories, too. But her preference in reading is the biographies of famous persons of history.

SHE collects elephants and has nearly a hundred of every kind and size. One set from India consists of dozens of tiny elephants, each carved from a different kind of wood; another set is made of various kinds of semi-precious stones.

She loves cats and has a Siamese in her New York home, but none in Hollywood. In Hollywood her pet is "Sunny"—one of those underslung Scotty dogs.

She hasn't gotten used to movie fame yet and it embarrasses her to be stared at by fan crowds. She doesn't like to be pointed out as "there goes Sally." She insists that she's not beautiful—expresses it with: "There are so many people prettier than I!" But she knows she has perfect lips.

She is not in the least affected or self-conscious.

Once, for a gag, she signed a note to a friend only by kissing the paper with heavily rouged lips.

The friend recognized it at once. It was a male friend.

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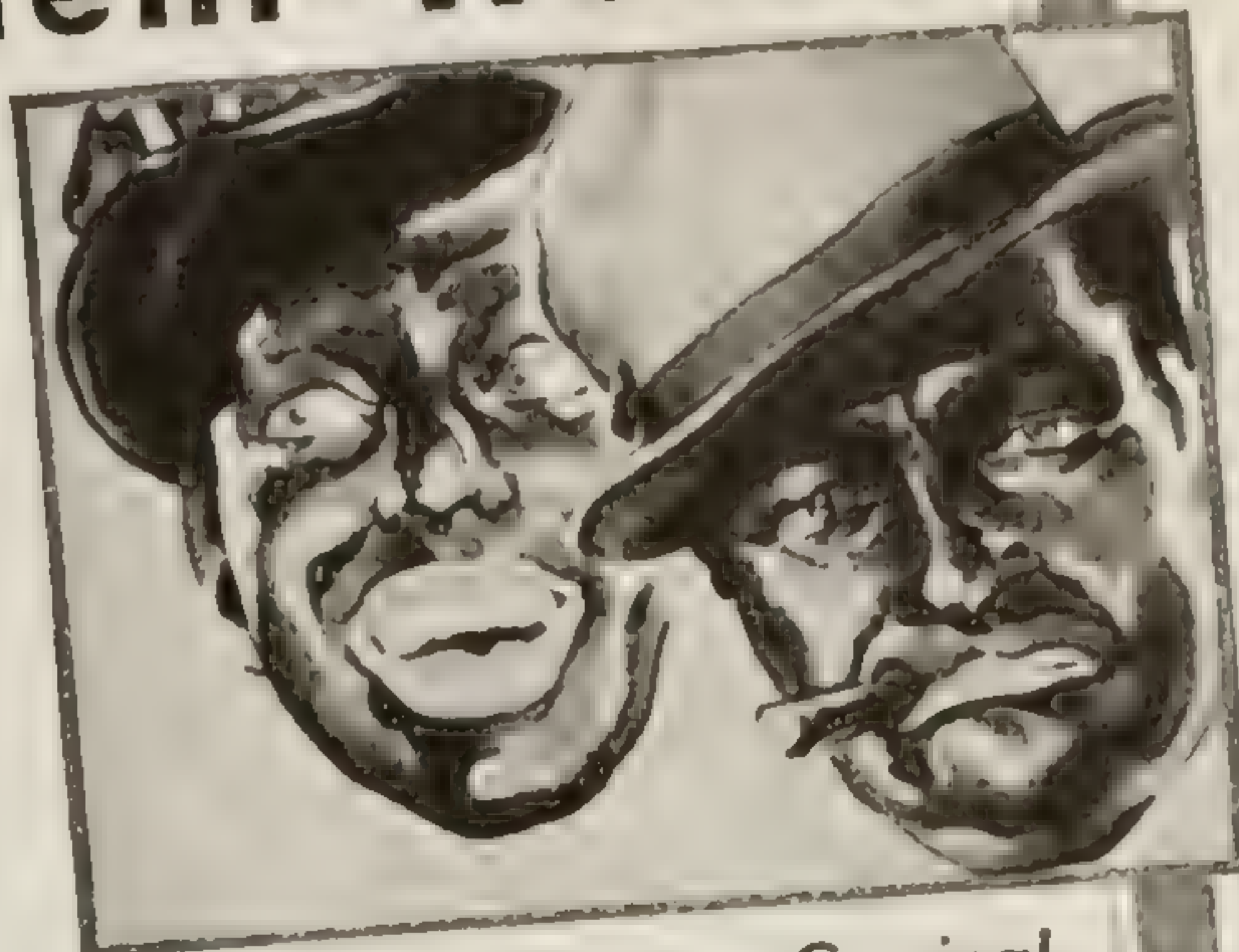
"CIMARRON," Edna Ferber's magnificent novel, will be presented on a colossal scale. This epic of empire brings **RICHARD DIX** in the picturesque role of Yancey Cravat, two-gun poet in buckskin, dreamer, crusader, fighter, who helped make history in a day.

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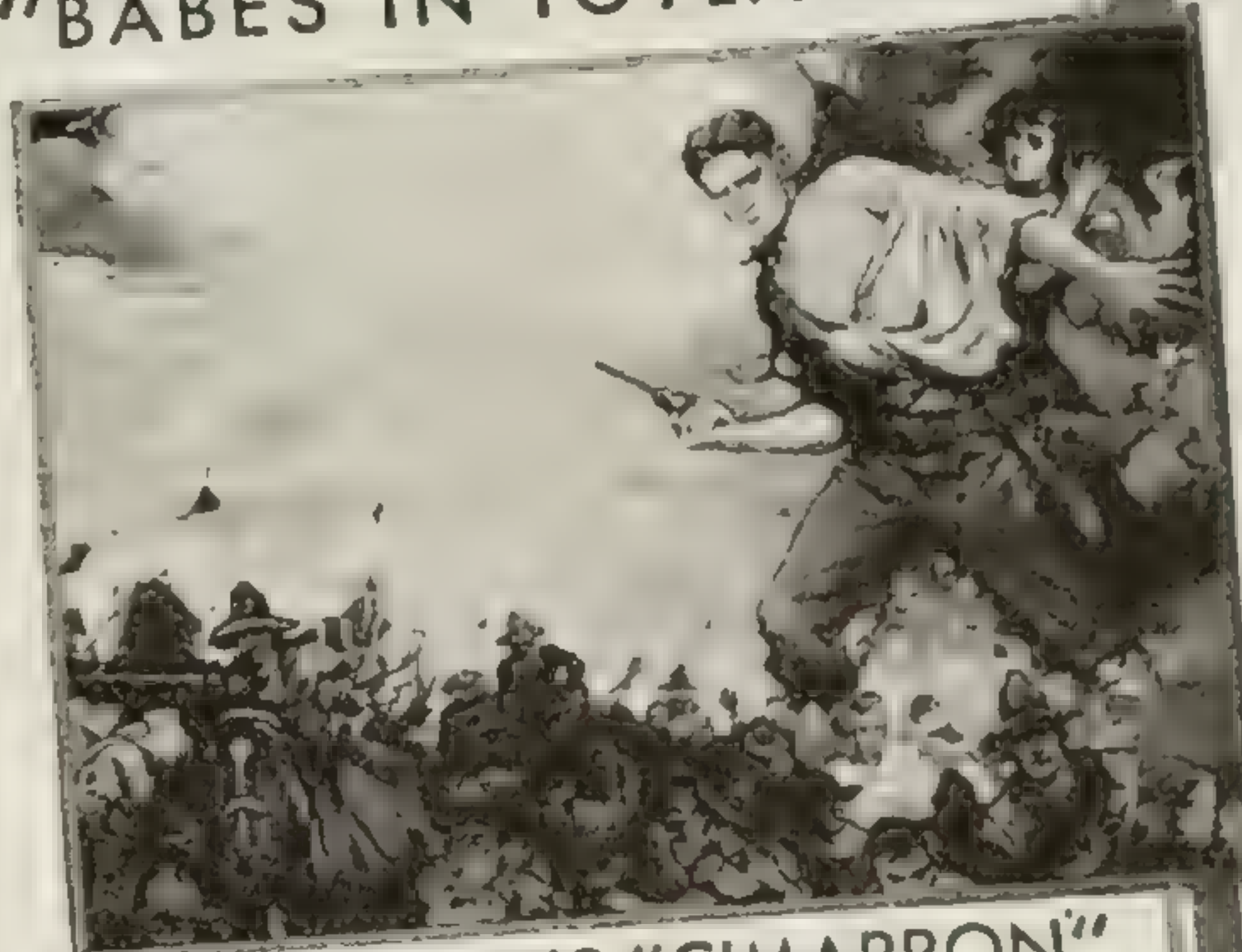
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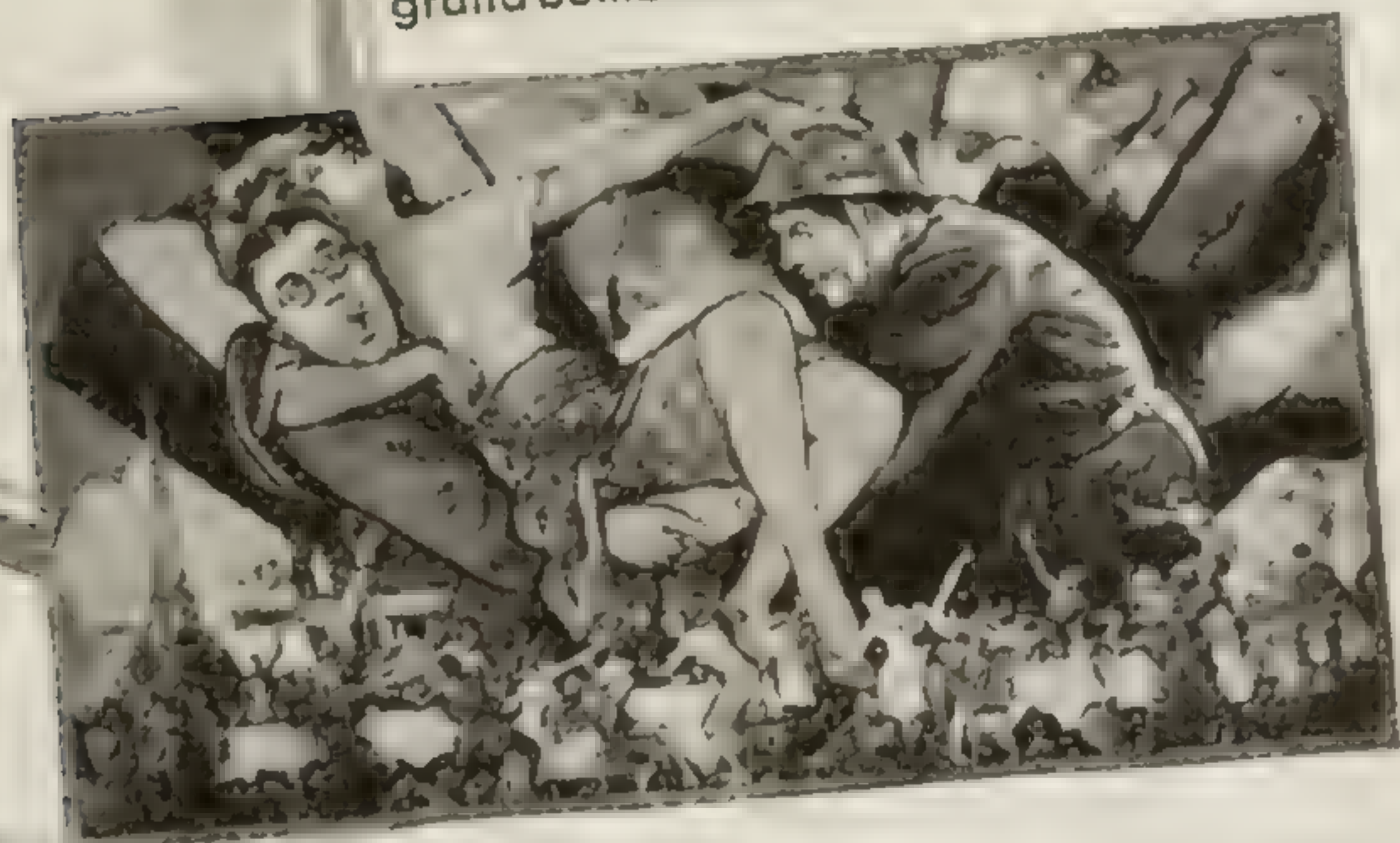


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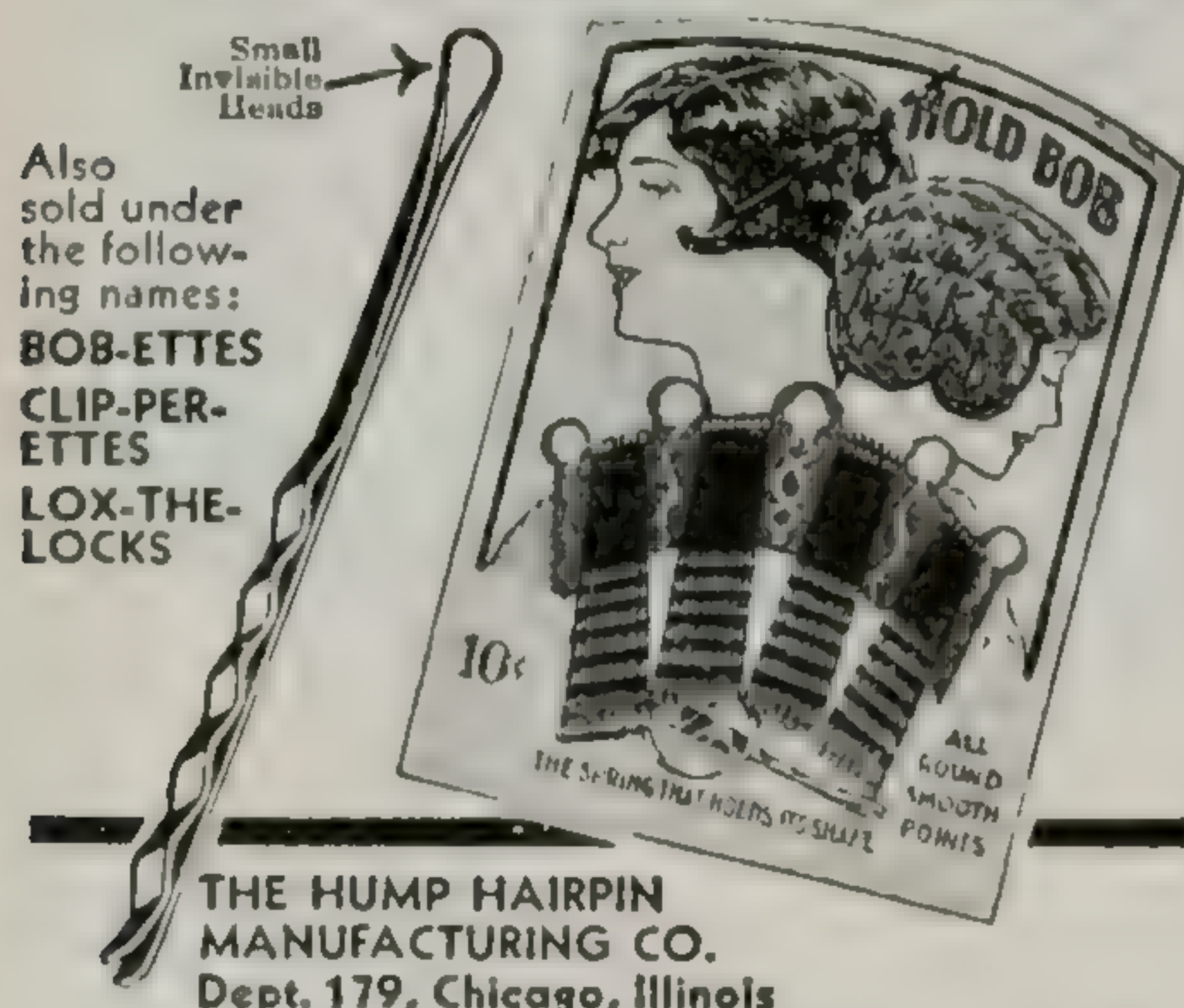
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Short Subjects of the Month

SEVERAL burlesque sound newsreels are about to hit the screen, and one has already struck—Eddie Cantor's "Cock-Eyed News," a Paramount short. It is reviewed this month.

This short subject development was inevitable. Sound reels lend themselves easily to clowning, in some respects.

COCK-EYED NEWS

Paramount

This is a whale of an idea, this burlesquing the newsreels, but they'll have to be a little funnier. Here Eddie Cantor introduces it, and sings a song. Then are shown a series of straight captions introducing kidding pictures. Sample—Title, "Tag Day in Scotland." Scene, empty street.

HELLO, TELEVISION

Sennett-Educational

Very unusual, this humorous preview of what may happen a decade from now. Thanks to Television, the lovers outwit the crool parent and get married over the ether waves while the unwanted fiance waits at the altar. Laughs by Andy Clyde, beauty by Ann Christy.

A PEEP ON THE DEEP

Radio Pictures

Clark and McCullough, famed music show comics, come back to talking comedies with this. It's a goofy story, with the laughs on shipboard. It is strictly a gag comedy, and they'd sound foolish in print. On the screen, they're roars. First of a series with this team.

THE ROYAL FOUR-FLUSHER

Warner Vitaphone Variety

A travesty on medieval royalty, starring that droll little fellow, Eddie Buzzell, who sings two songs. Most of it is knockabout comedy, stretched thin over two reels. Eddie carries on a comic intrigue with the court dressmaker, Doris Dawson. Mild.

BROKEN WEDDING BELLS

Darmour-Radio Pictures

Karl Dane and George K. Arthur in the second of their new series of two reel comedies. This is good and hilarious gaggery, about the complications that set in when the unexpected delivery of a radio set breaks up the plans of a couple on their hymeneal night. Daphne Pollard's a wow.

SOME BABIES

Pathe

A comedy full of babies and snickers by a competent cast of buffoons. Watch Little Billy, the midget, play a baby—and then see a real baby steal the picture! The child's name isn't listed in the cast, but he's funnier than a dozen professionals. For a real laugh, catch this!

THE KING

Roach—M-G-M

Harry Langdon again, this time in another royal travesty. Wistful Harry playing a philandering king who gets mixed up with the pretty blonde wife of his chancellor. The dialogue is deadly dull, and the fear grows upon us that Harry's enormous gift of pantomime is lost in talkies.

THE GOLF SPECIALIST

Radio

W. C. Fields, noted stage comedy star, is another entrant in Radio's rush of short laughs. This is a screen amplification of the howling golf act he's done on the stage for years, and it's an excellent job. Laughs are continuous for twenty-three minutes. Fields is just swell.

TOUGH WINTER

Roach—M-G-M

Our Gang, with the assistance of Stepin Sleepy Fetchit, knocks out another two reeler. After some funny stuff in a mule stable, the kids get into trouble making taffy while mamma's out. Step is fairly funny, but the kiddies do lose something now that they have to talk.

GOODBYE, LEGS

Sennett-Educational

Well, the world's still all right. Mack is up to his old tricks again! This is the old boy's new solution to the question of legs, long skirts and surrounding complications, and the laughs run through a neat story. Andy Clyde, Nick Stuart, Ann Christy—and a flock of peaches!

RANCH HOUSE BLUES

Pathe

Another of Pathe's Rodeo Comedies—Westerns with a dash of musical comedy. The story of this one is old and weary, but the short is made fairly pleasing by some of the music, both vocal and string. There's a goodish bit of action in the Western part, and this helps.

MANHATTAN SERENADE

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

This is one of the prettiest and most distinctive musical comedy shorts of the month—if not THE most. Mary Doran and Raymond Hackett introduce people. The three Brox Sisters sing, and there is some elegant hot dancing by principals and chorus. Much of the film's in color.

SWELL PEOPLE

Pathe

This is a rough and tumble two reels of horse play that is plenty funny. Harry Gribbon and Dot Farley are the principal fun-makers, with Gribbon playing a bricklayer who lives better than a bank president he and Dot entertain at dinner. Of course, Harry's just enjoying a dream!

HIS HONOR THE MAYOR

Christie

Charlie Murray runs for office in a small town. Charlie, being the "honest" candidate, falls headlong into two reels of grief and woe. Mary Gordon, Eddie Baker and Carol Wines are in the supporting cast. Nothing hot or distinctive here. Charlie deserves better.



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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

Hide This from Mark!

Chicago, Ill.

Do Hollywood husbands stay home nights? Why can't Mark Busby go on "dates" (mild ones!) with married women? Some of the most interesting women on the screen are married, such as Ruth Chatterton, Joan Crawford, Claudette Colbert, Norma Shearer and Bessie Love. But don't have "Wild Mark" shot by an irate husband!

WINTFRED SMITH.

All Right, He's Nominated!

Boston, Mass.

At a get-together of about forty of my school chums last evening they all, with the exception of six, raised their voices in righteous indignation that John Boles was not named in the June PHOTOPLAY as a candidate for "King of the Talkies." They all agree that he has more personal magnetism than Tibbett and Chevalier put together! With John Boles in a picture, romance lives again!

SHIRLEY GILBERT AND PALS.

We Can Hardly Wait

Pennsgrove, Pa.

It's a shame that every fan can't see Rudy Vallée in person. No picture could possibly show his wonderful charms. He should tour, so everybody would have a chance to see him. It would be the return of the "matinée idol"—and the most charming of all time.

LEONA STUART.

Seeing Is Believing

Chicago, Ill.

After seeing the film "With Byrd at the South Pole," I appreciated the fact that without the aid of motion pictures much of worth, beauty and interest would be lost to us. Although the different talks given over the radio by Commander Byrd and his men, as well as the newspaper and magazine articles, were highly instructive and most interesting, it needs this film to impress upon the mind and memory the actuality of this immense undertaking.

BARBARA MUELLER.

Tonic

St. Petersburg, Fla.

When I hear that Winnie Lightner or Joe Brown is showing in town, I dig down in my jeans and extract the necessary fee, even if my all did go in a recent bank failure. Laughs these days are necessary!

MARY C.

"Yust" Like That!

Portsmouth, Va.

I stood up four hours and twelve minutes to see Greta Garbo's first talkie, and I sat nine hours and then wasn't tired of listening to her say "MOTT," "YUST," "BODGE," and all those odd pronunciations.

Now don't forget, GRETA'S the woman, GILBERT'S the man, Gosh Gee Whizz, I am a movie fan.

J. CHAS. GRANT.

Nagel Reduction Method

Omaha, Nebr.

I would walk a mile to see Conrad Nagel in a picture. I think that is rather a nice compliment, as we do not walk much these days.

MRS. CHRIS HAGEDORN.

But Maybe They Like To

Omaha, Nebr.

Why try to make Nancy Carroll, Joan Crawford and others sing when they have no voice for singing?

In "Honey" and "Montana Moon" their singing was terrible. It isn't necessary for them to sing, as they are sufficiently attractive without it.

C. A. WILSON.

Pro

Washington, D. C.

Two very sensitive young actors are going to be spoiled unless the producers change their tactics. I am not ashamed to say that I cried when I saw Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor in "Seventh Heaven." In musical comedy they lose all their distinction and become merely "cute." Have we not enough cuteness in the movies already?

G. B.

Con

Brooklyn, N. Y.

My favorites have always been Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. Do I like their voices? Do I like their types? Absolutely! "Sunny Side Up" and "High Society Blues" were two of the best pictures I have ever seen. Let's have more of them.

J. L. DREIFUSS.

We'll Hurry Next Time

Alhambra, Calif.

I spoke to the owner and manager of the theater after we saw "The Devil's Holiday," and said: "If I hadn't read my July PHOTOPLAY I would never have come to a play with such a foolish title." It was a thrilling picture, hokum or no hokum. And it's the first time I ever cared for Nancy Carroll.

We missed "Ladies of Leisure." It was here, but again the title failed to attract and it hadn't been reviewed in PHOTOPLAY at that time. Once in a while a picture gets here too soon!

LUCILE HARMAN.

Look Out, Reno!

Garden City, L. I.

Give us more pictures like "The Divorcee." Bouquets for the whole cast. Their acting in this film is something to be remembered. If every husband and wife who are always ready to quarrel go to see it, and do not go home and make a sincere effort to "try again"—it isn't the picture's fault.

C. A. COLEMAN.

Too Much Realism

Roanoke, Va.

"The Divorcee" was a big disappointment. Why did they have to put in all the gruesome details of the auto wreck—the ghastly, sickening shrieks, etc.? And then, later, the veiled, disfigured woman who came on the scene? I can't understand why that sort of thing should be thrown on the screen as entertainment. We must see it all too much in real life. But if there must be some of it in motion pictures, why can't it be left for the war films—where it may do some good?

L. D. FACKLER.

Settles Fashion Question

Columbia, S. C.

I look upon the manners, actions and general atmosphere portrayed in motion pictures as the perfect guide to what is "correct." For instance, two of my girl friends were discussing the correctness of wearing gloves with formal evening gowns. Neither was sure. I had recently seen Mary Astor doing this very thing in "Ladies Love Brutes," and I told this to my friends. They accepted the decision without further comment.

MRS. H. M. PICKELL.

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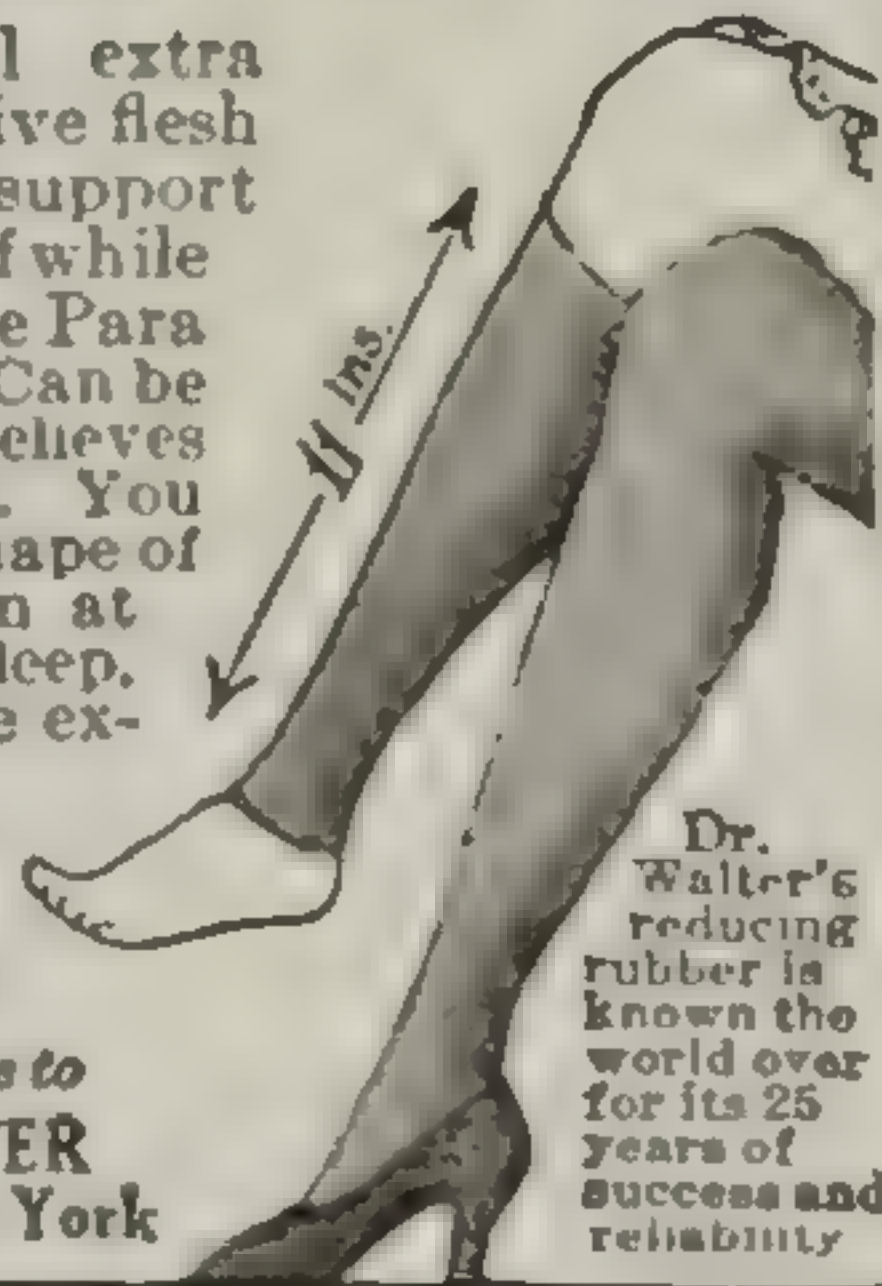
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Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

her, it seemed to me she was the one quiet person in that noon-day turmoil of hungry, hurrying people. Her poise and lack of self-consciousness baffled me. From what hidden resources had she so suddenly drawn them?

As if she read the question in my eyes, Helen laughed and said: "I know what you're thinking, Carolyn. You can't believe that this isn't just a pose, a new manner I have adopted to amuse and interest my old friends, or because I think it becomes my advanced years better than the old boisterousness!"

"But it was the other, the vivacious, noisy girl who was the *poseur*. I never was really like that inside. But life was uncomplicated for me then; my experience was limited and my days carefree. I knew it made me a pleasanter companion to reflect to others the 'joy of living,' as Mrs. J. called it, so I purposely made an effort to be the life of every party. I felt that it made me more popular and more welcome wherever I went. And perhaps it did."

"After I had been abroad a little while and my horizons widened, my knowledge of the world deepened. I learned that life isn't all fun and frivolity, and I found it increasingly hard to keep up my pose of exuberance and vitality. I took several courses and studied hard, and sometimes I was just too tired to pretend. After a while I ceased to care, and that's when I began to replace pep with poise. I started to cultivate quietness and repose of manner as safeguards for my own weariness and because they seemed the natural expression of what I felt."

"Of course, Carolyn, I had to admit that I wasn't quite so sought after in my new rôle. Quiet people don't make such quick impressions, as a rule, you know. But I analyzed it all carefully and came to the conclusion that much of my gayety had been the result of a deeply-rooted self-consciousness. It wasn't, as it is with many girls, a natural thing, but a defense that I built against the world to keep people from penetrating too deeply, from knowing me too well. And I realized that it would become more artificial as the years went on."

"I hung on to my sense of humor, but I knew underneath that there was a serious side to my nature that I had never allowed to develop. No one knew what fruit it might bear if I gave it the chance to grow. So I stopped acting, for the first time in my life, and started to be myself. I'm sorry if my friends are disappointed in me. I'm finding it much pleasanter to live with myself *as myself*, and I hope they, too, will come to feel the same way about me."

The rest of this story, as far as it has gone, is quickly told. Helen's friends still flock around her, and the bachelor seems to find it necessary to be with her a great deal in order to "get acquainted with her all over again." We all agree that the new Helen is as interesting and lovable as the old one, with an added maturity that is charming.

Helen proved to me all over again that when a pose becomes so pronounced that it threatens to substitute for one's real nature, perhaps to repel the very people we want to attract or to prevent the experiences we most desire, then it is time to throw off our disguises.

Now, don't use that as an excuse for going about with a long face and an unhappy air, because anything else would be just a pose. There's a certain amount of masquerading we all have to do at times, and perhaps some of us have to do it most of the time.

But, if you're not a "party girl," and it makes you uncomfortable even to try, don't let that worry you. Maybe the richest friendships of your career, your happiest experiences, are not intended for that type of girl. Don't let them pass you by because they don't recognize you!

MARTHA J.:

Liquid deodorants are to be used only on small areas, as in the armpits, and directions must be carefully followed. They check and divert perspiration, as well as deodorize, protecting the clothing from perspiration stains. The liquid itself, even when colored, will not stain clothes if allowed to dry thoroughly before coming in contact with them. It should never be used on irritated or broken skin, nor for a day or two after shaving or the use of a depilatory.

END L.:

You did not mention your age, so I cannot tell you just what your correct weight is. However, if you will send a self-addressed, stamped envelope, I shall be glad to send you my reducing booklet which contains some exercises particularly helpful for reducing the legs and thighs. The sports in which you indulge are very beneficial, of course, but it is daily, systematic exercise that brings the best results.

D. M.:

Yes, I think you just imagine that certain colors accentuate your freckles. These are the shades that should be most becoming to you: soft greens, most blues, particularly the rich tones, purple and deep orchid, gray, golden brown, burnt orange, tomato, black with color touches, and white.

M. M.:

See my answer to D. M. above.

ELIZABETH:

Apply yellow vaseline to your eyelashes at night, removing all surplus. By lowering the lids you can get enough vaseline on both upper and lower edges at once. Very little is required. A small brush designed for that purpose will help you to train your lashes to curl. Any good lip pomade or softening cream will counteract the dryness of your lips.

MARIE JOHNSON:

Vilma Banky weighs about 120 pounds and is 5 feet, 6 inches tall. So you see, with your added height, your weight corresponds very favorably to hers. Her favorite evening color is white, and for street wear she likes browns and tans. Those colors should be becoming to you, too, and in addition you can wear pink and rose, yellow to blend with your hair, soft greens, either pale or dark, most blues, orchid, black of high lustre, and gray.

JESSICA:

You are making a mistake in acting jealous and quarrelsome. A boy expects good-humored companionship from a girl. He doesn't want her to nag at him about trifles. And he doesn't want her to act as though she owned him. Even married men resent that sort of treatment from their wives! Begin right now to be a sweet-natured, friendly girl who can see things from the other person's point of view as well as her own. You'll be so much happier as you go along, and get much better results.

NAOMI FRANCES:

I should say bobbed hair has not gone out! How could it, when it's so comfortable and almost universally becoming? It's like skirts—there's a definite trend toward length, but there are many quite short skirts to be seen everywhere, and most girls are wearing the length that seems to suit their figures, height and type. Long bobs or done-up locks are becoming to many girls. But those who prefer short hair for comfort and who like themselves with it aren't going to give it up for some time to come, if ever.

Talking of Talkies

WARNER BROTHERS and the National Biscuit Company are thinking of merging to produce talking animal crackers.—Phil Baker, musical show comedian.

THE INTERNATIONAL ACTORS' UNION, with twenty nations represented, have adopted a resolution protesting against the practice of making a talking motion picture in one language and then engaging actors of other tongues to speak new texts for the original film.—The Associated Press.

ONE of the greatest disillusionments of talking pictures is to discover that those mysterious things screen lovers whisper to their sweethearts is the same sort of mush the rest of us dish out.—Life.

TALKING pictures contain little action and few close-ups. Pretty soon they'll have no stars. The things are so stilted they kill a star's spontaneity and, consequently, her personality. Stars have always been the golden geese of pictures, but producers are satisfied with ugly ducklings now.—Clara Bow.

DULL movies, like "Journey's End" and "Anna Christie," will continue to appear so long as methods of presentation ill adapted to the medium of motion pictures are used.—Kenneth White, picture commentator.

WHILE the screen story lacks verisimilitude, it sedulously avoids the banal, and the star injects aplomb, for she is a trick little packet.—From a film review in a British paper.

THE film director may derive the bare bones of his story from any source whatever, just as Shakespeare derived the bare bones of "Hamlet" from fables that were available for anyone's use. Shakespeare covered those bones with the flesh and blood of his own ageless poetry. So may the film director cover them with the moving lights and shadows of his own imagination.—Robert E. Sherwood, film critic.



How to get your face painlessly powder-burned. Director King Vidor fixes Johnny Mack Brown's cheek for a gun-fighting scene in "Billy the Kid." Just have a little soot blown on your face, and there you are, practically burned to a crisp.



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Meet Miss Photoplay



Meta Diane Neuburg of Tuckahoe, N. Y., chosen as PHOTOPLAY'S representative in the contest conducted by thirteen magazines to pick "Miss Columbia." Right, Meta in her ballet costume

THE TWO handsome pictures on this page will give you a very fair idea of "Miss Photoplay," this magazine's entrant in the contest to choose "Miss Columbia" in a nationwide contest sponsored by Columbia Pictures, Inc.

Our charming contestant is Miss Meta Diane Neuburg, of Tuckahoe, N. Y. Out of college a year, Miss Neuburg, at twenty-one, is a school librarian in her home town, with amateur theatricals and ballet study as after-hours interests. The pictures here are pretty enough, but they can't portray the beauty of her blonde coloring nor the daintiness of face and figure that mark her as an exceptionally attractive girl.

"Miss Photoplay" is five feet, three inches tall and weighs 109 pounds. Her hair is light — almost ash blonde, and her eyes are blue.

As the representative of this magazine in the contest to pick "Miss Columbia," Miss Neuburg receives a Majestic Radio set. In the final judging of entrants, chosen by thirteen national magazines, "Miss Columbia" will be chosen. That lucky girl will get a free trip to Hollywood and return as the company's guest, a week's contract at \$250 to pose for the new trailer title to precede all the company's pictures, and lavish entertainment while on the Coast.

Eight hundred of PHOTOPLAY's pretty readers entered this contest. That Miss Meta of Tuckahoe was chosen is proof that she is exceptionally lovely.

PHOTOPLAY congratulates Miss Neuburg, and wishes her success in the final selection which will be announced next month.



Dads' Boys

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

"Rain or Shine," his latest, tell the tale. A proud dad and a prouder son.

"I was one of those awful dark secrets that had to be kept hidden away," Francis X. Bushman, Jr., laughed. "A wife, when my father was a star, was simply unthinkable; and kids—whew! that was the unforgivable sin to fans. And when the public found out that dad had not only a wife but five little unforgivable sins hidden around the house—well, poor dad, his movie career blew up with a bang."

This tall, handsome son of the very handsome idol of early pictures, Francis X. Bushman, Sr., is quite the best looking of all the movie sons.

The screen does not quite catch his youthful good looks as it did his father's.

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN! Ah, me! One glimpse of Francis in the old days and our girlish hearts raced like trip hammers. Sex appeal as she was appealed in those days.

Francis X. and those love scenes! *There* was something.

"I remember," Francis, Jr., said, "when my dad was crowned king of the movies. It was at the Exposition in San Francisco. Gee, that was a day." His eyes, so much like his father's, lit up at the remembrance. "And you know dad's still good, too. Did I ever tell you how he stole the part I wanted? The late June Mathis was looking for a *Messala* for 'Ben Hur.'"

"I was in Rhode Island at the time and had always craved the part of *Messala*. So I dolled up in a Roman nightgown and crown and so forth, and with the pictures of myself in this garb, I started for California.

"'I'm going over to June's,' I told dad, 'to show her these pictures. I want that part and I've come all the way across the continent to get it.' 'Here,' dad said, tossing me an old picture of himself draped in a tiger skin, that lay on his desk, 'take this.' So I stuck it in the bottom of the pile and started for June's.

"'Very nice, very nice,' she remarked, as she looked through the pictures. Then suddenly she stopped. 'But, here,' she exclaimed.



Denver, Colo.

Last summer and fall my sister and I worked at the same place here in town, went places together, and didn't mix much with others.

Then she married and moved away. Soon afterward I was called away by her illness.

After she died I came back and started looking for a job. I have just two friends here, and they both work in the afternoons and evenings. So I go to the movies, sometimes two a day.

What a relief to be able to forget loneliness, grief and worry, and drift into the land of make-believe. After the show is over, I feel able to approach all the hard-boiled bosses and have them say "no" to me, and still come up smiling.

If it weren't for movies I don't know what I'd do.

G. Wickliffe



**"Kleenex...
the only *safe* way to remove
face creams and make-up"**

Helen Morgan

She started all America singing "Can't help lovin' that man"... she played in some of the greatest successes Ziegfeld has ever known... and she tells you here how she protects the beauty that made her famous.

YOU saw her in "Show Boat," didn't you? And if you are human—and feminine—you *must* have wondered how she preserves her creamy skin and cool, magnolia beauty.

Well—take a peep into her dressing room!



More and more people are using Kleenex to replace handkerchiefs. It is especially valuable during colds, to avoid reinfection.

Right past the doorman, into the star's own inner sanctum! And here we find her, cleansing her skin... with Kleenex!

"Kleenex is always on my dressing table," she says. "It's the only safe and sanitary way to remove face creams and make-up. Soft and absorbent, it wipes away *but does not scratch or stretch the skin.*"

You see, Helen Morgan knows the importance of proper cleansing. So she uses Kleenex.

Kleenex is powerfully absorbent. It blots up... not only every trace of cream and oil... but embedded dirt and cosmetics also.

Women everywhere are rapidly adopting the Kleenex way of removing cold cream. Kleenex is so sanitary. It's so much safer than germ-filled "cold cream cloths" or towels. And far less expensive.

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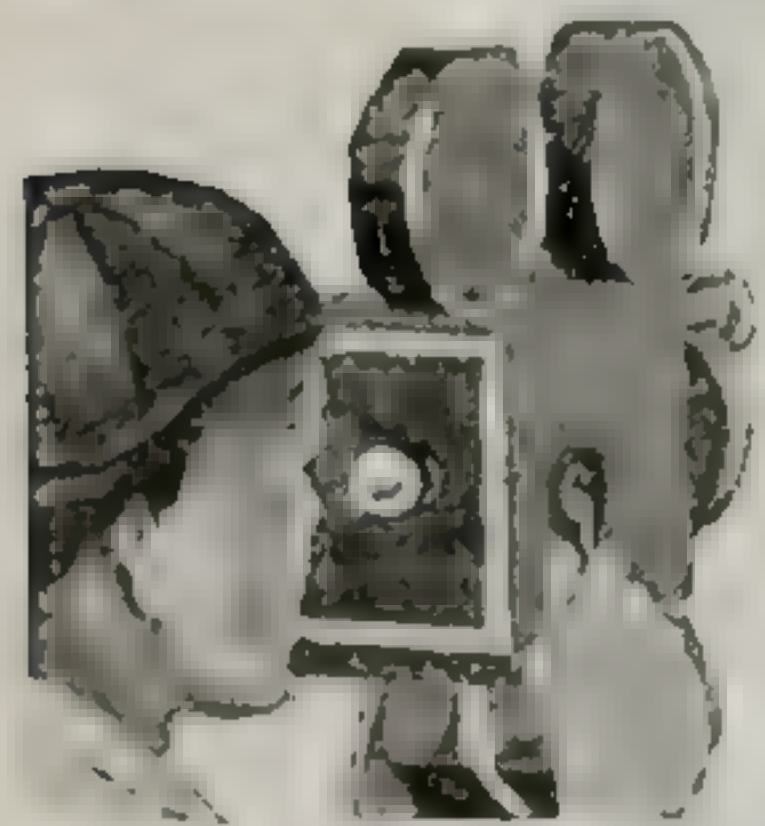
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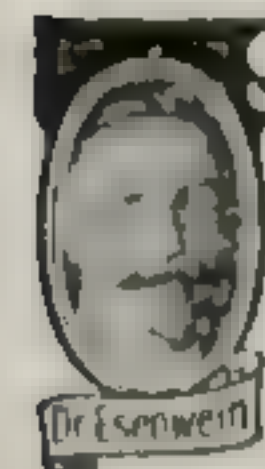
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A father and son team that came from the theater overseas to carve successful careers in America. The late Rudolph Schildkraut, of the German stage, and his handsome son, Joseph, who starred on Broadway before coming to Hollywood for films



'is my Messala.' It was dad and his tiger skin."

But young Bushman more or less made up for his loss in "Four Sons." Francis was one of those "Four Sons" that will linger long in the memory of picture-goers.

He graduated from Staunton Military Academy and knew both Mrs. Haines and Bill long before Hollywood did. He appeared with Bill in "The Girl Said No" and has just finished a part in his new picture, "Way Out West."

So, Francis is far from a hidden secret in Hollywood these days.

THEN, there are the Nugents. They just say "The Nugents" in Hollywood and everyone knows it means J. C. and his son, Elliott.

While J. C.—dramatist, director, actor and monologist—was monologuing about the world, young Elliott was getting himself educated at Ohio State University. During the summer, he traveled along with dad and then together they dashed off three of the biggest hits Broadway has seen in many a day. They were "Kempy," "The Poor Nut" and "By Request."

Then out to Hollywood and pictures they came. J. C. wrote, directed and acted in "The Rounders" and also played a part in "Navy Blues." Then, together, dad and his boy wrote the dialogue for Lon Chaney's newest, "The Unholy Three," in which Elliott played the juvenile lead.

Yes, sir, they're a grand team, the Nugents. It's hard to beat J. C. and son Elliott.

On a quiet, shady side street in Hollywood, there stands a tiny unpretentious bungalow. A cottage filled with poignant memories that seem to fill the rooms like a long forgotten perfume.

It is here that Harold Lockwood and his mother live. Harold, Sr., looks serenely down from his frame on the mantel.

HAROLD LOCKWOOD. The memories that name stirs up. Handsome, romantic Harold. It was during the flu epidemic of 1918 that he died. Died at the peak of a glorious, promising career.

"Here are some old stills from dad's pictures," young Lockwood said.

"I play only bits, little bits," he hastens to reassure one. "Just bits and extra parts mostly. Colleen Moore was awfully good to me and mother out at First National. She always found something for me in all her pictures. But Colleen's gone now and it seems different. I've also played bits in 'Harold Teen,' 'War Babies' and 'Remote Control.' It's just kind of slow and hard to get started, but I'll make it." He glanced up at his father's picture. "I'll make it."

He'll make it. This tall, quiet boy, who looks so much like the handsome father before him, will make it. Just stepping along in his father's footsteps!

The Strange Case of Conrad Nagel

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63]

I'm sure, ever attended one). But you wouldn't be particularly surprised at seeing her, because she is given to sudden and intense gestures. You're absolutely sure that Conrad Nagel won't be there.

If, perhaps, it amused you to watch life in the raw at a Mexican dance hall just off the Plaza you might see even Lillian Gish also watching (at a discreet distance but watching, nevertheless) life in the raw. Nothing could make you conceive of Conrad Nagel in such a place.

It would not occur to Conrad, himself, to do anything spectacular, unusual or bizarre. He is not that sort of person. And yet he has lived, and lived well, in the whirlwind of Hollywood

and three times during his career he has created a veritable sensation in the industry.

His life goes like a stock market chart. It has risen three times to a high pitch and has sunk back again to the level from which it came.

But at no time have these climaxes in his career in any way affected Conrad, in any way changed the man.

The first one was due to Elinor Glyn. No two people could be at more extreme mental poles than Conrad Nagel and Elinor Glyn, yet this authority on matters amorous startled the M-G-M studios, if not the rest of the entertainment world, by suddenly announcing that that very creditable leading man whom all the

directors wanted because he could be relied upon for an adequate performance, had "It."

She gave him the rôle of *Paul* in "Three Weeks," made him grow a moustache, and for a while it was rumored that he would be starred and give Jack Gilbert a run for his money.

Conrad took it in his usual calm, humorless manner. He was not even mildly upset. The studio was his office; playing the romantic *Paul*, his job. He went to his office and did his job and pretty soon everybody forgot that Madame had mentioned his sex appeal.

He became the pride of the industry, the good boy of the films, the lad who never gave Mr. Will Hays any trouble at all. Apparently he carried away with him none of the Glyn theories on private life when he left the studio.

THESE mad, tempestuous people who live in Hollywood and work at the studios looked upon Conrad as rather a "sap." He was not seen at wild parties. He did not go dancing and cup winning and not even the most discreet whoopee, or whatever the word was at that time, seemed to interest him in the slightest degree. He came to the studio, did his job and kept his name off the front pages of the papers. It rather annoyed those who had known the bitter taste of scandal. Surely, they thought, such a paragon of virtue must have some secret vice or else be a "sap."

Suddenly a dramatic situation arose. The actors discovered themselves in the midst of a bitter fight which imperiled their property. The producers had decided to cut salaries. The stars were at a loss. They had no notion what to do. Lacking, most of them, any semblance of logic or reason, they scurried about in groups, called the producers every dirty name to which they could lay their tongues (and, had you been in Hollywood at this time you would have improved your vocabulary considerably) and did nothing about it at all.

They lacked a leader. There was no one who could be their spokesman. They were afraid of saying what they thought to the producers themselves.

Suddenly there arose in their midst the man of property, the leader of the group, a clear thinking, logical, sturdy citizen with a strong community spirit.

Conrad Nagel was, in this crisis, the spokesman for the actor. He routed the producers with fine oratory. He flected them in the raw with sharp wit. He spoke his mind.

Conrad was the man of the hour. The "sap," the good boy of pictures, had come forward and taken the steering wheel.

I remember, during these hectic days, seeing Aileen Pringle at the studio commissary having an ice cream soda. She hailed me and began at once to talk of the thing that was on everybody's mind, the wage cut. She described a meeting that had taken place the night before.

"AND Conrad Nagel," she said, waving a straw in my direction, "why, he's a Sir Galahad. He's a knight on a white charger. He speaks with a tongue of fire. Can you believe it of Conrad? Oh, you should have heard him. I've never been so stirred!"

Telegrams poured in to him. He was shaken by the hand, slapped on the back. And, what's more, he won his point. The spotlight of Hollywood was thrown upon him. He was a great hero.

And yet, Conrad was no different. He was merely the substantial citizen helping a civic cause.

When it was over he was quickly forgotten by the more hectic members of the colony, although he did command more respect from them.

A couple of years rolled by. You didn't think about Conrad Nagel. You talked about everybody in the business. You tried to find out the secrets, private and professional, of all your favorites, but Conrad jogged along, adequate, convincing and sincere.

Then the Warners launched the talking picture. They made a film called "Glorious

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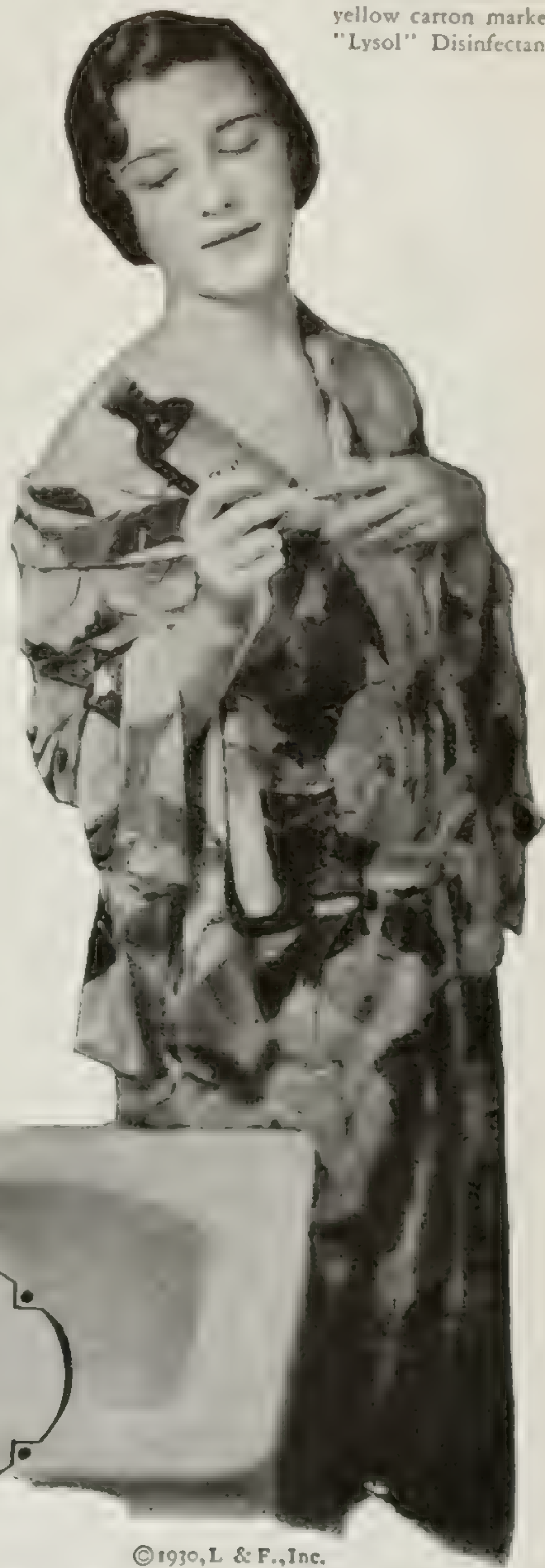
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Betsy." They remembered that Conrad Nagel had been on the stage and had been graduated from Highland Park College in Des Moines with the degree of Bachelor of Oratory. They borrowed him from M-G-M to play the leading rôle opposite Dolores Costello. He spoke—clearly, concisely and well. And he was the only leading man in town whom they would trust in the new medium. In a year he made something like twelve pictures.

A CERTAIN newspaper took a poll during this time on whether the public liked silent pictures or talkies, and also asked which was the favorite talkie actor. Conrad won by hundreds of thousands of votes, partly, perhaps, because he was about the only actor whose voice had been heard.

He was in constant demand. And, although it had always been excellent, his salary now took a sudden leap. It was one of the most astonishing gestures of the industry, and yet not as obviously astonishing as it would have been had he made what is known as a "come-back." It couldn't be a come-back, since he had not slipped. He had, through the years, remained the same.

Fan letters poured in to him. He was, during this period, by far the most popular man in the profession. He was loaned from company to company and M-G-M made a neat penny on his services.

Still he remained the same! There was no trace of "going Hollywood." He still found his amusements at home with his family, and with his dearest friend, Sydney Franklin. All the fame, all the glory, all the popularity that he had achieved made absolutely no difference in him as a man.

The talkie flurry settled down into a nice, peaceful little industry and other people with

good voices were discovered. The Conrad Nagel vogue passed, yet it didn't pass, since it has always been the same except for the three spurts, two professional, one personal.

And Conrad remains under contract to M-G-M, where he draws a salary of about \$2,500 or \$3,000 a week. He had always drawn a very sizable salary. His fan mail, like his performances, is creditable, adequate and sincere. His fan following consists of loyal supporters who have been his loyal supporters for years.

He is well liked by the exhibitors and has a good box-office name. He is in constant demand from other companies. And he likes being loaned out, for he is interested in his work and enjoys being busy.

There are never any wild fits of temperament on Conrad's part. He fights for rights, both his own and those of his fellow actors, but he is never unreasonable.

AND these sudden spurts of personal and professional activity in no way affect him. He remains what he was at the beginning, a worthy man, a family man, a good citizen, a man of intelligence, a humorless man, not given to any mad gestures.

Against the painted backdrop of Hollywood, against the bizarre silhouette of the film capital, the case of Conrad Nagel stands out in bold relief as one of the most surprising and fantastic of them all. That he could, through the years, have held his place on the screen, never been starred and yet never been down and out, lived exactly as he would have lived had he been a citizen of Keokuk, never done anything that an average citizen would not do and yet be a member of the strangest profession in the world and an inhabitant of the oddest town is, I believe, breathlessly exciting!



Leila Hyams matching golf swings with a mechanical golfer. This robot executes a perfect swing. He's the one golfer in the world who never lifts his head at the wrong time—unless, of course, you happen to touch a gadget and throw him off his game

The New Hollywood Underworld

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

talk for a while, when there was a knock at the door and three men forced their way in. The hostess and her guests were lined up against the wall and searched. And then the actress was asked for the rest of her jewels.

"That's all I have," she said. But the thieves knew better. Apparently they had been watching her for weeks. They called for every piece of jewelry she owned and she had to go to her wall safe and bring them all out.

Another proof that this was done by skilled thugs lay in the fact that the insurance company recovered the jewels and returned them to her. And that's another racket. It is worked like this. Apparently an agent for the gang of thieves approached the insurance company's lawyer and offered to return the gems for a certain amount of money if no questions would be asked. None were and the stones were returned.

MOST of these 'stories do not get into the papers, since the stars know the sting of adverse publicity.

A single bandit held up one of the fast East-bound trains recently. He took Marian Nixon's jewels and a roll of bills from her husband. The job was pulled by a professional. The bandit knew exactly what he wanted and it has been surmised that he was really after Ruby Keeler, Al Jolson's wife, whose collection of gems is famous.

This is all very new to Hollywood. Never before has the city had an underworld. It is a notoriously clean town and its scandals have been scandals which could be settled in the bosom of the community.

Most of the robberies that have taken place in Hollywood have been small, amateur affairs. Rackets the town has known, but most of these rackets were pulled by amateurs and were more bizarre than the cut and dried formula of the smart crooks.

Several years ago a shrewd woman, working alone, passed herself off as a foreign countess and was entertained by a prominent actress. When she bid the star goodbye, the hostess found herself poorer by several diamond bracelets and rings.

A boy of good family told "a very few people" that he would be willing to sell his ancestral cellar of rare old wines and whiskeys for several thousand dollars. The names of those who fell for this line looks like a "Who's Who" in the cinema city. And he carried on his trade successfully for several days, for the members of the colony were afraid and ashamed to turn him in. Afraid of the bad publicity, ashamed of being so successfully duped. At last one, braver than the rest, sent for the police.

And there is the well-known petty racket that was pulled by a slick salesman just before one Christmas. He sold thousands of dollars' worth of perfume cheaper than the stores could sell it; but there wasn't any perfume in those fancy bottles, just slightly scented water.

SUCH were the rackets of Hollywood. The town has known many of these, but it has had no organized underworld. It has had no international crooks, no suave, nimble-witted criminals. It has them now!

At a certain prominent hotel more than twenty known gunmen and blackmailers are registered and the strange part about it is that, for the most part, the picture people, unfamiliar with Broadway and its half world, do not recognize these gangsters when they see them.

Not so long ago two of the nicest little ingénues in town were seen dining and dancing

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with two notorious crooks. It is all very confusing. A real racketeer is not stamped by certain characteristics as he is in the scenario.

So far these crooks have not bothered the tourists. They are here for bigger game, the stars, directors, writers and producers—those that they are quite sure have what they want.

These men, who are the dregs of Broadway and Chicago, are well dressed, witty, elegant, have plenty of money to spend and ride the boulevards in cars that rival the stars' for showiness. For all the picture people know, these characters may be Broadway financiers in California on vacations. They now appear at all the smart restaurants and theaters and always have a way of being introduced to those they want to meet.

The police know that this condition exists.

At every theater opening, dozens of plain clothes men circulate in the crowd. The cops are preparing themselves for every emergency. There is, by the way, a brand new police station in Hollywood with the most spotless jail you ever saw. A few months ago I'll wager not half the citizens of the town knew that there was a police station.

The phonoplay gave new life to the industry. It swelled the population of Hollywood. It made the town more brilliant, more cultured, more metropolitan. But it also set the stage for a first-class underworld. Gangsters are as thick as story doctors in the village. Black-mailers are as numerous as extra girls. Stick-up men are as ubiquitous as actors out of jobs.

The village has a chance to see if its gangster pictures were technically correct.

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Handmade Burano lace banquet cloth.
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Yellow and black boudoir clock, marcasite setting.

Sterling silver water pitcher.
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Sterling silver tea set.
2 antique silver covered dishes.
1 antique silver tray.
6 purple wine glasses, bottle and silver tray.
Crystal cut bonbon dish with silver top.
1 dozen green cut crystal goblets.
Telechrone clock.
Large crystal bowl.
Old silver teapot on standard.
2 yellow Chinese bowls on teakwood stands.
Embroidered linen bed set—2 sheets, 4 pillow cases.

1 dozen blue and gold Royal Worcester service plates.
Crystal frame (huge) with Ben's photo.
Silver covered dish.
Handsome old English silver bowl.
Silver and cut crystal fruit bowl.
Swedish cut crystal bowl.

Pair of Czecho-Slovakian vases—lavender.
Pair of Wedgwood candlesticks and large bowl.

Huge silver meat platter with cover—Old English.

Silver leaf celery dish.
1 set of gold overlay cocktail plates and glasses.

Set of sterling silver ashtrays—match boxes and cigarette holder.

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Silver coffee pot with lamp.

Silver knife and fork steak set.
Green lamp and shade.

French candelabra.
Mahogany clock.

Silver water pitcher.
3 piece silver tea set.

Large photograph frame with white jade medallion.

Antique miniature of Lady Gray.
Chest of flat silver.

Pendant watch, cabachon emerald with diamonds and sapphires.

A Queen Goes Fishing

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44]

till I'm playing leads, and I'll tell them they've got to let you star with me! I think you'd be wonderful!"

SHE pulled his hand into her lap; put her face down against it and looked at him, her lips tantalizingly close to his!

"Do you mean it, Randy?" she cooed softly. "Oh, it would be marvelous—to play in a picture—with you!"

On the set, everybody began to watch them; watched him always looking for her, and following her with his eyes; Francia always finding a place to be where he would see her; her curls tumbled just so; her feet in scarlet or white satin slippers, very pretty and very little; her arms and neck and shoulders white and lovely in the queen's dress, or in the peasant's. He would smile at her, the quick, boyish smile that was to win the world, and he waited for her after work every day in his

little blue Ford, and stayed around the door of the Red Dog saloon every morning until she came. He brought her funny presents—a long-legged doll; a kitten that wound up like a music box and cried; a wrist-watch that was a tiny, tinkling alarm clock.

"Well," everybody said, "Francia Delmar knows her onions!"

The musical numbers of "King of Tatters" had been finished in the studio. The palace scenes took three weeks. The night they were done, Francia called Max Kurtzman to take her to dinner because Randy would be at the studio all evening making stills.

MAX rang Francia's door bell at seven. He wore a light gray suit, very sporty, a crushed gray hat and a white gardenia.

"Well, Susie," he said, and elevated one eyebrow slightly, "I hear you been fishing!"

He laughed at his joke.

"They say you certainly pulled the lucky number this time, baby! All you need is one leading man that'd rather play 'Post Office' with you than anybody else. All right! Don't forget who it was got you on the Columbia wheel!"

The telephone rang.

"It's probably Randy," Francia said.

Yes, it was Randy.

"Hello, sweet man," she said—"oh, you mean for dinner, Randy! Oh, I'm terribly sorry! I've promised to go with my agent, Mr. Kurtzman! I thought you'd be at the studio all evening. Come and take me away tomorrow," she said, very softly, "and let's play all day! Del Ray or Redondo or Casa del Mar or somewhere. You're a precious boy, you are. Do you love me a little?—Yes, darling, I'm terribly sorry—I thought you'd be at the studio all evening—wait a minute—"

"MAX," she said, "something's happened that Randy don't have to stay at the studio. Can I ask him to come along?"

"Sure," Max said, "ask him. We'll go to George Olsen's Cotton Club—out to the Plantation."

"Listen, Randy," she said, "Max says, why don't you join us. He says we're going out to the Plantation. Come on, darling—all right, that'll be wonderful—we're going right now—"

She put the telephone away and surveyed her flame-colored gown.

"If Randy's coming," she said, "I'll have to wear something else. He's different. He don't want me sensational. I guess he isn't used to big time—"

Max Kurtzman telephoned for a reservation at George Olsen's. The Chevrolet sped down Beverly Boulevard to the sea; the tower of the Carthay Circle Theater played red and white searchlights on the sky, the lights of Los Angeles were sprinkled on the dark, like jewels on black velvet.

At the Plantation, Max always had the same table. Francia was like a hot-house orchid in lavender organdie, silver shoes, a wide, drooping silver transparent hat. The waiter brought iced stuffed celery and crisp sticks of Italian bread.

"I got a letter today," Max said—and hunted for it in his pocket. "If you wasn't as good as head-lined already, we'd start in on *this* lead. He handed her a letter on heavy white stationery:

"Dear Max: I'm having an informal party tonight. Won't you bring the little girl you told me about—Miss Delmar? I'd like to meet her."

It was signed "Richard Dix."

Francia tucked her chin in her hand, a chiffon handkerchief trailing down to the table, thumb and forefinger circled delicately with diamonds.

"I'll have my secretary drop him an R. S. V. P. tomorrow," she said, "and say we're sorry we couldn't be there. Here comes Vic Fleming."

THE director came gingerly across the polished floor.

"Hello, Max," he said. Max presented Miss Delmar, and asked the waiter to bring another chair.

"You look like the little girl who played the queen in 'King of Tatters,'" Mr. Fleming said. "I just saw the rushes."

"Really?" she said. "Yes, it was me. What's the answer?"

Fleming took the cigarette Max offered.

"Good little musical show," he said. "Good program picture. Good for the road. That's all they wanted. They got an awful surprise when they saw the kid they picked for a knock-out! What's his name—Seamore? They thought he was something that would make Colman and Chevalier look like the Smith Brothers. They had a contract fixed up with options on it till Gabriel blows his horn!

"And we took a look at him in 'King of



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Tatters' and he's terrible! He's a good-looking kid and knows what to do all right—he's got all the manners—but he screens like an accident! In this business you never can tell!"

In Francia's hand the chiffon handkerchief had become a crushed and crumpled nothing. Max Kurtzman's face had gradually grown a deep and deeper coral.

"You aren't kidding, are you?" Francia asked, her voice slightly high-pitched and strained.

Victor Fleming told the whole world he wasn't kidding!

"IT'S a good thing for them they didn't happen to let him do 'Panama Highway' first," he said, and whacked the cigarette on the back of his hand. "That's how sure they were. Well—that's pictures! You aren't sure of anything but today—and you aren't sure of *that*!"

The orchestra was playing "This Thing Called Love"—couples crowding across the floor, drifting into the rhythm of the fox-trot; little spotlights traveling around the "ringside" picking out for one moment beautiful Norma Shearer—those heart-breaking eyes; then Jack Dempsey dancing with the black-eyed Estelle—then Doug., Jr., and Joan.

"All right," Max was saying, "was it Datig said Seamore was sour in the rushes—or *who* said so? Maybe it was a lousy print and they—"

"Hello, Del," Randy said. He was there, bending over her.

In flushed and entirely unassumed confusion, she introduced Max and Mr. Fleming. Randy was very handsome in white flannels, dark hair, damp and curling; that quick, frank smile. It didn't seem possible any camera could have made a fiasco of such poise, such looks. But you never can tell!

"Want to dance this one, dear?" he asked. "If Mr. Kurtzman and Mr. Fleming will excuse us?"

Mr. Kurtzman and Mr. Fleming would—and rose, as Randy drew Francia into his arms and out on the dance floor.

"Gee, honey," he said boyishly, "you look marvelous tonight! I had to see you! I don't want to break in on the party, but I had to see you!"

The music carried them around the floor, back near the table where Mr. Kurtzman sat with Mr. Fleming.

"Let's sit down," Francia said. "It's too hot to dance. And I want to talk to Mr. Fleming. He's a big director. And besides—Richard Dix asked Max to bring me to a party tonight—so we've got to go early."

He was surprised.

"You always said you never wanted to stop dancing," he said, "let's just finish this one. If you're going somewhere tonight, I won't see you again until tomorrow, and that's a long time!"

"I don't think I can play tomorrow," she said, "if I stay at the party late tonight."

"THEN I guess you won't go to the party tonight," he laughed. He put his lips close to her cheek. "I've got a couple of things to tell you."

"This is a funny place to ask you to marry me"—he held her closer—"but *will* you? I brought you a ring tonight. I was going to ask you at dinner. And when you said you were going to be with Mr. Kurtzman—I had to come and ask you, anyway! I'm going to put the ring on while we're dancing. And I think I'll kiss you," he laughed, "right before everybody. I know you care for me, sweetheart—you've just as good as told me so." He reached his left hand into his pocket, lifted it to hers, that was on his shoulders. She felt a ring slip over her fourth finger; felt his hand close over hers.

"Listen, Randy," she said, a little sharply, "did you get the contract at Lasky's?"

They danced from one end of the room to the other before he answered.

"That was the other thing I was going to

tell you," he said. "No, I didn't. They say—I don't screen. They say I'm no good. Does that make any difference?"

She didn't look at him—or answer. She held herself a little stiffly in his arms. And then, suddenly, he understood.

"You already knew about the contract, didn't you?" he said. "Vic Fleming told you. And that's why you have to go to a party tonight, and why you can't go to the beach tomorrow!" He laughed harshly. "Everybody told me you were playing me—but I didn't believe it!"

"Well," she said, a little defensively, "you didn't get the contract—and you haven't any other heavy job, have you?"

"No," he told her, "I haven't."

"Well—" she said. And very plainly, that was all! The music stopped. The others waited for an encore. Randy and Francia went back to the table. Randy didn't sit down.

"Good night," he said to Mr. Kurtzman and Mr. Fleming, offering his hand. "I just dropped in for one dance, and to bring a little present to Del, to appreciate the three weeks' fun we had on the picture. I'm going to London tomorrow. Goodbye, Del." He lifted the tips of her fingers to his lips and kissed them, and she suddenly saw the ring he had put on her hand—a three carat diamond burning in a circle of emeralds!

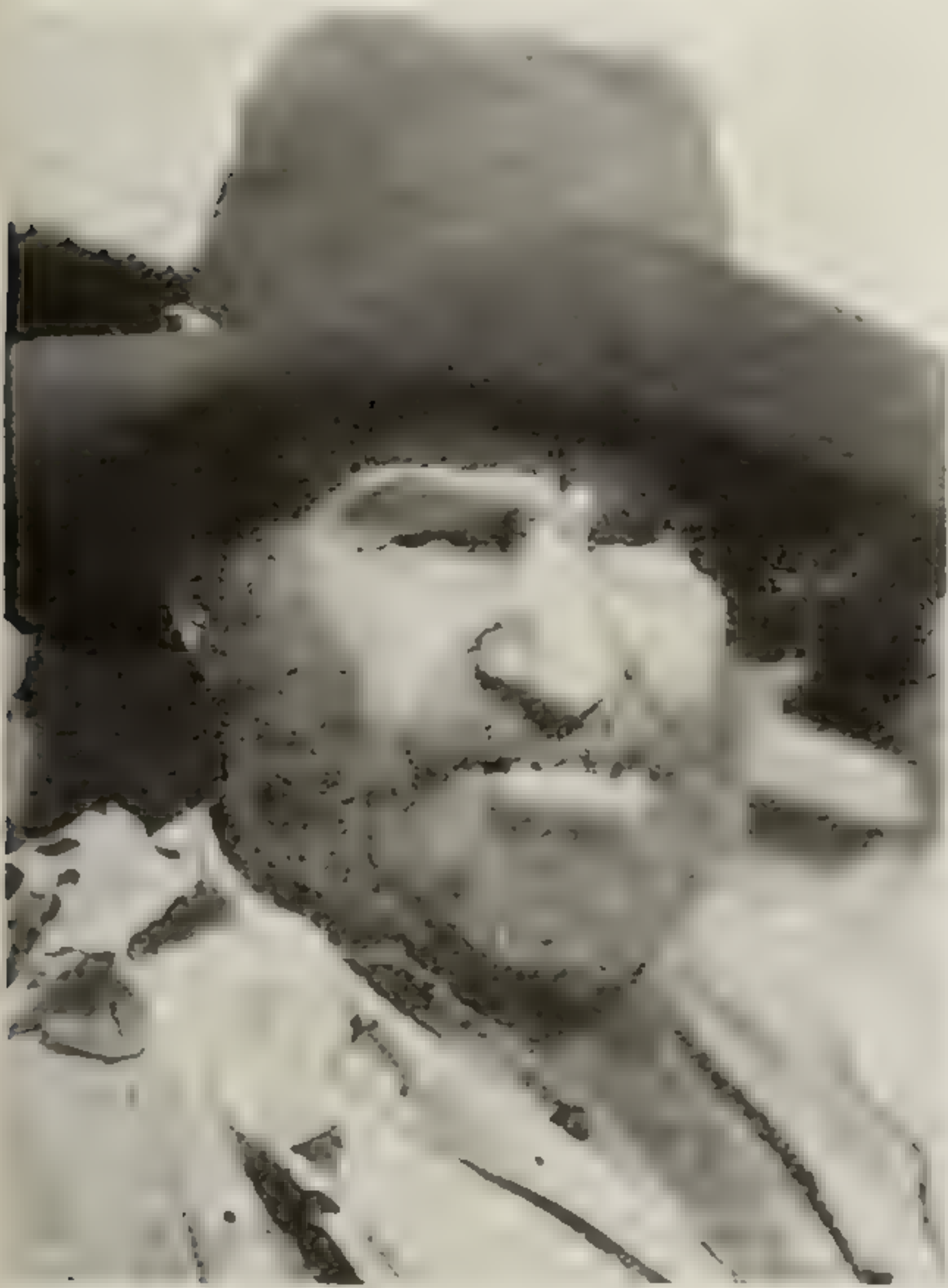
"Randy!" she said.

"Like it?" He smiled. "It's the one you picked out in Walton's window."

They watched him go across the floor—just a tall, good-looking boy—embarrassed at being conspicuous.

Then Dorothy Herzog and Jack MacDermott saw Vic Fleming. They stopped dancing, and pulled a couple of chairs alongside Max, Vic and Francia. Dorothy, the little chain-lightning columnist who has to know everything, dark curls always rumped like a little boy's hair—rollicking blue eyes.

"Hello," she said to Max and Francia, and reached for a cigarette out of the pack in Max's hand. "Since when do you babies travel in such upper classes that you've got Randolph Seamore at your table! Funny how hell-bent that kid was to make pictures, and his old man worth twenty millions! But I hear he's a wash-out on the screen! Is that so, Vic? Well," she said—and reached for the match flame he held out to her—"in this business, you never can tell!"



Behind this thicket is one of the best known faces of stage or screen in the old days. This is the distinguished veteran of the theater and the silent drama, Tyrone Power, made up for his first talkie rôle in "The Big Trail," a new Fox picture

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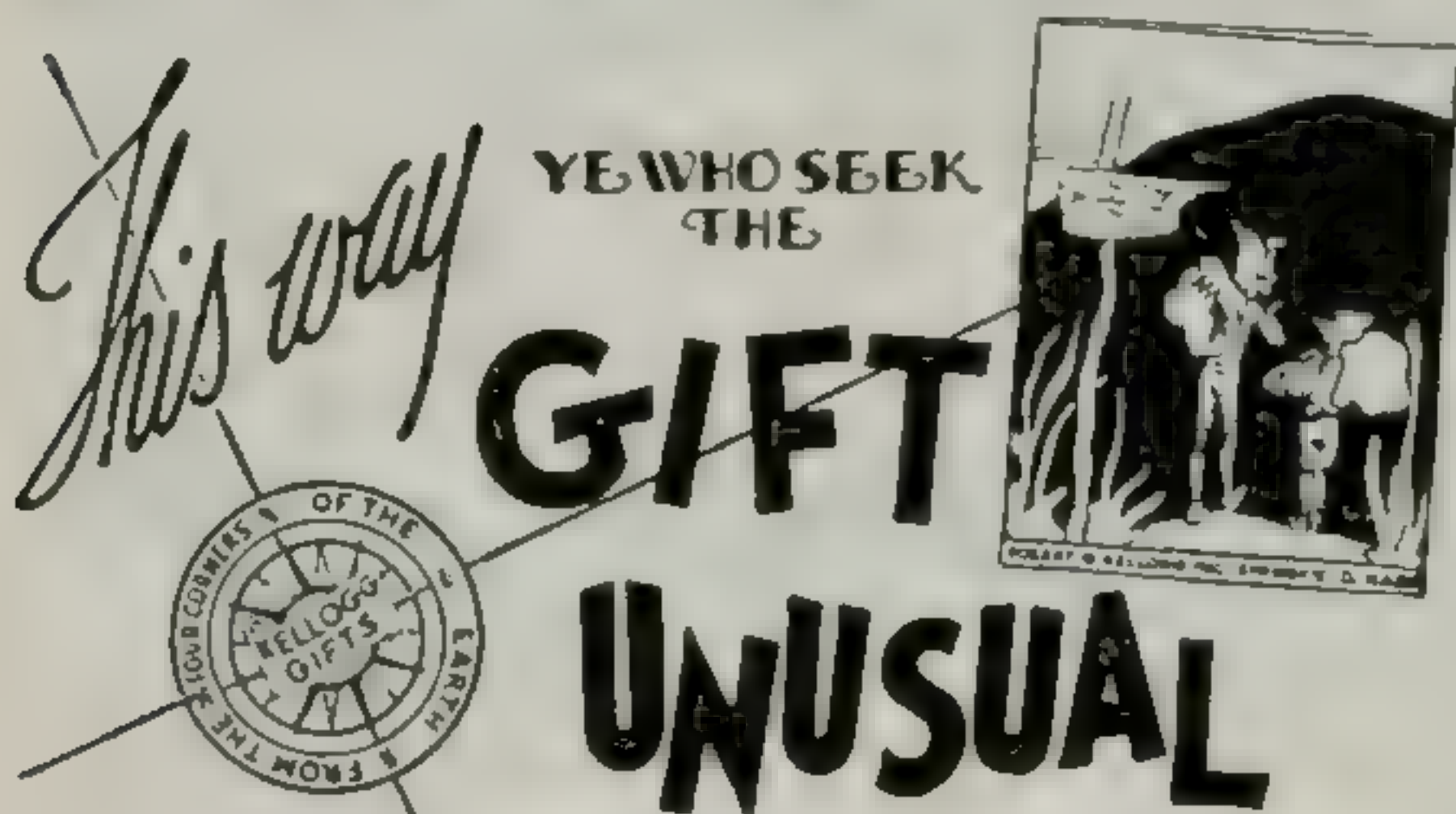
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A Chevalier of France

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

getting at the *Casino de Paris* what was for France—but not for Hollywood—an enormous salary. Mr. Thalberg offered him on behalf of Metro-Goldwyn exactly fifty per cent of that sum.

"But listen—" Chevalier protested, "—you understand I cannot leave Paris, have my house running here and all that, and go to California to get half of what I am getting in France."

"BUT we can't possibly pay you anything like what you're getting here," the other explained. "No star in Hollywood ever received such a salary without first proving himself a box-office attraction."

"Then—I thank you for your kindness—but I will stay where I am. I will go to America at the salary I am getting here, or I will not go at all. I beg you to understand it as I mean it—I do not bargain with you—I do not try to lift your price—but I tell you simply that I cannot afford, with more expense to myself, to take less money from you than I now earn. If you cannot afford to give it to me—well—we will part friends."

Cables began flying across the Atlantic between Irving Thalberg and his associates, and Thalberg was finally authorized to offer the French star a salary that came within \$500 of the sum he asked. Chevalier refused it.

"Very well," said Thalberg, "I'll go back to Hollywood and fight for you there. I'm sure to convince them and you'll hear from me very soon."

He returned to Hollywood, but Chevalier didn't hear. The Frenchman's cables remained unanswered. He flashed them a final signal of distress. "Please wire yes or no must make plans for next season." Came nothing.

So when, not many weeks later, he was told at the theater that Mr. Lasky was out front, he didn't quiver an eyelash. "I lost my faith," he says. "I told myself, if the other one thinks I am not worth even the same salary that I get in France, why should this one think some other thing?" He went out and sang his songs with his customary verve and sparkle—not for Mr. Lasky or Hollywood—but for his friends in the audience whom he never disappointed and who never disappointed him.

APPARENTLY it was good enough for Mr. Lasky. Hardly was the act over when he knocked at the star's door.

"I like the way you sing American songs," he said. "Will you come and talk to me tomorrow about the pictures? I am here for only three days."

"Yes, Mr. Lasky," said Chevalier, "I will come. And—" with a grin, "I will do more. I will save you the money and the trouble to make a test. I will show you the test that was made of me two months ago."

"That," he mused, "was the funny side of it. Two hours after he saw the test, Mr. Lasky signed me for Paramount at the same salary I was getting in Paris. And that," he concluded, "is the story of how I came to America to work in the pictures."

Chevalier is very grateful to Mr. Lasky—grateful for his faith and for his generosity. He is one of the five people whom the Frenchman recognizes as having exerted a crucial influence on his career.

They make an interesting list. J. W. Jackson, who taught him how to dance; Norman French, who brought a new type of dancing comedy to Paris and whom Chevalier imitated with such success; Mistinguette, who made him her partner before the war and after his return from the prison camp; Ronald Kennedy, the British schoolmaster who taught

him English when he was a war prisoner at Alten Grabow; and Jesse L. Lasky, who brought him to America and who has reaped the reward of his good judgment.

There have been other kind and helpful friends, but these five provided the stepping stones that enabled him to display his talents to the best advantage, and thus attain his present eminence.

If the truth must be told, there were no loud outcries of joy from Paramount when they learned he was coming. So many European hopes had been transplanted to Hollywood amid a fanfare of expensive ballyhoo—and where were they now? Wilted, apparently, by some blight in the California atmosphere, collapsed and carted quietly away—the ballyhoo packed in camphor until the next time.

He was introduced to them and to the newspaper men at a press luncheon. It was his first American crowd, and he did to them what he has done to every American crowd he has met since. He talked to them and captured their attention, he sang to them and warmed their hearts, he grinned at them and they were his. They set to work with every ounce of energy they owned to put him over—not alone because it was their job, but because they felt that here was an investment certain to repay tenfold whatever effort they might spend on it.

THE French star went to Hollywood to make "Innocents of Paris." The shooting began, the first rushes were shown and Paramount immediately took up his option for one year at a small increase in salary. That was fine, but still it represented only the reaction of his employers who believed in him, and who wanted to believe in him. What about that terrifying unknown quantity, the American public, who had no knowledge of him, no interest in him, financial, sentimental or otherwise, in whose hands lay the final judgment? Would it be thumbs up or thumbs down?

Chevalier went to the preview with moist hands and a sinking sensation in the pit of his stomach. He was about to present himself at the bar of American public opinion and hear the verdict pronounced that would bestow or withhold the final crown.

The theater was filled with a regulation movie crowd, Paramount officials scattered here and there among them. Chevalier sat alone—too nervous to tolerate anyone near him—his friends in another part of the house.

"It was a kind of first night," he said, "without the possibility of being myself on the stage to feel how it goes, and maybe change a little here, a little there. It is all fixed, finished. I can look, listen, but I must sit still in my chair and do nothing. That is a terrible thing!" And he wiped the perspiration from his hands at the very thought of it.

His name appeared on the screen:

Maurice Chevalier

in

"Innocents of Paris"

Then came a brief, humorous introduction of the star by himself. "When my face came on," said Chevalier, "nothing happened—of course. They didn't know me, they had never heard of me. And they didn't see a very handsome man—just the face of a fellow. But after a minute I begin to feel some response—a little smile, a little laugh. And when I tell the story of 'Comment? Qui est-ce? Papa?' they laugh very much and even applaud. I begin to think, it goes. I even smile myself, because—if you will understand me well—I responded also to that fellow I was seeing. I thought, if that fellow was not Maurice Chevalier, I would like him all right. Then suddenly I hear from behind me one word—"

here he twisted his mouth upward in perfect imitation of a hard-boiled young tough, and out of that twisted corner of his mouth he spat the word, "terrible!"

"It is like a cold shower on my head. I look around and there sits a third-class American fellow with his girl, and he is scowling as if he is my worst enemy. My hopes go down—I think, maybe the audience is nice because they know I am a stranger and in their kindness wish to make me feel good—but in their hearts they think, like this man, that it is 'terrible!'"

"THEN the picture begins. Soon there is a laugh—another. They laugh in all the right places—I can see it takes hold of them. Their faces are changed, interested—their eyes are bright—and when I sing to the little crying boy, 'Dites moi, ma mère,' they clap so hard that the end of the song is drowned. Someone near me is clapping very loud, indeed and when I turn to look—well, what do you think—it is my 'terrible' friend from before. That is good, *hein?* But certainly," shaking his head at the recollection, "he was a very hard egg at first."

"Well, you would say it is enough to prove to me that all will be well. But no—I am still nervous—so nervous that I cannot wait for the end. I run from the theater before the picture is finished, and later I meet my friends and they tell me it is a great success. Next day the papers tell me also the same. They are all wonderfully kind, because they take me out of the picture and they say I have got what you call in America the stuff."

Most people who have seen "Innocents of Paris" will probably concede that Chevalier's first starring vehicle had a weak and sloppily sentimental story. It was a picture doomed under ordinary conditions, if not to failure, then certainly to a common-place career.

But the star refused to take either himself or the picture too seriously and, through the leaven of his humor and personality, transformed it from melodrama to sparkling comedy, to a picture hailed by press and public, by layman and professional, as one of the outstanding hits of 1929. No wonder the "hard egg" cracked!

It wasn't long after that Chevalier happened



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to meet one of the Metro-Goldwyn officials. "Do you know Mr. Chevalier?" asked the friend who introduced them.

"Yes, I know Mr. Chevalier," said the official as he shook hands and drew a handkerchief out of his pocket. "I know Mr. Chevalier, and it's a sad, sad story."

Still more important than the choice of his first was the choice of his second picture, since it involved the problem of crystallizing the popularity he had won.

Lubitsch, who had watched with delight his performance in "Innocents of Paris" came to him and said: "I have a good part for you in my next picture, 'The Love Parade.' Will you play with me?"

"I WOULD be only too proud to play with you," was the answer. "What is that part?"

But when he learned that it was the part of a queen's husband, and that it meant wearing stiff uniforms, he shook his head. "I cannot do that prince stuff," he said. "I cannot wear uniforms and make elegant gestures. Thank you very much for the compliment, but I must refuse."

"I was myself very disappointed," he went on, "because nothing would have pleased me more than to play with Lubitsch. But—I am not the lady-killer type. I think women like me because I make them smile, but they do not say—" here he dropped his chin into his palm and rolled his eyes heavenward—"oh, that Chevalier!"

(An impression, by the way, that he seems to retain despite everything the ladies of our broad land can do to persuade him to the contrary.)

"When the big dramatic scene comes I do not feel in my shoes. I try to play it naturally—as I feel it—as it would happen in life—with a little humor, if possible—because, though all my life has not been so funny, I find there is a funny side in many serious things. But still I do not like these romantic rôles. I like best to play the part of a plain fellow that women understand and that men understand, too."

Lubitsch, however, was not content to accept Chevalier's decision. He returned a few days later and asked whether he might outline the story. Listening, Chevalier grew interested. "I see," he said, "that although that fellow is a prince, it is a story that might happen also to working people—a woman who wants to wear the trousers—a fight between a husband and a wife. So I say, 'Listen, Lubitsch! I like that story. But I don't like the big palace and the grand wedding and the uniforms and all that. I think I am too much of the people to look like something in a uniform."

"But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll have a photo taken in a uniform. I'll see how I look. And if I look possible, I'll play the part for the human interest there is in it, although—" he concluded sadly, "it is a prince and I don't like princes."

THE photos were taken and Lubitsch "got crazy" over them. "You must do the part, Maurice," he cried. "I will have no one else." And even Maurice had to concede that he didn't look as stiff as he had expected. To prove it, little Madame Chevalier, who had been sitting quietly in a corner, tiptoed over at this juncture, to display a drawing made of her husband in that same uniform—tall Hussar's hat at a jaunty angle, tight collar, famous smile—a picture that has since grinned profitably down from the billboards of every city in America.

What happened when "The Love Parade" was released is motion picture history—a press that poured forth columns of glowing praise, a public enchanted by a smile and the personality behind it, record runs all over the country and a thirteen weeks' showing to capacity audiences on Broadway, a blazing new star in the talkie firmament who in two pictures had shot his way to the zenith where

there were few, if any, to dispute his domain—and in the offices of Paramount a contract destroyed and a new one signed for four pictures at a huge increase in salary.

The first of those four was "The Big Pond"—the second is to be "The Little Café," now in rehearsal under the direction of Ludwig Berger, who directed "The Vagabond King." It's a kind of little *entente internationale* on the Paramount lot—Berger, the German war veteran, directing first Dennis King, the ex-Tommy, then Chevalier, the *ex-poilu*, who by the way will have his heart's desire in the new picture, since he plays in it the rôle of a very "plain fellow" indeed—a singing waiter in a Parisian café.

As might have been expected, Chevalier has had certain difficulties to overcome in adjusting himself to the American scene. Actor though he has been all his life, yet acting in the studios of Hollywood is an experience so far removed from acting on the stages of France that it might almost be regarded as another profession.

"I DO not think," he says, "that I am temperamental, though I believe every artist must be allowed his little nervous moment now and then. It is not so easy always to be calm, when he must play the same scene over and over again, giving it each time all his heart and strength, knowing it will go through the whole world to speak for him, knowing, once it is finished, he can do nothing to change it."

"But everyone—electricians, cameramen, actors, directors—they have been very kind to me—and I think—it may be I am wrong—but I think they feel I do always my best to be reasonable—they do not take me for one of those fellows who tries to blow out his chest and show he is the star."

An incident that occurred during the filming of "The Love Parade" proves Chevalier right. He had caught his hand somehow on a wire that was protruding in a place where it shouldn't have been, and inflicted a painful wound. In the midst of the commotion that followed, one mechanic was heard muttering to another: "Say, it shoulda happened to one o' these black-eyed-susans bouncin' around the lot instead of this guy! Then we'da had a laugh!"

The feature of his work that probably troubled Chevalier most at first had to do with publicity. He was totally unprepared for American publicity methods, which are unknown in France, and the Paramount people found they had their job cut out for them to persuade this potential gold mine that he must play with them if they were to put over certain stunts that seemed to them desirable. He couldn't understand why it should be necessary—he believed that his work ought to stand on its own feet, and even after they had convinced him that he must lend himself to their schemes, he felt he was doing so at the sacrifice of a certain amount of personal dignity. But there was one occasion, at least, when he put down his foot.

"The Love Parade" had been enjoying a long run at a San Francisco theater and when the attendance began to fall off, the manager conceived the idea of stimulating business by means of an essay contest among the feminine patrons of the theater on the subject of, "Why I Like Chevalier," the winner to receive a prize.

LEARNING that Chevalier was to be in San Francisco for the Motor Show, he suggested that if the Frenchman would agree to present the prize, he could probably keep the show running forever. But when the idea was tactfully broached to Chevalier, he exploded. "How can I do that thing?" he cried. "How can I make of myself such an imbecile to stand up in front of those women and say, 'Here, madame, is a prize for liking me!'"

It has been said of Chevalier, often and with truth that he is a good businessman. It has also been said, with overtones of disapproval, that he is a "shrewd article" and a hard driver of

bargains. He himself makes no secret of his desire—which he shares with most of his fellowmen—to earn as much money as he can. He sets what he considers a proper value on his services, and if you don't agree with him, that is your privilege. But he refuses to haggle. He prefers not to take a job at all than to take it at a figure below the one he has set. And though he may be a hard bargainer, he is also a fair one, as the following story indicates.

A REPRESENTATIVE of the automobile industry was sent to New York, where Chevalier was making "The Big Pond," to negotiate for his services as master of ceremonies at the Motor Show. The Committee on the Coast, waiting impatiently for a decision, were unable to get from their agent any satisfactory response to their wires. "This man doesn't know how to talk business," was the gist of his replies. At length came a testy telegram from California. "Stop stalling. Get an answer one way or the other or come on home." The agent took the plunge. "Chevalier will come for twenty-five thousand, not a penny less."

Chevalier was engaged, but the affair may have rankled a little in the Chairman's bosom. For when he introduced his expensive master of ceremonies at the official dinner preceding the opening of the Show, he told the story of that telegraphic interchange and wound up with the remark: "For a man that can't talk business, I predict that this lad will go far."

Chevalier rose to reply. After a good-humored acknowledgment of the thrust, he went on: "It is quite right," he said, "that \$25,000 is a great deal of money for the work of one week. Too much money, you think now perhaps. I hope you will not think so later. But if you do—if you find that the Motor Show is not a big success—if you find that I have not earned my money when the week is over—then we will tear up my contract and make new terms."

In spite of the stock market crash, in spite of the fact that the motor industry had been prepared for reduced sales, the Show at which Chevalier presided broke the previous year's record by eighty per cent and all existing motor show records by twenty-five per cent. There were no further wise-cracks offered on the subject of his \$25,000 fee.

CHEVALIER has been criticised, too, for his refusal to appear in charity benefits, but his critics apparently overlook the fact that he stages charity benefits of his own. In New York last winter one of the town's swankier hostesses succeeded in getting him to a party—no mean feat in itself. He was there as a guest, not as an entertainer. Before long, however, his hostess floated up to coo: "Oh, Mr. Chevalier, we're all dying to hear some of those fascinating songs of yours. Won't you be an angel and sing for us?"

There was a moment's awkward pause, then a sigh of relief as Chevalier bowed and said: "With pleasure, Madame." But the relief was short-lived. "My fee," he added, "is \$1,000." Cornered, the lady accepted the situation as gracefully as she could, and Chevalier sang. But when the time for payment came, he asked that the check be made out to the *Dispensaire Maurice Chevalier*.

The *Dispensaire Maurice Chevalier* is a hospital recently established in Paris for the care of theatrical people who can afford to pay little or nothing for medical treatment. When the idea was conceived, a committee waited upon Chevalier with the request that he lend the hospital the prestige of his name. He agreed, and though it was understood that he should assume no obligation, moral or financial, toward the undertaking, he has since given at least one performance annually for its benefit.

During the first three months of this year, a sum close to \$10,000 was received by the hospital as a result of his activities, and when

he made a personal appearance in Los Angeles not long ago, the first night's receipts were divided between American charities and the *Dispensaire Maurice Chevalier*—the former in acknowledgment of what he feels to be his obligation to the American public, the latter in discharge of a voluntary debt to his own people.

His appeal seems to be universal. Hairy-chested he-men, to whom the average movie actor is a severe pain in the neck, fall for Chevalier. "He makes me feel good," says one. "He don't act like he loves himself," says another.

A gunman, shackled to a detective, was traveling prisonward on an ugly charge in the same train that was taking Chevalier to Hollywood. He gazed sullenly into space, as the Frenchman talked to his guard, but suddenly something attracted his interest and he looked up. Chevalier grinned at him. Before long they were deep in conversation—with "the frog" doing most of the talking and the gunman most of the listening.

CHEVALIER was telling him of his own childhood—of the young gangsters of Menilmontant among whom he had grown up, of how he had gradually come to realize that association with them would be likely to land him in jail. "And since I was sure," he said, "that I didn't want to go to jail, I stayed away from them. You have all great courage," he went on, "you have courage to do things which other men have not. It seems to me a great pity to waste that courage by fighting the law."

A little later, after Chevalier had returned to his compartment, a message was delivered to Tom Hearn, his friend and manager who was traveling with him. Hearn stuck his head through the door of the compartment. "Your friend in the handcuffs wants an autographed photo," he reported. (P.S. He got the photo.)

What is there about this man that has won for him in a few brief months the heart of a whole country? What is it that makes level-headed critics bubble over with extravagant adjectives in his praise? Why is it that people who "couldn't be dragged to the talkies" can't be dragged away from Chevalier's pictures? Why is it that his appearance and his appearance alone in a revue crowded with popular favorites is greeted by frantic applause?

What made it possible for him to fill a New York theater night after night with audiences willing to pay top prices for a half hour of his songs?

Why are cold-blooded captains of industry ready to give him what seem fantastic sums in exchange for a little of his time and his talent?

THE answer cannot be told in two words. But if you could have seen him, as I did, on the Paramount lot, singing a sly French song for the French version of "The Big Pond"—and if you could have seen the effect of that song on the people who listened, though they didn't understand a single word of it—if you could have watched their broadly beaming faces as he writhed and glared in mock anguish over it didn't matter what—if you could have felt the sense of exhilaration that lifted their hearts and made them brothers as he flung out his arms and his voice and his radiant smile in a last joyous burst of triumph—

And if, when the song was over, you could have seen them, shifting scenery, adjusting cameras, applying make-up, their eyes still alight, their bodies still lilting to the rhythm of the song, humming, whistling, grinning—if you could have basked in the atmosphere of gayety and good cheer and human warmth created by one man—then you would know why Maurice Chevalier has been called the king of entertainers and the best box-office bet that Paramount or any other company has ever had the good luck to sign!



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Beauty, Brains, or Luck?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

being accepted for what her father was, never for what *she* was. She was bored knowing just where she would sit at every dinner party, her father's rank deciding such things. She was discontented with life in a small army circle when the world was so full of other things.

THE average girl in Ann Harding's place would have been quite satisfied. But Ann wasn't average and she wasn't contented.

It was not because she was stage-struck that she left home. It was a long time after she became Ann Harding that she turned her attention to the footlights. Primarily, she wanted to be herself and not eternally her father's daughter. She wanted to make realities out of her dreams. So she took the name she bears today and determined to make it as proud and bright a name as the one she had given up.

For a long time she typed policies for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company in New York. Her salary was small and she was obliged to live economically. She occupied no high place at the boarding house table. She sat obscurely among other working girls and working men.

Naturally, she wasn't so thrilled with her independence that, after a time, the drudgery of her monotonous work and the dreariness of that boarding house didn't pall. Likely enough there were plenty of times when she remembered her old, easy life a little longingly. But she knew she could not turn back, that she could not be a quitter.

One luncheon hour she presented herself to the editorial chief of the Paramount Company and asked if she might do some reading for them. She convinced this executive that her opinion on novels would be valuable. He arranged for her to read several new books a week, supplying him with synopses, and her brief opinion of their motion picture possibilities.

Ann read the books at night and spent her luncheon hours typing the synopses. This left

her little or no time for pleasure, but she stuck at it. It meant a little extra money, and she felt that with a small bank account she could afford to try the stage.

That idea had germinated suddenly and was growing rapidly.

In order perfectly to learn her craft she went with a stock company. Just as the cabinet-maker learns to do his job expertly, just as the electrician learns his, just as the writer learns his, Ann Harding set about to master the details of her chosen work.

The company played matinees and evenings. In the morning they rehearsed the play scheduled for the following week. And, in between times, the lines of still a third play had to be memorized. It was hard work, every day of the week and every week of the year.

Finally, "Tarnish" paid her interest on her investment of study and struggle. It was her first success on Broadway. The hard-boiled critics forgot to be hard-boiled when they wrote of the delicate-featured, ash-blond Ann. She had won fame for the name she had taken for her own.

Now, on the talking screen, she is rapidly adding to that fame. She is a success in her own right, a happy wife and a mother. She is probably richer by far than if she had married and continued in the secure, little groove into which she was born. And she has found contentment.

I'll bet a hat from Paris that her father, whoever and wherever he is, is proud of her. How could he help it? She has proven herself a trouper, the very stuff of which good soldiers are made.

THEY spill tons of printers' ink on Clara Bow, to tell of her loves, her emotional and legal and professional entanglements—but there it ends. They completely ignore the rest of her story. Or perhaps they don't know that back in the years when she was only a little bit of a thing she was a mother to her mother and father too. Perhaps they



How about having the immortal Greta or the very vocal Larry Tibbett hold down these important papers on your desk? Some enterprising gent has made those tricky little heads up as paperweights. Could they make you forget your broker's request for more margin?

don't know that when Clara first worked on the screen she was striving to forge the shining promises she had made her invalid mother into realities.

Surely, if they knew, they would write of these things, too. They explain the other things. Always, I'm sure of this, Clara is running away from nightmare memories, trying to make up for the lean years, and doing her best to forget that her mother didn't live to enjoy any part of her success.

She was a little thing the day she came into the contest manager's office with her photographs. An old Tam o'Shanter was pulled down over her bright red hair. Her little girl shoes were shabby where the clamps of her roller skates had pulled the soles loose. And her brown dress looked as though she had played hard in it for a long time.

The photographs didn't do her justice. They had been taken by a cheap neighborhood studio and retouched until they showed only a great white face starred with big, brown eyes.

"SEE this girl personally," the contest manager, much impressed, wrote on the back of her pictures. "She is young, lovely and vibrant with personality."

It remained for Elinor Glyn later to coin the Clara Bow significance of "It."

Clara's father had encouraged her to enter that contest. Other members of her family only laughed at the idea of Clara, with her freckles and her saucy nose, going into the movies.

Her mother said very little. Perhaps she thought any chance to escape from the life they knew was worth the taking. Undoubtedly she hoped that, somehow, her Clara would find a happier life.

I never will forget the day Clara stood with a dozen other girls before the judges of that contest. Their hair was marcelled. Their faces were massaged. They wore lovely gowns. But, beside them, little Clara knew no competition. Unanimously, the judges agreed upon her.

"Clara Bow," people say. "Oh, yes, she got a lucky break when she won a beauty contest."

Tommyrot!

They forget the crucifying year that followed. They forget how motion picture producers, fed up with the failures of contest winners, looked upon them as nothing but nuisances. Clara had a hard fight ahead of her. And it must have been especially difficult since she, naturally enough, felt that as a contest winner she stood on the highroad to fame.

And another thing I'll never forget is the day Clara was taken to New York and an entire new outfit bought for her. Some minor changes in the brown velvet dress were advisable, but Clara begged to be allowed to wear all her new clothes home.

"I WANT my mother to see them," she explained. "She'll love them. They're so pretty."

The Bows had no telephone, but Clara used to wait all day for the public 'phone in the downstairs hall to ring. She thought the producers would be beating a trail to her door. After all, that's the way things happen in novels and romantic stories.

But day after day passed and the telephone bell did not summon her to talk with one producer.

Her mother was failing. Her father did his best, but his best was not enough. He was born to the farmlands; strange to the ways of the city.

Freshening her mother's bed, bringing trays in and out, Clara would talk of "someday," of how she would work to make good, of how she would become a great star.

"And someday," she would say, "we'll have a lovely house with a garden. And you can lie under a great shady tree all day, mamma. Won't you like that? And we'll have a maid to look after you while I'm at the studios."

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"And then someday we'll have an automobile too, and on warm days papa can drive you down to the sea . . ."

At last an offer came. Christie Cabanne gave Clara a small part in "Beyond the Rainbow." It seemed a beginning. Clara would show the world what she could do. Soon now other producers would be fighting for her services.

Clara had to get up very early those days in order to straighten the little flat and make her mother as comfortable as possible for the day. Then she would hurry to the studios to give her best to every scene, to watch the more experienced girls and learn how they made up and did other things. And when the company was dismissed she would rush home to prepare dinner, clear it away and finish any ironing or laundry she had not had time to do in the morning.

Impatiently, she waited for the picture to be released. She told all her skeptical relatives and all her friends to watch out for the date when it would play at the neighborhood theater.

At last it was advertised. Everyone went, of course. And Mrs. Bow waited at home to hear the verdict. Reel after reel it unwound. But there was no trace of Clara. Every foot of film in which she appeared had been cut out.

CLARA had to put away her own disappointment in order to encourage her mother and father. She felt it was her fault they had laid such great store by this picture.

Something else would come along. They must wait. She made them take up their hopes again.

In the meantime, however, she had to make money. No matter how little it was it would alleviate their distress. It would buy her mother some of the little luxuries that are almost necessities to an invalid. A soft pillow. Fresh gowns. A flower now and then.

She had no business training and there was no money to pay for a specialized course. But she finally secured a position in a doctor's office where she answered the telephone and door bells.

Then one day, when her mother was so ill that Clara had to remain at home, the telephone rang. It was for Clara. It was a producer. Elmer Clifton wanted Clara to meet him at the Algonquin the next day at twelve o'clock.

Clara was there. At eleven o'clock to be exact. She was wearing a picture hat she had borrowed from a cousin, and one of her mother's dresses. She only hoped she looked old and experienced enough. Elmer Clifton was horrified at the sight of her.

"I THOUGHT you were a little thing," he said, "and very young."

"I am, I am," Clara cried impulsively. "I dressed up because I thought you'd like me better this way."

All that afternoon Clara worked to prove to Elmer Clifton that she was the little girl he wanted to play in his "Down to the Sea in Ships." In a great, bare room she made believe she was running along the shore, skipping stones, taking aim at the sea gulls. And she quite convinced him.

The picture was filmed in Providence. Clara found it difficult to leave her mother, but she knew if she didn't do something to bring their "someday" nearer it would come too late.

Elmer Clifton told me he never knew anyone more eager to please than Clara. No hours were too long. No matter how many times they did a scene she never complained. And he marvelled at how easy it was for her to cry. He didn't know until the picture was finished that all Clara had to do when he wanted tears was think of her mother. It was really harder for her not to cry.

It was not long after "Down to the Sea in

Ships" was made that Mrs. Bow escaped the pain and ills that had so long imprisoned her. But, being a mother, she probably never doubted for one minute that Clara would accomplish all of the wonderful things she planned.

The rest of Clara's story is too well known to need repetition.

But perhaps now you, too, will smile when you hear someone say:

"Clara Bow? Oh, she got a lucky break when she won a beauty contest."

How many girls win such contests every year? And how many of them ever get anywhere after the first flush of this achievement has passed? How many of them ever make the grade, even without poverty and an invalid mother to retard them in their fight for glory?

Like most of the girls famous on the screen, like most people preëminent in any walk of life, Clara Bow was not made by her opportunities. Rather, she made the opportunities.

OF all the women I know on the screen there is no one more the thoroughbred than Alice Joyce. She is, in reality, the calm, comprehending lady she seems in the movies. The pattern of her life has not always been Park Avenue, clothes from an exclusive designer, trips to Europe on *de luxe* liners, and respectful recognition from every *maitre d'hôtel* in every smart restaurant in New York City.

She was not born in a hothouse of wealth. As a matter of fact, she has supported herself and other people, too, since she was very young.

At first she posed for artists, and her lovely, dark head adorned magazines and calendars. The story of how she pretended she could ride horseback in order to break into pictures, and of how she remained on the horse in spite of his best efforts to unseat her, is justly famous.

Alice Joyce never became so blinded by the glitter of fame that she forgot there are other things in the world. Twice she has retired to have her babies.

When her first baby was a year old, Alice Joyce came back to the screen in the war spectacle "Womanhood, the Glory of a Nation." In her two years' absence great changes had come to pass in the studios. She did her best to adjust herself to these changes. She didn't make the mistake of feeling that because she had been a big star she still would be, without any effort on her part.

The Vitagraph Company held an option on her future services. But, naturally, before they discussed a long-term contract they waited to see how she would be received in "Womanhood."

In a little cottage down by the sea Alice Joyce waited, too, with her mother and her baby. Carefully she apportioned her slim finances to cover the household expenses. When she had conferences with the company's executives, she was always faultlessly dressed and apparently free from any concern. But, as a matter of fact, she was, toward the end of that period, living on her last one hundred dollars. Not even her own family knew it, however. She did her worrying in her own room behind a closed door. And when she faced the world she was poised and serene.

Relieved as she must have been when the company exercised their option, Alice Joyce stood her own ground. She didn't accept anything Vitagraph saw fit to offer. And because they did not suspect the urgency of her position, she was able to ask for greater consideration, and to receive it.

You expect *coups* like this from big business men, but it is always a little surprising when anyone who looks and acts like Alice Joyce manages business affairs so well.

A FEW months ago Jack Dempsey walked into a theater in which Estelle Taylor was singing on the stage. It was the first time he had heard her sing, beyond humming popular songs about the house. She was

holding a high note, expertly and musically. The applause was great. Estelle bowed, and sang a little love song, by way of *encore*. And, when she stepped into her dressing-room, Jack stood waiting for her.

"I wouldn't even bet you couldn't make a watch, if you set out to do it," he told her.

Only a few months prior to this, Estelle had criticized someone's singing.

"I suppose you could do better?" Jack had said, the way husbands will!

"I could do as well," Estelle had replied. "I know I could."

In New York she placed herself in the hands of a noted vocal teacher. She practiced for long hours every day, cancelling many social and professional engagements. Her tour in vaudeville and Jack's surprise when he entered the theater that day were the result.

AND it is all very typical of Estelle Taylor. As she says:

"Accomplishment to my mind is a matter of pulling your body up to your vision."

Estelle was reared by her grandmother in a little house where the inflexible standards of the small town prevailed. The parlor was kept closed except when the minister paid his weekly call, or someone died, or was married. If there wasn't sand on the floor swept into neat little geometrical patterns, it was typically Pennsylvania Dutch in every other respect.

You can imagine how a girl's ambitions to go on the stage would be received in such an environment. Estelle's grandmother always regretted she let Estelle sing "Pony Boy" in that church entertainment. She felt it had put ideas into her head.

In vain Estelle pleaded for an opportunity to fit herself for the stage. She was asking for something the old people must deny her. They explained patiently it was for her own good. And in those restless months they seemed quite as unhappy as Estelle.

Estelle's eyes got bigger and her face got paler, as the months went on.

The family doctor was a wiser man than many.

"Let her go to the city," he told her grandparents. "Let her take a dramatic course at some good school. Then she can come home and teach elocution until she marries. She's the active kind that has to have something to do."

So Estelle was permitted to go to the city. Her tuition at the dramatic school was paid in advance and she was allowed fifteen dollars a week for board.

"You're to go right home from school," her grandmother cautioned her dozens of times. "You're to speak to no one you don't know."

But they implanted no fear of the city in Estelle. Her first night in New York she spent every penny she had saved for months on the

food she was obliged to eat while she watched both the first and second performance of Gus Edwards' Revue in a cabaret.

At school she really worked hard. At last her hunger was being satisfied. Here she was encouraged to express herself. Previously she had been urged to suppress herself, to fit into the conventional small town mold.

The day she graduated her ticket home arrived. That meant, of course, that her allowance would cease. But she knew it was utterly impossible for her to go back to that little town and spend her life teaching neighbors' children gestures pertinent to "Paul Revere's Ride," and "The Wreck of the Hesperus."

She wrote her grandparents that she was living the way they would wish her to live, earning a meager but honest living, and that one day they would be proud of her.

She was posing for hats at three dollars an hour.

The wardrobe she had brought from home was growing shabby. She had to look the other way when she passed pretty new clothes in shop windows. And her meals were so plain that she used to dream of great trays of pastries and elephantine bags of chocolate caramels. But she had seen a vision and she was pulling her body up to it.

Through a friend she had met at the school she went downtown to a rehearsal hall and watched George Hobart make tryouts for "Come On, Charlie." They were rehearsing a scene in which two girls, one of them Lilyan Tashman, interviewed Lynn Overman, who was the lead. The other girl was not giving Hobart what he wanted.

ESTELLE sat in an old wooden chair against the wall and watched. She found herself saying the lines and doing a little business. Finally she could endure it no longer.

"Could I try?" she asked. Hobart agreed.

Estelle saw the girl she played as a contrast to Miss Tashman. She acted with flamboyance and spoke in a deep voice.

"The part's yours," Hobart told her.

Now she had to spend every minute rehearsing. There was no time to pose for hats. And her salary wouldn't start until the play opened. She could stall on her room rent, but she had to eat. She knew better than to write her grandparents for help. They would answer that a good home awaited her—and send her another railroad ticket.

Rehearsals dragged along. Some mornings Estelle awoke dizzy from hunger. And finally the dreaded day came when she had to spend her last change for an apple and a bottle of milk. There seemed nothing else to do but admit defeat, with the opportunity she had dreamed about and worked for just around the corner . . .

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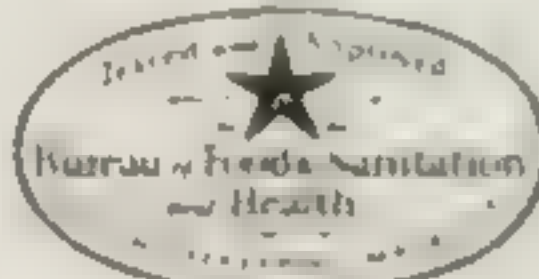
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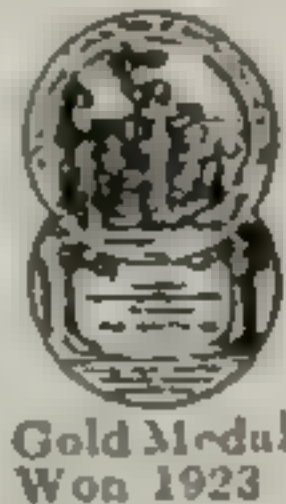
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

★ **ROMANCE—M-G-M.**—Garbo personifies all the title implies in her second talkie. F'evens sakes, don't miss it! (Aug.)

ROMANCE OF THE WEST—Hammond Prod.—Pistols crack, and Jack Perrin rescues the gal from the Mexican joint. And bye and bye it ends. All-action and all-talkie, but why? (May)

ROUGH ROMANCE—Fox.—All about the goings-on of lumberjacks. Helen Chandler goes Gish. George O'Brien and Antonio Moreno don't help much. Neither do the chorus routines. (June)

ROYAL BOX, THE—Warners.—If you Deutsch sprechen you'll like this. The first full-length talking picture in German, with Alexander Moissi and Camilla Horn. (March)

ROYAL ROMANCE, A—Columbia.—Romance and adventure in a mythical kingdom. Buster Collier gives good performance and Pauline Starke is devastatingly beautiful. (May)

RUNAWAY BRIDE—Radio Pictures.—Murders, thieves, and a string of pearls. Clap-trap melodrama trying to be light comedy. But Mary Astor is charming. (June)

SAFETY IN NUMBERS—Paramount.—Peaches-an-cream for Buddy Rogers fans. He sings half a dozen songs and plays an heir to big money whose worldly-wise uncle puts him in care of three "Follies" girls. (June)

SALLY—First National.—The glorious, scintillating dancing of Marilyn Miller, lovely Ziegfeld star, saves this from being merely a dull transcript of an out-moded musical comedy. (March)

★ **SARAH AND SON—Paramount.**—What a characterization by Ruth Chatterton! And what a restrained and dignified performance by Frederic March! A picture you simply can't miss. (May)

SEA BAT, THE—M-G-M.—Just another talkie, ho-hum! By the way, its Nils Asther's first audible film. (Aug.)

SECOND CHOICE—Warners.—You won't even make this third choice. A mediocre phonoplay with Dolores Costello, Chester Morris and Edna Murphy. (March)

SECOND FLOOR MYSTERY, THE—Warners.—Novel mystery-comedy, with Loretta Young and Grant Withers. (July)

SECOND WIFE—Radio Pictures.—Interesting domestic drama from stage play "All the King's Men." Lila Lee, Conrad Nagel, Hugh Huntley. Little Freddie Burke Frederick is perfect. (April)

SETTING SON, THE—Darmour-Radio Pictures.—Grandpap, rich and ailing, takes the wrong medicine. The family count chickens before they're hatched. Short comedy. (April)

SHADOW OF THE LAW—Paramount.—The usual delightful William Powell performance, but the story could be better. (July)

SHE COULDN'T SAY NO—Warners.—Winnie Lightner should have said NO when they cast her as a broken-hearted night club hostess. (May)

SHE'S MY WEAKNESS—Radio Pictures.—Arthur Lake and Sue Carol in a story of love's young dream. Rather nice. (Aug.)

SHIP FROM SHANGHAI, THE—M-G-M.—Psychological dramma but it went astray. Dramatic, but sometimes distasteful. Louis Wolheim, Conrad Nagel, Kay Johnson, the latter splendid. (April)

SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD—First National.—Alice White's best talkie. Interesting studio scenes. (June)

SILENT ENEMY, THE—Paramount.—Beautifully photographed story of the Ojibway Indians' struggle for food in the far North, played by real Indians. Amazing animal scenes. Sound. (July)

SLIGHTLY SCARLET—Paramount.—Evelyn Brent as society thief on the Riviera. Her best since "Interference." Hero, Clive Brook. Eugene Pallette a "wow." (April)

SOCIAL LION, THE—Paramount.—Jack Oakie, the village braggart who is "taken up" by the country club set. Mary Brian, the girl. Heaps of fun. (July)

SOLDIERS AND WOMEN—Columbia.—Tangled love affairs in military circles. (Aug.)

SO LONG LETTY—Warners.—Two discontented husbands swap wives. Charlotte Greenwood of the long legs and boisterous antics is whole show. (April)

★ **SONG O' MY HEART—Fox.**—John McCormack aims right at your heart with his gorgeous voice. Hit pieces, "Little Boy Blue" and "I Hear You Calling Me." Alice Joyce, and a sensational Irish kid, Tommy Clifford. Don't miss John. (April)

SONG OF THE FLAME—First National.—Bernice Claire, soprano, and Noah Beery, deep bass, free Russia from the revolutionists via Technicolor operetta. (July)

SONG OF THE WEST—Warners.—All-Technicolor outdoor operetta. Ambitious, but dull. (May)

SON OF THE GODS—First National.—Richard Barthelmess as Americanized Chinese boy in slow-paced Rex Beach romance. Constance Bennett fine. Weak story. Far from best Barthelmess. (April)

SO THIS IS LONDON—Fox.—The Will Rogers-Irene Rich team, set down in London. An amusing follow-up for "So This Is Paris." (Aug.)

SO THIS IS PARIS GREEN—Paramount-Christie.—A swell short subject burlesque of love among the apaches with Louise Fazenda as the world-weary queen of the Paris sewers. (March)

SPRING IS HERE—First National.—Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray sing well. Ford Sterling and Louise Fazenda are great. Just an average musical comedy story, but they make it good entertainment. (June)

★ **STREET OF CHANCE—Paramount.**—Here's a punchful racketeer picture that is going to give rival producers jaundice until they get a carbon copy in the can. Bill Powell's finesse and Kay Francis' sincere moting would be high-lights in any picture. (March)

STRICTLY MODERN—First National.—Pretty obvious humor and thin story, but Dorothy Mackaill is fine as a young sophisticate who finds romance where she least expects it. (July)

STRICTLY UNCONVENTIONAL—M-G-M.—The original play, "The Circle," was subtle English comedy. The phonoplay misses fire. (May)

★ **SUCH MEN ARE DANGEROUS—Fox.**—A famous financier disappeared during a flight over the North Sea, and gave Elinor Glyn the basis for this brilliantly made talkie. Warner Baxter, Catherine Dale Owen. One of the best. (April)

SUGAR PLUM PAPA—Sennett-Educational.—A short feature directed by Mack himself. Daphne Pollard and the rest of the hilarious gang. (April)

SUNNY SKIES—Tiffany Productions.—Another one of those movie versions of college life as it isn't. (June)

SWELLHEAD—Tiffany Productions.—Just another prize-fight story. (July)

SWING HIGH—Pathe.—Love and intrigue in an old-time wagon circus. Color, action, peppy songs. Pleasant entertainment. (July)

TALK OF HOLLYWOOD, THE—Sono Art—World Wide.—This would be the talk of any town—it's so bad. Intended as comedy, it evolves a tragedy. (March)

TEMPLE TOWER—Fox.—More *Bulldog Drummond*, with Kenneth McKenna instead of Ronald Colman. Burlesque and good whether intentional or not. (April)

TEXAN, THE—Paramount.—Gary Cooper and Fay Wray in a picturesque O. Henry story of the Southwest. (July)

THEY LEARNED ABOUT WOMEN—M-G-M.—But not about acting. "They" being Van and Schenck, vaudeville harmony duo, who sing better than they act. And, believe it or not, Bessie Love is still being noble. (March)

THREE FACES EAST—Warners.—A great stage play and fine silent picture gone wrong in the talkies. (Aug.)

TIGER ROSE—Warners.—Lupe Velez plays the tiger, but the picture is no rose. The stage play was once popular, but no one seems to care any more whether the Northwest Mounted get their man or not. (March)

TOAST OF THE LEGION, THE—First National.—The lovely Victor Herbert operetta, "Mlle. Modiste," in all-Technicolor. Bernice Claire and Walter Pidgeon. A musical treat. (Aug.)

TOP SPEED—First National.—Musical comedy with the irrepressible Joe E. Brown emphasizing the comedy. (Aug.)

TRIGGER TRICKS—Universal.—Typical Hoot Gibson Western with Sally Eilers in her real life rôle of girl-friend. (Aug.)

TROOPERS THREE—Tiffany Productions, Inc.—Concerns both kinds of troupers—backstage and army. Slim Summerville is funny. (April)

TRUE TO THE NAVY—Paramount.—Clara Bow is the girl who has a boy on every ship. Then the whole fleet comes in! Can y' imagine the fun! (July)

UNDER A TEXAS MOON—Warners.—Light satire on old-fashioned Mexican border melodramas. A gay and dashing Technicolor singie, with Frank Fay and Armida. (June)

UNDERTOW—Universal.—Misguided psychological drama of life in a lonely lighthouse. Why didn't they call it "Lighthouse Blues"? Mary Nolan, John Mack Brown and Robert Ellis struggle against odds. (March)

UNDER WESTERN SKIES—First National.—Neither beautiful Technicolor scenery nor Lila Lee's fine performance do much for this one. (July)

★ **UNHOLY THREE, THE**—M-G-M.—Lon Chaney talks, at last, in five voices, one of them his natural voice. Thrills a-plenty. (Aug.)

UP THE CONGO—Sono Art—World Wide.—One more expedition into Darkest Africa. If you like them you'll like it. (April)

★ **VAGABOND KING, THE**—Paramount.—Flash and clang of sword play. Dennis King, as *Francois Villon*, sings and acts with operatic abandon. Gorgeous Technicolor. Lifting Friml music. Jeanette MacDonald and Lillian Roth help, and O. P. Heggie is grand. (May)

VENGEANCE—Columbia.—Melodrama with a punch. Another African native revolt. Jack Holt and Dorothy Revier. (May)

WASTED LOVE—British International.—And wasted footage, except when Anna May Wong's unique personality flashes on the screen. Silent. (March)

WAY OUT WEST—M-G-M.—One of the funniest Billy Haines films in a long time. (Aug.)

WEDDING RINGS—First National.—Ernest Pascal's novel, "The Dark Swan," lost its original title and a great deal more. Lois Wilson, Olive Borden and H. B. Warner. (July)

WEST OF THE ROCKIES—J. Charles Davis Prod.—Bandits, fast riding heroes, pretty señoritas. Same old Western plot. (April)

WHAT A MAN!—Sono Art—World Wide.—(Reviewed under the title "His Dark Chapter.") Reginald Denny's nice voice, and a trifling story about a gentleman-crook who isn't a crook after all, provide a pleasant enough evening. (May)

WHITE CARGO—W. P. Film Co.—Banned by Will Hays, but produced in London. Slow, badly recorded. Wasn't worth bootlegging. (May)

★ **WHITE HELL OF PITZ PALU**—Universal.—Three people are trapped in the impassable mountain of Palu. A night search party sets out. Wonderful Swiss snow scenes and breath-taking airplane stunts. Unusual and intensely interesting. Sound. (July)

WIDE OPEN—Warners.—Edward Everett Horton and Patsy Ruth Miller play this somewhat vulgar but amusing comedy with a pace that keeps you roaring. (June)

WILD COMPANY—Fox.—Another of those wild younger generation stories, but Frank Albertson gives it real punch. (Aug.)

WILD HEART OF AFRICA, THE—Supreme.—A glorified travelogue giving the lowdown on previously unheard-of Sudanese fiends in more or less human form. Silent. (March)

★ **WITH BYRD AT THE SOUTH POLE**—Paramount.—A picture beyond the usual praise. You'll have to see Commander Byrd drop the American flag onto the South Pole to appreciate what an achievement it is. Wonderful entertainment from any standpoint. (Aug.)

WOMEN EVERYWHERE—Fox.—J. Harold Murray's charming singing voice, plus that ooh-la-la Ma'mselle, Fifi Dorsay. (July)

YOUNG DESIRE—Universal.—Conventional story of a circus girl who loves a rich boy, but treated unconventionally. Pace, color and thrills. Mary Nolan scores. (June)

YOUNG EAGLES—Paramount.—Not another "Wings." Buddy Rogers the flying hero. Jean Arthur his inspiration. Magnificent air photography, and satisfactory enough story. (May)

YOUNG MAN OF MANHATTAN—Paramount.—Two young newspaper writers get married, and then get temperamental. Claudette Colbert and real-life husband, Norman Foster. Charles Ruggles adds hilarious comedy touches. (July)



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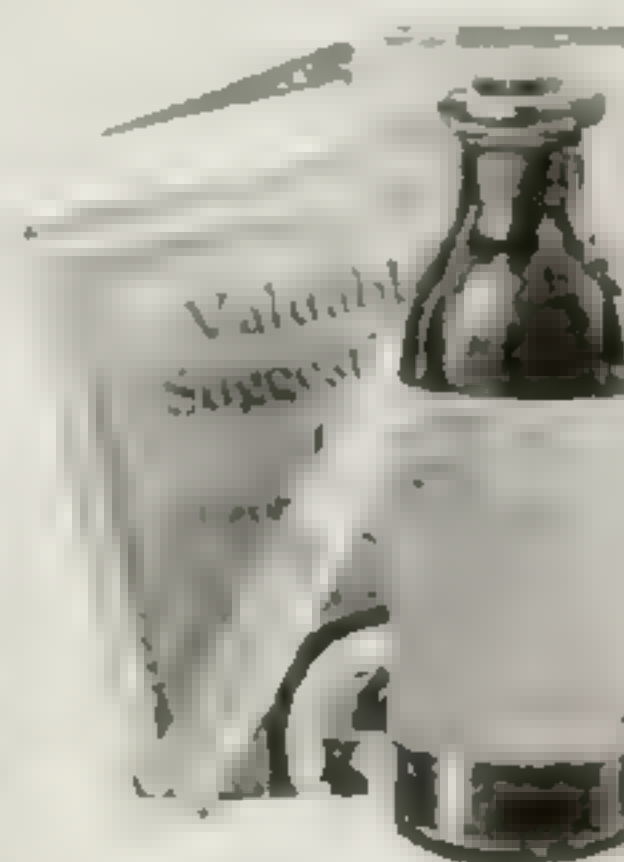
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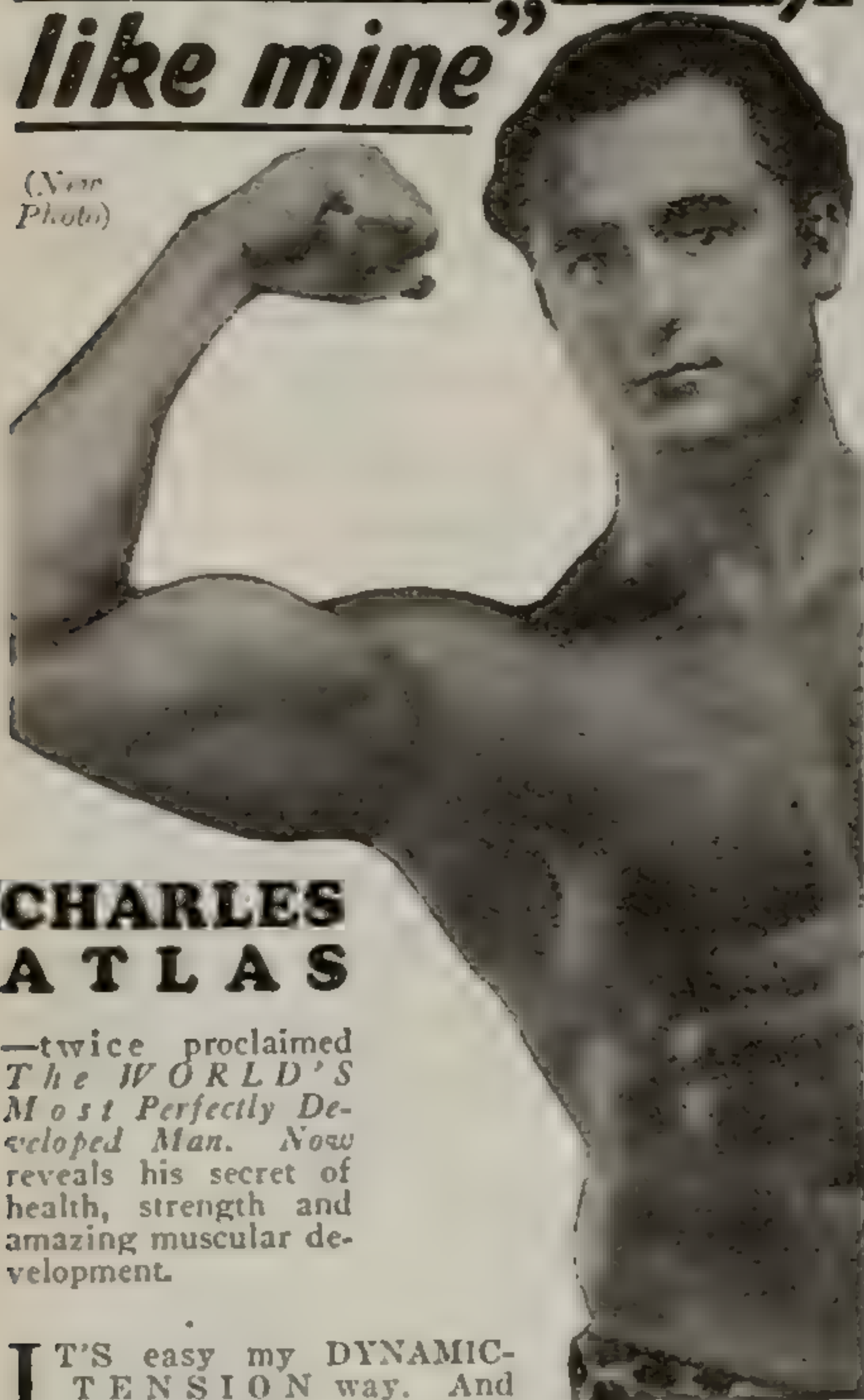
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Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"BIG BOY"—WARNERS.—From the play by
Harold Attridge. Adapted by William K. Wells and
Perry Vekroff. Directed by Alan Crosland. The
cast: Gus, Al Jolson; Annabel Bedford, Claudia Dell;
Mrs. Bedford, Louise Closser Hale; Jack Bedford,
Lloyd Hughes; Coley Reed, Eddie Phillips; Doc
Wilbur, Lew Harvey; Jim, Franklin Batie; Joe, John
Harron.

"BROKEN DISHES"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From
the play by Martin Flavin. Directed by Mervyn
LeRoy. The cast: Elaine, Loretta Young; Bill, Grant
Withers; Cyrus Bumpstead, O. P. Heggie; Mrs. Bump-
stead, Emma Dunn; Justice of Peace, J. Farrell
MacDonald; Sam Green, Lloyd Neal; Myra, Virginia
Sale; Chester Armstrong, Richard Tucker.

"COMMON CLAY"—FOX.—From the play by
Cleves Kinkead. Screen play by Jules Furthman.
Directed by Victor Fleming. The cast: Ellen Neal,
Constance Bennett; Hugh Fullerton, Lew Ayres; W.
H. Yates, Tully Marshall; Bud Coakley, Matty Kemp;
Mrs. Neal, Beryl Mercer; Judge Filson, Hale Hamil-
ton; Richard Fullerton, Purnell B. Pratt; Anne Full-
erton, Ada Williams; Edwards, Charles McNaughton;
Mrs. Fullerton, Genevieve Blinn.

"CONSPIRACY"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the
play by Robert Baker and John Emerson. Con-
tinuity by Beulah Marie Dix. Directed by Christy
Cabanne. The cast: Margaret Holt, Bessie Love;
Winthrop Clavering, Ned Sparks; John Howell, Hugh
Trevor; Nita Strong, Rita LaRoy; Bulch Miller, Ivan
Lebedeff; Martha, Gertrude Howard; James Morton,
Otto Matieson; Weinberg, Walter Long; Rose Towne,
Jane Keckley; Captain McLeod, Donald Mackenzie;
Mark Holt, George Irving; Victor Holt, Bert Moore-
house.

"DANGEROUS NAN MCGREW"—PARAMOUNT.—
From the story by Charles Beahan, Garrett Fort,
Paul Gerard Smith and Pierre Collings. Directed by
Malcolm St. Clair. The cast: Nan McGrew, Helen
Kane; Doc Foster, Victor Moore; Bob Dawes, James
Hall; Eustace Macy, Stuart Erwin; Muldoon, Frank
Morgan; Mrs. Benson, Louise Closser Hale; Clara
Benson, Roberta Benson; Godfrey, Allen Forrest.

"DAWN PATROL, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—
From the story "The Flight Commander" by John Monk
Saunders. Adapted by Howard Hawks. Directed by
Howard Hawks. The cast: Dick Courtney, Richard
Barthelmess; Douglas Scott, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.;
Major Brand, Neil Hamilton; Gordon Scott, William
Janney; Field Sergeant, James Finlayson; Bolt, Clyde
Cook; Ralph Hollister, Gardner James; Lieutenant
Bathurst, Edmund Breon; Flaherty, Frank McHugh;
Mechanics, Jack Ackroyd, Harry Allen.

"FOLLOW THRU"—PARAMOUNT.—From the
play by Schwab and Mandel. Directed by Lawtence
Schwab and Lloyd Corrigan. The cast: Jerry Downs,
Charles "Buddy" Rogers; Lora Moore, Nancy Car-
roll; Angie Howard, Zelma O'Neal; Jack Martin, Jack
Haley; J. C. Effingham, Eugene Pallette; Ruth Van
Horn, Thelma Todd; Mac Moore, Claude King; Mrs.
Bascomb, Kathryn Givney; Babs Bascomb, Margaret
Lee; Dinty Moore, Don Tomkins; Martin Bascomb,
Albert Gran.

"FOR THE DEFENSE"—PARAMOUNT.—Sug-
gested from story by Charles Furthmann. Adapted by
Oliver H. P. Garrett. Directed by John Cromwell.
The cast: William Foster, William Powell; Irene Man-
ners, Kay Francis; Defoe, Scott Kolk; District Attorney
Stone, William B. Davidson; McGann, John Elliott;
Daly, Thomas E. Jackson; Miller, Harry Walker;
Parrott, James Finlayson; Joe, Charles West; Charlie,
Charles Sullivan; Eddie Withers, Ernest S. Adams;
Judge Evans, Bertram Marburgh; Judge, Edward
LeSaint.

"INSIDE THE LINES"—RADIO PICTURES.—
From the play by Earl Derr Biggers. Adapted by
Roy Pomeroy. Directed by Roy Pomeroy. The cast:
Jane, Betty Compson; Woodhouse, Ralph Forbes;
Governor of Gibraltar, Montagu Love; Amaldi, Mischa
Auer; Capper, Ivan Simpson; Lady Crandall, Betty
Carter; Major Bishop, Evan Thomas; Archie,
Reginald Sharland; Chief Secret Service, William von
Brincken.

"LAST OF THE DUANES"—FOX.—From the
story by Zane Grey. Adapted by Ernest Pascal.
Directed by Alfred L. Werker. The cast: Buck
Duane, George O'Brien; Ruth Garrett, Lucile Browne;
Lola, Myrna Loy; Bland, Walter McGrail; Euchre,
James Bradbury, Jr.; Bossamer, Nat Pendleton; Mrs.
Duane, Blanche Frederici; Luke Stevens, Frank
Campeau; Morgan, James Mason; Mr. Garrett, Lloyd
Ingram; Capt. of the Rangers, Willard Robertson.

"LAWFUL LARCENY"—RADIO PICTURES.—
From the play by Samuel Shipman. Adapted by
Jane Murfin. Directed by Lowell Sherman. The
cast: Marion Dorsey, Bebe Daniels; Andrew Dorsey,
Kenneth Thomson; Guy Tarlova, Lowell Sherman;
Vivian Hepburn, Olive Tell; Judge Perry, Purnell B.
Pratt; Davis, Lou Payne; French, Bert Roach; Mrs.
Davis, Maude Turner Gordon; Mrs. French, Helene
Millard; Butler, Charles Coleman.

"LITTLE ACCIDENT, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—
From the play by Floyd Dell and Thomas Mitchell.
Directed by William J. Craft. The cast: Norman,
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; Isabelle, Anita Page; Madge,
Sally Blane; Monica, ZaSu Pitts; Doris, Joan Marsh;

Gilbert, Roscoe Karns; Hicks, Slim Summerville;
Rudolpho Amendelara, Henry Armetta; Mrs. Over-
beck, Myrtle Stedman; Mr. Overbeck, Albert Gran;
Dr. Vernecke, Nora Cecile; Miss Hemingway, Bertha
Mann; Miss Clark, Gertrude Short; Mrs. VanDine,
Dot Farley.

"LONE RIDER, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the
story by Frank H. Clark. Adapted by Forest Shel-
don. Directed by Louis King. The cast: Jim Lan-
ning, Buck Jones; Mary, Vera Reynolds; Farrell,
Harry Woods; Judge, George Pearce.

"LOVE AMONG THE MILLIONAIRES"—
PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Keene Thompson.
Adapted by Grover Jones and William Conselman.
Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: Pepper, Clara
Bow; Jerry Hamilton, Stanley Smith; Clicker, Stuart
Erwin; Rooks, Skeets Gallagher; Penelope, Mitzi
Green; Pop, Charles Sellon; Jordan, Theodore Van
Eltz; Mr. Hamilton, Claude King; Virginia, Barbara
Bennett.

"MANSLAUGHTER"—PARAMOUNT.—From the
story by Alice Duer Miller. Adapted by George
Abbott. Directed by George Abbott. The cast:
Lydia Thorne, Claudette Colbert; Dan O'Bannon,
Frederic March; Miss Bennett, Emma Dunn; Eleanor,
Natalie Moorehead; Albee, Richard Tucker; Evans,
Hilda Vaughn; Drummond, G. Pat Collins; Bobby,
Gaylord Pendleton; Peters, Stanley Fields; Piers,
Arnold Lucy; Morson, Ivan Simpson; Foster, Irving
Mitchell.

"MAN TROUBLE"—FOX.—From the story by
Ben Ames Williams. Adapted by George Manker
Watters and Marion Orth. Directed by Berthold
Viertel. The cast: Joan, Dorothy Mackaill; Mac,
Milton Sills; Graham, Kenneth MacKenna; Trixie,
Sharon Lynn; Scott, Roscoe Karns; Eddie, Oscar
Apfel; Goofy, James Bradbury, Jr.; Chris, Lew
Harvey; Uncle Joe, Harvey Clark; Aunt Maggie,
Edythe Chapman.

"MEDICINE MAN, THE"—TIFFANY PRODUC-
TION.—From the play by Elliott Lester. Adapted by
Eve Unsell. Directed by Scott Pembroke. The cast:
Dr. John Harvey, Jack Benny; Mamie Goltz, Betty
Bronson; Goltz, E. Alyn Warren; Hulda, Eva Novak;
Buddy, Billy Butts; Peter, Adolph Milar; Steve,
George Stone; Charley, Tommy Dugan; Gus, Vadim
Uranoff; Hattie, Caroline Rankin; Sister Wilson,
Dorothea Wolbert.

"OH SAILOR, BEHAVE!"—WARNERS.—From
the play "Nancy From Naples" by Elmer Rice.
Screen play by Joseph Jackson. Directed by Archie
Mayo. The cast: Nanett Dodge, Irene Delroy; Charlie
Carroll, Charles King; Prince Kosoff, Lowell Sher-
man; Roumanian General, Noah Beery; Simon, Ole
Olsen; Peter, Chick Johnson; Louisa, Lotti Loder;
Kuni, Vivian Oakland; De Medici, Charles Judles;
Mitzi, Elise Bartlett; Von Klaus, Lawrence Grant;
Slepan, Gino Corrado.

"OLD ENGLISH"—WARNERS.—From the play
by John Galsworthy. Adapted by Walter Anthony
and Maude Howell. Directed by Alfred E. Green.
The cast: Syllanus Heythorp, George Arliss; Jock,
Leon Janney; Mrs. Larne, Doris Lloyd; Phyllis Larne,
Betty Lawford; Joe Phillin, Ivan Simpson; Farney,
Harrington Reynolds; Bob Phillin, Reginald Sheffield;
Charles Ventnor, Murray Kinnell; Adela Heythorp,
Ethel Griffies; Letty, Henrietta Goodwin.

"ONE NIGHT AT SUSIE'S"—FIRST NATIONAL.—
From the story by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan.
Adapted by Forrest Halsey and Kathryn Scola.
Directed by John Francis Dillon. The cast: Mary,
Billie Dove; Dick, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; Susie,
Helen Ware; Buckeye Bill, Tully Marshall; Houlihan,
James Crane; Hayes, John Loder; Drake, Claude
Fleming.

"ON THE MAKE"—FOX.—From the novel
"Dust and Sun" by Clements Ripley. Adapted by
Dudley Nichols and Norman Hall. Directed by
Irving Cummings. The cast: Jerry, Victor McLag-
len; Luana, Mona Maris; Tom, Humphrey Bogart;
Don Jose, John Sainpolis; Morloff, Michael Vavitch;
Duenna, Mrs. Jimenez; Dolores, Luana Alcaniz;
Rosita, Mona Rico; Juan, Joe De La Cruz.

"ON YOUR BACK"—FOX.—From the story by
Rita Weiman. Scenario by Howard J. Green.
Directed by Guthrie McClintic. The cast: Julianne,
Irene Rich; Pryer, H. B. Warner; Harvey, Raymond
Hackett; Molly Burke, Marion Shilling; Dixie Mason,
Ilka Chase; Belle, Charlotte Henry; "Lucky" Jim
Seymour, Wheeler Oakman; Mrs. Dupinnet, Rose
Dione; Victor, Arthur Hoyt.

"OUR BLUSHING BRIDES"—M-G-M.—Con-
tinuity and dialogue by Bess Meredyth. Additional
dialogue by Edwin Justus Mayer. Directed by
Harry Beaumont. The cast: Jerry, Joan Crawford;
Connie, Anita Page; Franky, Dorothy Sebastian;
Tony, Robert Montgomery; David, Raymond Hack-
ett; Marty, John Miljan; Mrs. Weaver, Hedda Hop-
per; Monsieur Pantoise, Albert Conti; Joe Munsey,
Edward Brophy; The Detective, Robert Emmett
O'Connor; Evelyn Woodforth, Martha Sleeper; Man-
nequins, Gwen Lee, Mary Doran, Catherine Moylan,
Norma Drew, Claire Dodd, Wilda Mansfield.

"PARADISE ISLAND"—TIFFANY PRODUCTIONS.—From the story by M. B. Dearing. Adapted by Monte Katterjohn. Directed by Bert Glennon. The cast: Thorne, Kenneth Harlan; Ellen, Marceline Day; Lutz, Tom Santschi; Beauty, Paul Hurst; Poppi, Betty Boyd; Swede, Vic Potel; Armstrong, Gladden James; Limey, Will Stanton.

"PARDON MY GUN"—PATHE.—From the story by Betty Scott. Adapted by Hugh Cummings. Directed by Robert De Lacy. The cast: Mary, Sally Starr; Ted, George Duryea; Peggy, Mona Ray; Jeff, Lee Moran; Dad Martin, Robert Edeson; Hank, Hank MacFarlane; Tom, Tom MacFarlane; Cooper, Harry Woods; Lightning, Stompie; Denver, Lew Meehan; Tex, Ethan Laidlaw; Judge, Harry Watson; Specialty Numbers by Ida May Chadwick and Al "Rubber Legs" Norman; and Abe Lyman's Band.

"RAFFLES"—UNITED ARTISTS.—Based on the short stories by E. W. Hornung. From the play by E. W. Hornung and Eugene W. Presbrey. Adapted by Sidney Howard. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The cast: Raffles, Ronald Colman; Lady Gwen, Kay Francis; Detective McKenzie, David Torrence; Ethel, Frances Dade; Lord Melrose, Frederick Kerr; Lady Melrose, Alison Skipworth; Bunny, Bramwell Fletcher; Raffles' Valet, Wilson Benge; Crawshaw, John Rogers.

"RENO"—SONO ART—WORLD WIDE.—From the story by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.; Adapted by Harry Chandler and Douglas W. Churchill. Directed by George Crone. The cast: Felecia Brett, Ruth Roland; Alex Brett, Montagu Love; Richard Belden, Kenneth Thomson; J. B. Berkley, Sam Hardy; Ann Hodge, Alyce McCormack; Tom Hodge, Edward Hern; Loa Fealey, Doris Lloyd; Rita Rogers, Judith Vosselli; Marie, the maid, Virginia Ainsworth; Mrs. Martin, Beulah Monroe; Bobby Brett, Douglas Scott; Judge Cooper, Emmett King; Prosecuting Attorney, Henry Hall; Defending Attorney, Gayne Whitman.

"SCARLET PAGES"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play by Samuel Shipman and John B. Hymer. Adapted by Walter Anthony. Directed by Ray Enright. The cast: Mary Bancroft, Elsie Ferguson; Bob Lawrence, Grant Withers; Nora Mason, Marion Nixon; John Remington, John Halliday; Sister Beatrice, Daisy Belmont; Callahan, Donald Mackenzie; Carlotta, Jean Bary; Mr. Mason, Wilbur Mack; Mrs. Mason, Charlotte Walker; Barnes, Neely Edwards; Miss Hutchison, Helen Ferguson; Murphy, Fred Kelsey; Judge, DeWitt Jennings.

"SHOOTING STRAIGHT"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Barney Sarecky. Adapted by J. Walter Ruben. Directed by George Archinbaud. The cast: Larry Sheldon, Richard Dix; Doris Powell, Mary Lawlor; Rev. Powell, James Neill; Martin, Mathew Betz; Chick, George Cooper; Tommy Powell, William Janney; Hagen, Robert E. O'Connor; Stevens, Clarence Wurtz; Spike, Eddie Sturgis; Bulch, Richard Curtis.

"SINGER OF SEVILLE, THE"—M-G-M.—From the story by Dorothy Farnum. Directed by Charles Brabin. The cast: Juan, Ramon Navarro; Maria, Dorothy Jordan; Esteban, Ernest Torrence;

Mother Superior, Nance O'Neil; Lola, Renee Adoree; La Rumberita, Mathilde Comont; Enrique, Russell Hopton.

"SISTERS"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Ralph Graves. Adapted by Jo Swerling. Directed by James Flood. The cast: Sally, Sally O'Neil; Molly, Molly O'Day; Eddie, Russell Gleason; John, Jason Robards; Tully, Morgan Wallace; Johnson, John Fee; Jones, Carl Stockdale.

"SLUMS OF TOKYO"—SCHODCHIKO FILM CO.—Edited by Joseph Fleischer. Directed by Teinosuke Kinogasa. The cast: O-Kiku, A. Tschihaya; Rikiya, J. Bandoh; O-Ume, Y. Ogawa; Policeman, I. Sohma.

"SWEET MAMA"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Earl Baldwin. Screen version by Earl Baldwin. Directed by Edward Cline. The cast: Goldie, Alice White; Jimmy, David Manners; Joe Palmer, Kenneth Thomson; Lulu, Rita Flynn; Al Hadrick, Lee Moran; Elmer, Richard Cramer; Mack, Robert Elliott.

"SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play "Other Men's Wives" by Walter Hackett. Directed by Clarence Badger. The cast: The Maid, Billie Dove; Reginald DeBrett, Clive Brook; Anthony Peel, Sidney Blackmer; Sir John Deptford, Crauford Kent; Angela Worthing, Leila Hyams; Sam Worthing, John Loder; Maitre d'Hotel, Fletcher Norton; Police Inspector, Albert Gran; Gendarme, Alphonse Martell; Waiter, Rolfe Sedan.

"TEMPTATION"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Leonard Praskins. Adapted by Leonard Praskins. Directed by E. Mason Hopper. The cast: Julia, Lois Wilson; Larry, Lawrence Gray; Sam, Billy Bevan; Babe, Eileen Percy; Mame, Gertrude Bennett; Warden, Robert T. Haines; Manager Shipping Department, Jack Richardson.

"THOSE WHO DANCE"—WARNERS.—From the story by George Kibbe Turner. Directed by William Beaudine. The cast: Nora Brady, Lila Lee; "Diamond Joe" Jennings, William Boyd; Kitty, Betty Compson; Dan Hogan, Monte Blue; Tim Brady, William Janney; "Big Ben" Benson, Wilfred Lucas; Pat Hogan, Cornelius Keefe; Captain O'Brien, De Witt Jennings.

"WAY OF ALL MEN, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Henning Berger. Screen version by Bradley King. Directed by Frank Lloyd. The cast: Billy Bear, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; Poppy, Dorothy Revier; Strallon, Noah Beery; Frazer, Anders Randolph; Swift, Robert Edeson; Preacher, William Courtney; Nordling, William Orlamond; Priscilla, Julianne Johnston; Higgins, Ivan Simpson; Sharp, Henry Kolker; Charlie, Wade Boteler.

"WHAT MEN WANT"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Warner Fabian. Adapted by Dorothy Yost and Jack Clymer. Directed by Ernst Laemmle. The cast: Lee, Pauline Starke; Kendall Phillips, Ben Lyon; Betty, Barbara Kent; Howard, Robert Ellis; Bunch, Hallam Cooley; Mabel, Carmelita Geraghty.



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Studio Rambles

By Harriet Parsons

WE DO some real, high-powered rambling this month. In fact, we ramble all the way to Nome, Alaska, and get tangled up in the Gold Rush. We find Nome, strangely enough, only a couple of miles from Oxnard, Calif., on the shore of the Pacific, and less than fifty miles from Hollywood. 'Twasn't transplanted there by an earthquake, either, but by Paramount—to serve as a background for "The Spoilers." The famous old melodrama of the Gold Rush is now being made into a talkie.

In the midst of a sandy wasteland that stretches along the coast we come suddenly upon a city of tents—rows and rows of them. Some are labelled "Sound Department," "Props," "Grips."

Huge trucks bearing cameras, microphones, loud-speakers—all the mysterious paraphernalia of talkiedom—make their way back and forth over planking laid down in the sand and mud. The active routine of a studio is in full swing—a studio in tents.

In front of a one-story frame building labelled "Alaska Bank" a riot seems to be in progress. More than a hundred miners, carrying rifles, are battering at the door and windows of the bank. In the van of the mob we catch a glimpse of rangy Gary Cooper, with jaw set; Slim Summerville, legs encased in an amazing pair of green plaid trousers; and Jim Kirkwood, his face smothered in a vicious growth of beard. Suddenly the militia arrives on the scene, led by Kay Johnson doing a Joan of Arc. They march through the angry mob and take command of the scene.

When the scene is over, Kay Johnson, in a riding habit of the vintage of 1900, comes up to ask eagerly for news of Hollywood.

She and the rest of the cast have actually been living in tents for days.

AFTER our jaunt to Alaska we feel the need for relaxation, so we wander over to the Radio Pictures lot where they're making a picture with no less than five comics! Louise Fazenda, Benny Rubin, Ned Sparks, Eddie Foy, Jr., and Lilyan Tashman all contribute laughs to this opus, taken from the musical comedy success, "Present Arms."

They're calling it "Leathernecking" now. Yep, it's about the marines.

The set is all dressed up to look like the exterior of the marine barracks in Honolulu. And, believe us, it's

hotter under those Technicolor lights than Honolulu ever was. We find Lil Tashman, Benny, and Irene Dunne collapsed in camp chairs.

Irene, a pert, attractive brunette from the New York musical comedy stage, has the lead opposite Eddie Foy. It's her first picture.

Over in one corner of the set they're shooting a scene where Eddie Foy, in a snappy white uniform, is promoted to a captaincy. Eddie does a bit of clowning and someone laughs uproariously.

We wait nervously for the noisy one to be thrown off the set, but Benny nudges us—"That's Eddie Cline, the director. He still laughs at comics. Why he even laughs at me!"

In another corner sits Louise Fazenda, hat perched on the top of her head, nose buried in a book. Every few moments her shoulders heave and she giggles as only Louise can giggle. A few feet from her a bunch of chorus boys, dressed in the uniforms of marines, are drilling. Heavily rouged for the Technicolor cameras, they look about as hard-boiled as Davey Lee.

AFTER relaxing in that jovial atmosphere, we ramble out to Fox Movietone City. Perhaps we can catch a glimpse of "Liliom," renamed "Devil With Women."

They're shooting on stage 9. We get past the guard and find ourselves suddenly halfway to heaven. There are clouds everywhere, and out of a billowy gray mass emerges the tiniest train imaginable. It descends a miniature trestle, arrives at the ground, and finally stops, full-grown, at the doorstep of a little gray cottage.

Down from the rear platform steps *Liliom* (Charlie Farrell), apparently home from heaven.

Charlie greets us with "I'm supposed to be dead—but I think I look pretty well, don't you?" We agree, for an unmistakably healthy tan shows through his wan make-up. His hair is a mass of ringlets, curled tightly all over his head. As he sits talking to us the hair dresser comes up and arranges a stray curl or two.

Charlie looks alarmed—then remembers his fancy coiffure and submits.

Liliom is called back. And that's our cue to go home.



Are your hands your maids-of-all-work?



Mine are - but I don't let them tell housecleaning tales!

The last time our bridge club met, Jane L—started talking about hands. *Her* hands—not bridge hands!

Jane is almost a brand-new bride, so she had to tell us all about her first housecleaning. "My woodwork's spotless," she sighed, "but look at my poor red hands! I feel like sitting on them to keep them out of sight."

But Jane's not the only woman who talks that way. I did, too, when I thought I *had* to use a strong soap. Thank goodness, I finally learned that hard work doesn't need a harsh soap!

Maybe your problem is like Jane's and mine. You're happy to be taking care of a home and a husband and children—but goodness, you still are a *woman*—you want to have nice-looking hands.

Then won't you try this plan? For a week or two do all your work—yes, even your Monday wash!—with the purest soap and the mildest soap that you know. (Of course, that's Ivory.) And then watch the improvement in your hands!

A cake of Ivory or a box of Ivory Flakes goes right beside every faucet in my house. In the bathroom Ivory is the first thing my baby reaches for. To her, it means the fun of her daily bath. To me, its gentle care of her marvelous skin proves how pure Ivory is.

But in the kitchen or laundry Ivory does three things for me which no other *one* soap can do. Its rich mild suds clean just as thoroughly as Jane's yellow soap. But they *protect* while they *clean*—why, my

painted woodwork and the linoleum and my colored clothes keep as bright looking as new. And—washing dishes or cleaning the bathroom or putting wool blankets through suds is nothing more to my hands than a gentle Ivory bath.

That's why Jane's eyes grew so round when I told her *I* had just finished housecleaning, too.

"Why," she exclaimed, "I always thought you must have a maid—you have such *nice* hands!"

CATHERINE CARR LEWIS

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*We do not say smoking **Luckies** reduces flesh. We do say when tempted to over-indulge, "Reach for a **Lucky** instead."

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